

A
Song in the Night

By

PROF. HENRY W. ADAMS, M.A.

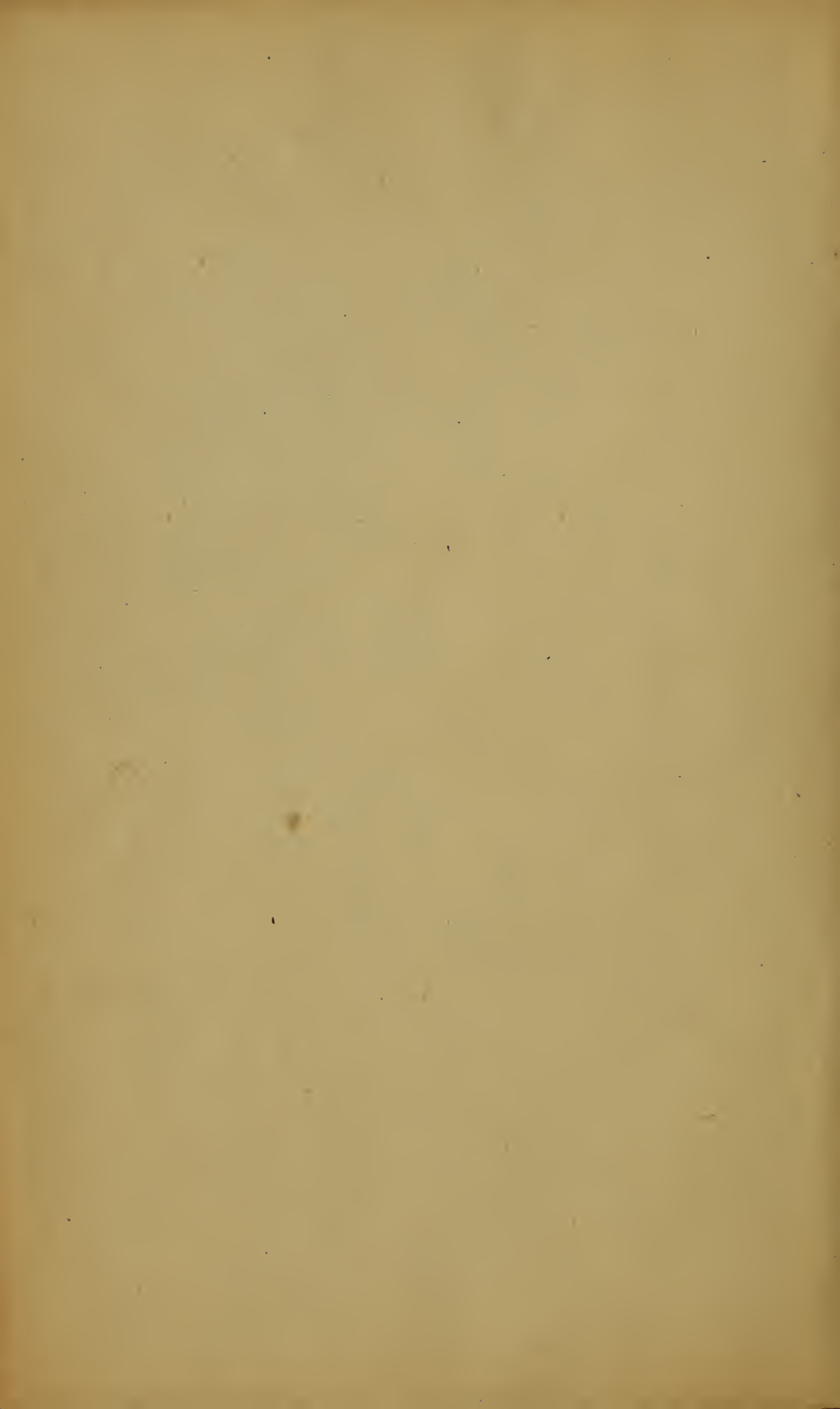
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THE BOOK OF JOB

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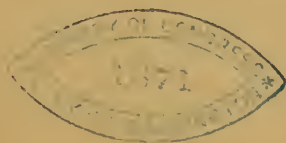
A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

BY

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THE divisions of chapters of the Book of Job, in the common version of the Bible, are entirely arbitrary and unnatural. They occur in the middle of the speeches of Job, Eliphaz, Elihu, and the Almighty. I have discarded this improper sacrifice of uninterrupted connection and sense to short breaks and pauses, and have adopted the more simple and regular divisions of the speeches of the various speakers into separate chapters.

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DEDICATION.

TO MRS. LYDIA ADAMS:

THE heart and life Christian, the good Samaritan, the faithful mother, and the unknown genius; whose broad, catholic religion knows no sectarianism; the long pencil of whose life has been pure and coruscant beneath a vail; whose domestic virtues have shed luster on a large family of sons and daughters; whose heart ever beats in warm sympathy with liberal ideas and the onward march of human development and progress; whose words of encouragement first seconded the purpose of my young heart to emerge from the wilderness, without friends or money, to tread the halls of college, through my own unaided efforts; whose tender sympathies and prayers have ever been with me in adversity, not less than in prosperity; and whose lute-strings, in a green old age, though shattered and broken by care, infirmities, and trouble, are yet beautiful, tender, magical, and melodious: together with another precious Friend, of sacred memory, sent by kind angels in my time of need; whose transcendent virtues, rare wealth of mind and heart, expansive benevolence and generosity—unaffected by vanity, pride, or selfishness—in the midst of affluence and the fashions and pomp of social life; the patron of art and science, and every form of goodness; to whom nature has been prodigal of beauty and redundant in the bestowment of happy surroundings; whose gifts of music, poetry, and spiritual aspirations, kindled by divine love, betoken an immortality of ineffable bliss; and by whose kind words of cheer and pecuniary aid, in a time of despondency and almost despair, I was encouraged to undertake this publi-

cation; this strain of pensive sadness, heart-felt, though poorly sung; born of the olden time, though true, and fresh, and touching in every age; written in the valley of grief, sitting in the ashes unknown and un comforted like Job; sanctified by holy tears, and uttered from a broken harp-string, more as the melancholy song of my own soul, in the night of my experience, than that of Job; is affectionately dedicated;—to the one, as a long-absent but ever-loving son; and to the other as a sincere, grateful, and ever-appreciative friend, by the Author.

LIST OF PICTURES AND EXPLANATIONS.

THE following pictures were all taken from original engravings especially prepared for this work.

PICTURE NO. I. PAGE 57.

Job Offering Sacrifices for his Children.

And his sons went and feasted in their houses, every one his day, and sent and called for their three sisters to eat and to drink with them. And it was so when the days of their feasting were gone about, that Job sent and sanctified them, and rose up early in the morning, and offered burnt offerings according to the number of them all; for Job said: "It may be that my sons have sinned, and cursed God in their hearts." Thus did Job continually. What a practical denial were these pious and daily rites of the cruel charges brought against Job by Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar, of irreligion and impiety!

PICTURE NO. II. PAGE 66.

Job, His Three Friends, and Elihu.

These three friends were Eliphaz, King of the Temanites; Bildad, King of Shuah; and Zophar, King of

Naamah. They were all older than Job. Elihu was a young man, the son of Barachel, the Buzite, of the kindred of Ram. He stood by silently and patiently, and listened to the speeches of Job and his three aged friends until they ceased speaking. He then, with many apologies for his youth, and with great vehemence, took up the controversy, and showed his opinions. Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar had hitherto believed Job to be perfect and upright. They appear to have been on terms of great intimacy with him; for when they heard of the great evil that came upon him, they made an appointment to come together, to mourn with him, and to comfort him. And when they lifted up their eyes afar off, and knew him not, because of his changed and desolate appearance, they lifted up their voices, and wept, and rent every one his mantle, and sprinkled dust upon their heads towards heaven. So they sat down with him upon the ground, seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him; for they saw that his grief was great. But when they saw how dreadfully afflicted Job was; and that he had lost all his property, and consequently his friends, they changed their opinions concerning him. Educated in a dark and monstrous view of the nature and design of God's moral government over the world, they believed that calamity implied sin and guilt, and especially such extraordinary afflictions as had fallen on Job could only be regarded as the measure of his great iniquities. Hence they all speak from this standpoint. As it was said of Christ that he was in the world, and the world knew him not; so Job was before these self-righteous and self-opinionated accusers; but they knew him not; neither the scope and end of his dreadful trials. In all ages pivotal men have, in their life-time, been misunderstood and undervalued. They have been tried, persecuted, forsaken, and crucified, in feelings and reputation, if not in body, that others, through them might be saved. No age of the world has ever been so conspicuous for such illustrious examples as the present, and many who are now sitting on the ground, and in the ashes, sorely smitten and afflicted, calumniated and forsaken, will yet become the martyrs and heroes of an age, whose heraldic gushes are

already purpling a new and glorious morning. The condition of these tried and suffering ones, abandoned by swallow friends, misunderstood by their oldest acquaintances, and tormented most unmercifully by the reproaches, suspicions, and bitter words of narrow-minded bigots, under the hypocritical garb of mourners and comforters, may be seen in the picture on the above named page.

PICTURE NO. III. PAGE 72.

The Desolation of Job.

According to the sacred history, Job lived in the land of Uz. This land was somewhere in the East, as it is said in the third verse of the first chapter of the book which bears his name: "this man was the greatest of all the men of the East." Arabian writers always mention Job as a real person, and his grave is shown to this day, on the eastern limits of Arabia, and close to the Euphrates. His residence was undoubtedly in some part of Arabia Deserta, between Palestine and the Euphrates. At the close of the Septuagint translation of the book of Job from the original Hebrew, the following remarkable account of him is appended: "And it is written that he will rise again with those whom the Lord will raise up. This is translated out of a Syrian book. He dwelt indeed in the land of Ausitis, on the confines of Idumea, and Arabia. His first name was Jobab; and having married an Arabian woman, he had by her a son whose name was Enon. He was himself a son of Zare, one of the sons of Esau, and his mother's name was Bosorra: so that he was the fifth in descent from Abraham. And these were the Kings who reigned in Edom, over which country he bore rule. The first was Balak, the son of Beor, and the name of his city was Dan-naba. And after Balak, Jacob, who is called Job, and after him, Asom, who was governor from the region of Thaimanitis; and after him, Adad, son of Barad, who smote Madian in the plain of Moab, and the name of his city was Getham. And the friends who came to him were

Eliphaz, of the sons of Esau, the king of the Thaimanites, Bildad, the sovereign of the Sauchians, and Zophar, the king of the Manaianes." It is supposed by the best authority that he lived somewhere between the age of Terah and Jacob, and that he was cotemporary with the most distinguished patriarchs. In character he "was perfect and upright." He had seven sons and three daughters. His substance was seven thousand sheep, and three thousand camels, and five hundred yoke of oxen, and five hundred she-asses, and a very great household. He was a distinguished Judge, and the greatest man in that part of the world. In all his surroundings he seems to have been singularly prospered, honored, and happy. At this period the most sudden and overwhelming calamities befel him. The Sabeans fell upon his oxen and asses and took them away, and slew the servants who were ploughing with them, and tending them in the field. The fire of God fell from heaven and consumed the sheep and the servants that watched them. The Chaldeans made out three bands, and fell upon the camels and carried them away, and slew the servants that guarded them. A great wind from the wilderness smote the four corners of the house where all his children were feasting, and it fell upon them, and killed them. Under these sudden and dreadful calamities he rent his mantle, and shaved his head, and fell upon the ground and worshiped. But his afflictions did not end here. He was smitten with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown. He took a potsherd to scrape himself withal, and sat down among the ashes. In this desolate attitude I have represented him. His cruel wife turns against him, and against his God, and advises him to curse his God and die. But instead of doing this Job opened his mouth and cursed his day. He said: "Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night in which it was said: There is a man-child conceived. Let that day be darkness, let not God regard it from above, neither let the light shine upon it. Let darkness and the shadow of death stain it; let a cloud dwell upon it; let the blackness of the day terrify it. . . . Why died I not from the womb? . . . For now should I have lain still and been quiet; I should have

slept ; then had I been at rest. . . There the wicked cease from troubling ; and there the weary be at rest. . .

. Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery, and life unto the bitter in soul ; who long for death, but it cometh not ; and dig for it more than for hid treasures ; who rejoice exceedingly, and are glad, when they can find the grave ? Why is light given to a man whose way is hid, and whom God hath hedged in ? . . . For the thing which I greatly feared is come upon me, and that which I was afraid of is come unto me. I was not in safety, neither had I rest, neither was I quiet, yet trouble came." How many others, under similar or more aggravating circumstances, are now sitting down in the ashes ? Reader, if this be you, then you will more perfectly comprehend and realize the desolate and pitiable condition of Job, as represented by the cut above referred to.

PICTURE NO. IV. PAGE 77. ✓

Job represented by Eliphaz as an old lion that has lost his power, through age, to devour more prey.

The old lion perisheth for lack of prey.

JOB iv. 2.

These words are employed by Eliphaz in reply to Job. He means to tell him that the pitiable condition of the old lion, whose bravery, strength, teeth, rage, and ferocity are now all in vain by reason of the feebleness of old age, resembles his helpless and miserable state ; that he has been a very wicked and savage man, devouring the poor and weak ; but that now he is old and wasted away by reason of his calamities ; that he is perishing now for lack of more prey. It is the language of invective and acrimonious reproach. The accusation which it covertly implies was false and inhuman. It is the unworthy speech of a self-righteous and uncharitable man, incapable of understanding and pitying the upright and noble sufferer, and seeking to account for his afflictions by supposing them

to be the result of his heinous and monstrous sins. Instead of a comforter Eliphaz was a false accuser and an aggravating tormentor. How often do narrow-minded religionists, moved by false zeal, censure and taunt a good man, whom they cannot comprehend, as a vile sinner and hypocrite, in consequence of his misfortunes? But God condemned Eliphaz and accepted Job.

PICTURE NO. V. PAGE 80. ✓

Eliphaz Sees a Spirit.

Now a thing was secretly brought to me, and mine ear received a little thereof. In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up: it stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof; an image was before mine eyes; there was silence, and I heard a voice saying: Shall mortal man be more just than God? Shall a man be more pure than his maker?

JOB iv. 12-17.

The object of Eliphaz was to use the authority of a spirit, returning from the other life, to convince Job that he was less just and pure than his maker; and that therefore he was not righteous and free from sin. This spirit was unquestionably not an angel that never dwelt in a human form, but a returned intelligence that once dwelt upon the earth. This is obvious from the difference between the terms spirit and angel. The picture represents Eliphaz looking up, in a state of trepidation, in the direction of a luminous influx from the clouded heavens. The spirit is not shown, because in the first place it is impossible to represent by an engraving the celestial aspect of such a heavenly messenger; and secondly, because Eliphaz says he could not discern "the form thereof," but that only "an image" was before his eyes. The spirit therefore is supposed to be visible to Eliphaz alone, through a luminous opening in the direction of his vision. This is

the only positive demonstration of immortality to be found in the whole Book of Job. Sheol expressed Job's idea of the future world—a land of total darkness.

PICTURE NO. VI. PAGE 124. ✓

Job in the Stocks.

Thou puttest my feet also in the stocks.

JOB xiii. 27.

The word stocks denotes the wooden frame in which criminals were confined for punishment. The position is constrained and distressing. It is supposed by Rosenmüller and others that Job was literally confined within certain limits, beyond which he was not allowed to go. This restraint, he supposes, was effected by binding his feet with a cord to the stocks, so that he could not go beyond a certain distance. But this interpretation is not supported by any other authority save a very lively imagination. The meaning is far deeper than this. Job is replying to the arguments of his friends. They asserted the free agency, responsibility, accountability, and blame-worthiness of man. They consequently alleged that Job's calamities were the results of his sins. Job denied this, and taught, in opposition, the almighty sovereignty of God in the government of the world; that, in his inscrutable wisdom, human beings are not treated according to their apparent characters and conduct; that an absolute, divine control extends to every human volition, and every action and condition consequent thereupon; and hence that he is the victim of unalterable and uncontrollable circumstances, ordained by God for the wise and benevolent purpose of developing man from an embryotic and infantile condition of ignorance, angularity, and imperfection, to higher planes of wisdom, truth, love, justice, and divine knowledge. It is in the light of these considerations that Job continually and vehemently denied that his calamities came upon him as the result of his sins. He felt that they were God's

doings, and that they were marvelous in his sight; that, though he could not comprehend why God should so afflict him without an apparent cause, yet it must be that it was for his good; and that, when he had tried him, he should shine forth as gold; and that hence, though he slew him, he would nevertheless trust in him. His condition was entirely, in his view, the result of God's unchangeable and sovereign will, and not of his want of uprightness. What gives the bitterest pungency to human sorrow, is to feel that it is undeserved; and the sublimest height of reconciliation to God is to feel that this sorrow, however intense and unbearable, is just right, as the mysterious and inscrutable means, according to infinite wisdom, of working out for the patient sufferer a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Job felt, at this point, that a wise, just, and sovereign God was the sole author of his miseries, for loving and beneficent ends; although he could not understand the reasons therefor, nor feel fully reconciled to his lot. Hence he says: Wherefore hidest thou thy face, and holdest me for thine enemy? Wilt thou break a leaf driven to and fro? and wilt thou pursue the dry stubble? For thou writest bitter things against me, and makest me to possess the iniquities of my youth. Thou puttest my feet also in the stocks, and lookest narrowly unto all my paths; thou settest a print upon the heels of my feet.—Job 13: 24–27. The doctrine here taught is, that God puts all men, even the best, in the stocks, and that reconciliation to him is uncomplaining contentment with one's daily lot; that the circumstances and conditions which environ each one, in this life, are the stocks in which a good, wise, just, and paternal Being has placed him or her, and from which escape is impossible; that no one can run away from himself or from the laws of God; that human freedom consists in being divinely bound; that constraint and restraint are put upon the universe, and not the fall of a sparrow shall be allowed to disappoint its grand consummation. To live in the love and practice of this doctrine, consciously and daily, honors God, and gives heavenly peace to the soul.

PICTURE NO. VII. PAGE 154. ✓

Job wishes his words were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock forever.

Oh! that my words were now written! Oh! that they were printed in a book! That they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock forever.

JOB xix. 23, 24.

These are remarkable words. They show that the art of a peculiar kind of book-making, printing, and engraving, was known and practised in the time of Job. Pliny says, lib. xiii. 11: "At first men wrote on the leaves of the palm, or the bark of certain trees; but afterwards public documents were preserved in leaden volumes (or rolls), and those of a private nature on wax or linen. Montfaucon purchased at Rome, in 1699, an ancient book entirely composed of lead. It was about four inches long and three inches wide; and not only were the two pieces that formed the cover and the leaves—six in number—of lead, but also the stick inserted through the rings to hold the leaves together, as well as the hinges and nails. It contained Egyptian Gnostic figures and unintelligible writing. Brass, as more durable, was used for the inscriptions designed to last the longest, such as treaties, laws, and alliances. These public documents were, however, usually written on large tablets. The style for writing on brass and other hard substances, was sometimes tipped with diamonds." Books were anciently made with plates of metal, leaves, bark, skins, etc. Engravings were made on stone and in rocks, and the cavities filled up with lead, so as to make the letters more distinct. The iron pen was a small, sharp-pointed piece of iron or steel. It was more commonly called a stylus. Job desired a more permanent record of his words to be made than could be executed with chalk or paint, for the benefit of future ages. He felt that great injustice had been done him; that he had been wrongfully accused by his friends of hypocrisy, improper motives, and heinous sins. He wished that what he had said in vindica-

tion of himself might be preserved for posterity to read. Although his pious wish was not granted in the precise manner he desired, yet a more permanent and multiplied record of his noble defense has been made than if engraven on plates of lead or in the rock forever.

PICTURE NO. VIII. PAGE 168. ✓

The wicked make themselves merry with Musical Instruments.

They take the timbrel and harp, and rejoice at the sound of the organ.

JOB xxi. 12.

To understand the force of this picture, it must be borne in mind that Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar maintained that God invariably punishes the wicked and prospers the righteous in this world according to their respective characters and conduct, and consequently that the wicked were constantly overwhelmed with calamities, afflictions, and miseries. By this method of reasoning they came to the conclusion that Job was a very wicked man because he was dreadfully afflicted. Job, on the other hand, denied their assertions, and maintained that God does not, in this world, treat men according to their characters and conduct; that the wicked live, become old, and wax mighty in power; their seed is established, and their offspring flourish before their eyes; their houses are safe from fear, and the rod of God is not upon them. Their bull gendereth and faileth not; their cow calveth, and casteth not her calf. They send forth their little ones like a flock, and their children dance. They sing to the timbrel and harp. They become exhilarated and excited by the sound of the tabor and the organ, and trip merrily at the voice of the pipe:

Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet;
To brisk notes in cadence meeting,
Glance their many-twinkling feet.

The word organ is derived from a Hebrew word which signifies to breathe, to blow. Consequently it is probable that the organ was some kind of a wind instrument. It is well known that wind and stringed instruments of music were generally known and used in the early ages of the world. From the book of Job we learn that such was the case in his day. The picture, therefore, represents the mirth and merry-making of the wicked, dancing, singing, and exhilarating themselves with the timbrel, the harp, and the sound of the pipe or organ.

PICTURE NO. IX. PAGE 208.

Surely there is a vein for the silver, and a place for gold where they find it.

JOB xxviii. 1.

The picture referred to on the above page represents a mining device—a shaft sunk down to the gold or silver-bearing stratum; a swinging apparatus for descending into the mine and raising up the metalliferous ore; and miners at work at the bottom of the shaft. A view of this picture, and its careful consideration, will throw much light upon one of the most beautiful chapters of the Book of Job. The friends of Job pretended to understand why God afflicted him, and maintained that He deals with man according to his character. Job denied this, and held that the ways of God were mysterious and past finding out. He did not understand why the wicked lived, grew old, and waxed mighty in power; and why the righteous were often plunged into the deepest seas of trouble. He believed this was to be referred to the inscrutable wisdom of God, and that the duty of man was to acquiesce uncomplainingly in the divine dealings, although he might see no reason for so doing. He held that the divine providence and administration of God, in relation to the moral world, cannot be comprehended by the most sagacious intellect. He illustrates this argument by the amazing discoveries of man in the works of nature; by the arts of mining, refin-

ing the precious metals, collecting the choicest diamonds, and overcoming the greatest obstacles in the pursuit of his scientific researches—such as removing immense stones, overturning mountains, cutting canals through massive rocks, confining the angry floods, and sinking shafts into the bowels of the earth, where he digs, through sparry ores, a path which no fowl knoweth; which the vulture's eye hath not seen; which the lion's whelps have not trodden; but where he cuts out rivers, sees every precious thing, binds the floods from overflowing, brings forth hidden things to light, and displays—as the products of his industry, perseverance, sagacity, and daring—the fiery diamonds, the flashing sapphires, the burning rubies, the gold of Ophir, and the topaz of Ethiopia. But notwithstanding all these discoveries and acquisitions of man, Job declares that he has not found out true wisdom; that the miner who has gone down the deepest into the bowels of the earth and put an end to darkness, and searched out all perfection, and brought up the choicest treasures, has not discovered the reason why God governs the world as he does; why he afflicts the righteous and spares the wicked; in other words, why he himself was so afflicted, when he had led a life so perfect and upright. This, to him, was a profound mystery. And he means to tell Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar that this is a much more difficult subject to comprehend than they supposed; that the most searching and discovering mind, illustrated and represented by the daring, adventurous, and subterranean miner, had failed to solve this mighty problem. True wisdom, he tells them, is the fear of the Lord; and understanding is to depart from sin. This remarkable chapter on mining throws much light on the condition of the arts and sciences, and the perfection of civilized life, in reference to its conveniences and comforts, in that early age of the human race. It shows that the metals and the various precious stones were then well known and in general use; that they were so skillfully and ingeniously refined, and curiously wrought into ornaments and articles of value and use, as to illustrate the wisdom, skill, and ingenuity of man. But Job intends by this illustration of his argument to tell his friends that all

this human wisdom, skill, and ingenuity had failed to discover the secret method, laws, purposes, plans and ends of the divine government over this world; and consequently failed to discover the cause and design of his own calamities.

PICTURE NO. X. PAGE 298. ✓

The Lord Answering Job from the Whirlwind.

Elihu, at the close of his speech sees and describes the approaching tempest, clouds, thunder, lightning, and fluid gold overspreading the sky, and the luminous opening in the North, made by a wind that seemed to sweep the clouds away and part them in folds to make a passage for the approach of the Almighty to address Job and close the pending controversy. Clouds, darkness, thunder, lightning, and tempests have often been the sublime symbols employed by poetical and sacred writers to represent the majesty of God. The picture does not show any ideal or imaginary form of Jehovah, because it is in vain to undertake a representation so impossible. He holdeth back the face of his throne, and spreads a cloud upon it. Under a sense of the overpowering grandeur, majesty, and sublimity of the scene, Job, Eliphaz, Bildad, Zophar, and Elihu, bow their heads, in devout awe and reverence, to the ground, and in this attitude, listen to the solemn utterances of the Almighty. It is not to be supposed that this representation is to be taken literally so far, at least, as the real presence, in an embodied form, of the Supreme Being is concerned. God often employs subordinate intelligences, as his agents or ministers, to do his pleasure, and accomplish his purposes. Celestial manifestations, through the ministry of angels, for purposes of divine instruction, have, in all ages of the world, been of frequent occurrence. The scope and burden of the speech, purporting to come from the Lord, were not such as Job had desired. He wanted a clear and direct statement of the principles, methods, and objects of the divine government of God over this world. But instead of

doing this, or indulging in a dry, philosophical disquisition upon the laws which regulate the divine dealings with man; the Almighty required Job to explain to him the wonders of the natural world, or be silent concerning the mysteries of his moral government; he instanced many specimens of the works of creation, infinitely surpassing the intelligence of man to comprehend, in order to illustrate his ineffable wisdom, majesty and glory, and compel his instant submission thereto. He showed Job that an inscrutable mystery overhung all things, and that the duty of man was to submit uncomplainingly to the absolute sovereignty, wisdom, love, goodness, and power of God, under the full assurance that all his attributes are pledged to promote the highest happiness of the universe; that everything is under the sole dominion of divine law; that no one can escape from his own good; and that nothing can ever issue wrong. After the lapse of many centuries, and the rapid and wonderful strides the human intellect has made in the acquisition of knowledge, both sacred and profane, no better answer can be given, to-day, to the anxious inquiries of Job, concerning the unequal treatment, surroundings, and government of human beings in this life, by the author of the universe, than that purporting to come from the Almighty, out of the whirlwind, under the most imposing circumstances of awe, sublimity, and glory.

PICTURE NO. XI. PAGE 305. ✓

The Crystal Snow-Flakes.

Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?
JOB xxxviii. 21.

This picture represents some of the many forms of crystalline snow-flakes, when examined under a microscope. They appear in almost endless varieties of beauty, planes, edges, and angles. The more numerous forms are the stelliform, and the hexagonal. Nearly one hundred different configurations, having regular crystalline forms, have been

examined and described, and the number capable of being thus formed is limited only by the generating angles of 60° and 120° .

The Almighty asks Job if he can produce these beautiful, white, and sparkling wonders; if he understands the law by which they form in such illimitable profusion; and if he can extemporize these inexhaustible treasures at will. After exalting his own infinite power, wisdom, and skill, in this instance, as an incomprehensible creator, he seems to tell Job, if he could not produce, or explain these mysteries of nature, he need not expect to comprehend the subtle and mysterious laws by which he rules in the moral world; but that he should submit as willingly and lovingly to the inscrutable mysteries of his moral government, as he did to the wonders of the natural creation.

PICTURE NO. XII. PAGE 316. ✓

The Wild Ass.

Who hath sent out the wild ass free? Or who hath loosed the bands of the wild ass? Whose house I have made the wilderness, and the barren land his dwellings. He scorneth the multitude of the city, neither regardeth he the crying of the driver. The range of the mountains is his pasture, and he searcheth after every green thing.

JOB xxxix. 5-8.

This picture represents several asses in their native wildness. They usually inhabited the arid and mountainous parts of the deserts of Great Tartary. Migratory, and gregarious in their habits, they commonly feed in lawless troops, during summer, north and east of the Aral sea. In the autumn they turn their course, in companies of thousands, towards the milder regions of India, and the mountains of Casbin, in Persia. Shy and vigilant, they have their leaders and sentinels. Celebrated for fleetness, they dart off from the approach of man, with sudden and astonishing rapidity. We cannot understand the beauty of this reference to the wild ass, unless we forget the common,

domestic animal, and consider the wild, taller, more dignified, spirited, and agile mountain animal in his untamed and scornful freedom. The head, more arched than that of the common ass, has a finer appearance; the neck is longer, and its bend is more graceful and majestic. Its mane is short, composed of dark, woolly hair. From the mane to the tail runs along a stripe of dark color, and bushy coarseness. The hair, soft and silky, like the texture of the camel's, is of a silver gray, and in some places of a flaxen color, and white under the belly. Untamed, migrating over vast mountain ranges, in fleet and lawless troops of thousands, led by chosen leaders and guides, and controlled by instincts peculiarly their own, God asks Job if he could create such creatures; if he could tame them; and establish the laws that controlled them; or if he had held them as captives, and then loosed their bands, and let them range, in wildness, and boundless freedom, in great multitudes, over barren deserts and mountains, making the wilderness their house, and the barren land their dwellings. The meaning seems to be this: if Job could not make the wild ass, nor send him forth free, nor give him his instincts and habits, how could he expect to comprehend him who had done all these things? By this method of reasoning the Almighty sought to induce Job to submit to a power which he could not understand.

PICTURE NO. XIII. PAGE 319 ✓

The Unicorn.

Will the Unicorn be willing to serve thee, or abide by thy crib?

JOB xxxix. 9.

There is great difference of opinion among biblical commentators, respecting the animal referred to by the term Unicorn. Some suppose it to mean the antelope; others the wild buffalo; others again the rhinoceros; while some regard it as referring to a one-horned animal, resembling a

horse, as to his body, fierce, wild, and untamable; having a head like a stag, feet like an elephant, tail like a wild boar, a loud voice and terrible roar, and possessing a black horn, about two cubits long, and projecting from the middle of the forehead. I am more inclined to this opinion than to any other. One reason for this conclusion, which I have not seen expressed by any writer, is that God is demonstrating to Job his great power, wisdom, and skill in the creation. He is therefore referring to the most extraordinary animals, having inexplicable qualities and instincts, not possessed by any others; being intermediate links or mongrels between a lower and higher species, but belonging to neither the one, nor the other; as the ass, the ostrich, behemoth, and the leviathan. The Reem of the bible therefore, or the Unicorn of Job, best fulfils this design, being a connecting link between the stag and horse, as the ostrich is between the fowl and quadruped, but subject to the instincts and laws of neither. However as the latest authorities maintain that this remarkable animal is the rhinoceros, I have represented him as such in the picture. In size, strength, fierceness, untamableness, and intractable lawlessness, as well as in the formidable use of his horn, he fulfils the description of the Unicorn in a very satisfactory manner. The design of the Almighty in introducing this animal, and pressing Job with sundry questions concerning him, was to make him feel his own insignificance, and to show him the utter uselessness of attempting to fathom the doings of Jehovah, whether in the works of creation, or in the administration of his government over the moral world. The end which he seemed to have in view was to convince Job of his duty to acquiesce in all his doings, as wise, just, and good, whether he could comprehend them or not.

PICTURE NO. XIV. PAGE 323. ✓

The Ostrich.

Gavest thou . . . wings and feathers unto the ostrich?
which leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in

the dust, and forgetteth that the foot may crush, or that the wild beast may break them. She is hardened against her young ones, as though they were not hers; her labor is in vain without fear; because God hath deprived her of wisdom, neither hath he imparted to her understanding. What time she lifteth up herself on high, she scorneth the horse and his rider.

JOB xxxix. 13-18.

The ostrich is very properly called the camel-bird. She has scarcely anything in common with fowls or quadrupeds, but she unquestionably constitutes a connecting link between the two. She is so voracious that she eats the most incongruous substances—as grass, nuts, clods, stones, glass, metal, wood, and indeed anything that will fill up her capacious stomach. She does not build nests, like fowls, but leaves her eggs in the warm sand, and forgets the dangers that may happen to them. She has no power to distinguish between her own eggs and those of another. The Arabs call the ostrich the impious or ungodly bird, because she is neglectful and cruel towards her young. She is devoid of natural affection. She is not adapted to flying, but in swiftness of running she is unsurpassed by any living creature. Her wings and feathers are unlike those of any known bird. The shaft of the quills, which compose her wings, is in the middle of the filaments, on its sides. These filaments are not hooked together, like those of all other birds, but are soft, and downy, and detached. Her wings therefore cannot resist the air in flying, like those of common birds, but they seem to be adapted to aid her in running, by rowing, balancing, and guiding her body in her rapid, whizzing flight. Though so foolish, forgetful of her eggs, neglectful of her young, gluttonous, uncomely, and uninteresting, yet she transcends, in one particular, every living thing. No creature is so mean and insignificant in the universe but that it wears a crown and reigns over everything else in some one respect. For, when she lifteth up herself, she scorneth the horse and his rider. She whips herself with her wings, and with an air of proud defiance strides away with lightning speed, scarcely seeming to

touch the ground, leaving the wind and the foe together immensely far behind. God asks Job if he gave these wings and feathers to the ostrich; if he could create a creature so curious, different from all other birds, and possessed of instincts and habits so extraordinary; and implies that if he could not do so, he should not murmur and repine at a Being who could do things so incomprehensible and marvelous.

PICTURE NO. XV. PAGE 229.

The War Horse.

Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpeters, ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting.

JOB xxxix. 19-25.

The Almighty asks Job if he made the horse; if he endowed him with his marvelous strength; crowned his neck with majestic mane, and neighing like thunder; inspired him with fearless courage; made his nostrils glow with terror; caused him to make the valleys tremble with his hoofs, and exult in his terrible prowess; going forth caparisoned for war, unterrified, and mocking at danger; disdain the rattling quiver and the ringing shield; devouring the earth in his fierceness, and telling the trumpeters that he also hears the battle-call and the war-cry of the captains. He employs this illustration of his power, wisdom, majesty, and glory, to confound Job, and to show

him how vain, foolish, and irreverent it is to murmur and complain against such a Being ; and that he should rather submit to his dealings in silent adoration and speechless awe ; referring what he could not understand to an inscrutable power and wisdom too wonderful for his comprehension.

PICTURE NO. XVI. PAGE 335.

The Eagle.

Dóth the eagle mount up at thy command, and make her nest on high ? She dwelleth and abideth on the rock, upon the crag of the rock, and the strong place. From thence she seeketh the prey, and her eyes behold afar off. Her young also suck up blood : and where the slain are, there is she.

JOB xxxix. 27-30.

This picture represents the eagle, with her nest and young ones, on the tooth of a rock devouring their prey. The Almighty intended to set forth to Job, in the above words, the instincts, habits, and characteristics of the eagle, as remarkable and peculiar to this bird ; and to elicit from him an answer to the question, whether or not she received her instincts and peculiarities from him. The meaning is, that Job obviously had not the ability to command the eagle to direct her lofty flight towards heaven ; to fly, with an inconceivable rapidity, against furious winds, higher than any other bird ; to make her nest on the most inaccessible cliffs of the rock ; to live in mated pairs, insulated from others of the same species, upon the loftiest mountain peaks ; and when thus beyond the ken of human vision, to mark, with astonishing acuteness of sight, from the greatest elevation, the smallest animal, and to dart down to it with unerring certainty ; and to bear away, in this manner in her talons, to her young ones on high, lambs, kids, and the young gazelle. The necessary inference from this was, that if Job could not do the works of God, he ought not to find fault with him for acting as he

does ; for creating the universe as it pleased him, and controlling it in harmony with his own infinite wisdom. The inevitable conclusion, therefore, was, in the Divine mind, that Job was too ignorant, weak, and insignificant to quarrel with his Maker respecting his dealings with his creatures in this world. To express his argument more tersely, Jehovah might have said : Let Job make an eagle, with instincts and habits as remarkable and peculiar as I have done, and then he may dispute my claims to control the universe and deal with man in this life as my infinite intelligence dictates.

PICTURE NO. XVII. PAGE 343. ✓

The Behemoth.

Behold now behemoth, which I made with thee ; he eateth grass as an ox.

JOB xl. 15.

Many opinions have prevailed respecting the animal here referred to. Among these are the following : (1.) That wild animals, in general, are intended. (2.) That it was a huge monster that ate daily the grass of a thousand mountains. (3.) That it was the wild bull. (4.) That it was the elephant. (5.) That it was the river horse of the Nile, or the hippopotamus. (6.) That it was a hieroglyphical monster without any living original. The main inquiry has been as to whether the elephant or the hippopotamus is here intended. This question must be settled by the things specified concerning the animal. (1.) He eats grass. (2.) His strength is in his loins. (3.) He moves his tail like a cedar ; that is, it is short and thick. (4.) His bones are like pieces of brass and bars of iron. (5.) He is the chief of the ways of God. (6.) The mountains bring him forth food. (7.) He lieth under shady trees, in the covert of the reeds and fens. (8.) The willows of the brook compass him about. (9.) He drinketh up a river. (10.) His nose pierceth through snares. It is almost the universal opinion

now that these characteristics agree better with the amphibious hippopotamus than with the elephant.

PICTURE NO. XVIII. PAGE 349. ✓

The Leviathan.

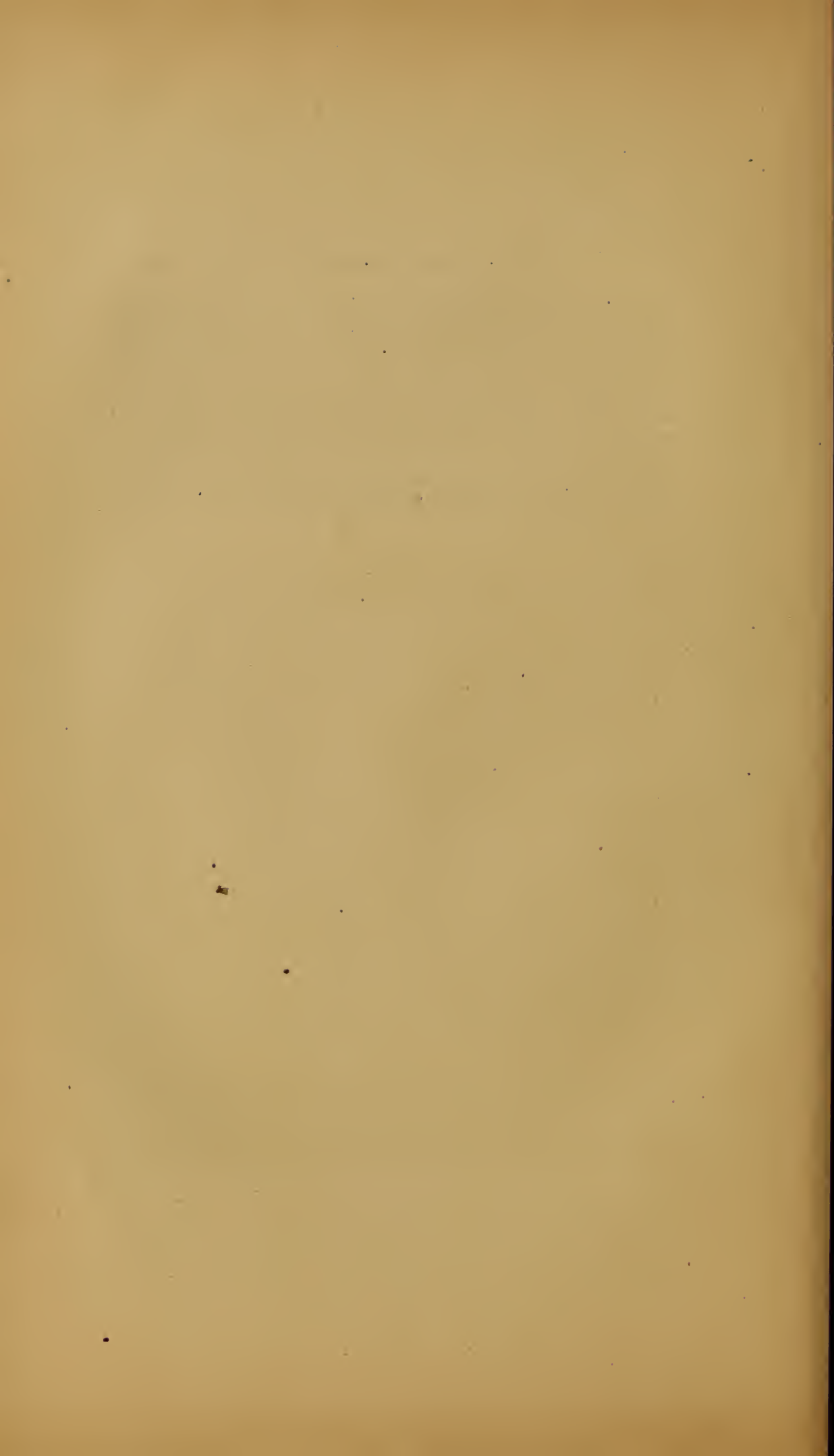
Canst thou draw out leviathan with a hook? or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down?

JOB xli. 1.

Many opinions have prevailed respecting this animal. (1.) That the word is not to be translated, because of the uncertainty of its import. (2.) That, according to a Jewish fable, it is an immense marine serpent. (3.) That it is the whale. (4.) That a large fish called the Mular, or Musar, is intended. (5.) That it is the crocodile. (6.) That it is the Orca, a sea-monster, armed with teeth, and the enemy of the whale. (7.) That it is the Devil. But the accurate descriptions of the animal show that it was the crocodile of the Nile which was intended. He was a fierce, aquatic monster; the face of his garment could not be uncovered; no one could come to him with his double bridle, or open the doors of his face; his teeth were matched like a saw and terrible; his scales, shut up like a close seal, were his pride; by his neesings a light shone; out of his mouth went burning lamps and sparks of fire; and smoke out of his nostrils; in his neck was strength, and sorrow danced before him; the flanks of his flesh were pendulous, but firm and solid; neither spear nor dart could penetrate his scales; he harrowed the mire with the sharp-pointed scales underneath him; he made the deep boil like a pot, and a path to shine after him. All this is true of the ancient Egyptian crocodile; but not of the whale, or sea serpent.

The obvious design of the Almighty in introducing these several animals, with their wonderful instincts, habits, powers, and peculiarities, into his reply to Job, was to illustrate more clearly his own infinite and incomprehensible

attributes in the creation of the natural universe ; and consequently the manifest folly of arraigning a Being, of such infinite power and wisdom, for his inexplicable government of the moral world. His object seems to have been to bring Job to a proper acknowledgement of his supreme sovereignty, and to entire submission to his dealings with man in this world, whether he could comprehend the reasons therefor or not. This is the most difficult, and yet the most important lesson for every human being, and especially for those who are tried and afflicted in this life, to learn.



P R E F A C E .

WHETHER Job was a real or allegorical person, where he lived, when he lived, who was the author of the Book which bears his name, and what were the character and design of the poem are questions often asked, and variously answered by Christian expositors. Many have doubted whether or not such a person ever really existed; because the Book is so highly allegorical, an instance of which is supposed to be seen in the alleged interview between Satan and Jehovah; also because the statements concerning his possessions, both prior and subsequent to his trial, appear to be so hypothetical; especially the declaration that he had *seven* thousand sheep, *seven* sons both before and after his affliction; also that his three friends sat with him *seven* days and *seven* nights upon the ground, *without* speaking a word, and that after his restoration to health, he had just *double* his former possessions; it being so improbable that his three friends did actually thus sit with him so long; likewise because the Book is written in the most prepared and elaborate style of poetical composition; abounding in carefully digested speeches, methodically arranged, embodying the loftiest strains of eloquence, close argument, accurate observations of natural laws, and expressed in the tersest and most energetic manner; obviously showing a plot, and careful preparation conforming thereto; all of which considerations, it is thought, seem to be repugnant to the idea that the speeches, which compose the Book, were mere unpremeditated and extemporaneous effusions. On the other hand, it may be said in reply to these objections, that the first two chapters, and a

part of the last are merely historical statements, which are as definite and unimpeachable as any other similar records; that they positively declare his existence, and clothe him with all the attributes of a real person. "There was a man in the land of Uz, whose name was Job." Ch. i. 1. The inspired writers of the subsequent scriptures regard him as a real person. "Though these three men Noah, Daniel, and Job." Ezekiel xiv. 14. St. James also says: "Ye have heard of the patience of Job." Ch. v. 11. Besides the names and places of residence of his three friends, namely, Eliphaz, the Temanite, Bildad, the Shuhite, and Zophar, the Naamathite, and Elihu, the Buzite, of the kindred of Ram," are not in keeping with the idea that Job himself was a hypothetical character. Moreover, the alleged interview between Satan and Jehovah, however improbable it may seem to carnal reason, would not, necessarily, disprove the existence of Job. He might have actually lived as represented, although this interview had been a poetical ornamentation, thrown in, after the oriental style, to give additional interest to the poem. Besides it is not within the scope of human reason or ingenuity to disprove the occurrence of such a meeting. The existence and character of Satan are everywhere represented in scripture in the same manner as in the Book of Job. In reference to the objection that the elaborate and highly finished composition of the speeches, which compose the chief part of the Book, is unanswerable evidence against their extemporaneousness; it may certainly be said, with reason, that this does by no means disprove his existence; for he might have lived, as stated, and all the substantial facts have occurred, as represented, including the extemporaneousness of the speeches; and, subsequently to their delivery, Job, or some other person, might have revised, corrected, and elaborated them into the highly ornate, and sublime character in which they are presented in the Book. There is, moreover, no evidence against the hypothesis that these masterly speeches of Job, his three friends, Elihu, and the Almighty, were delivered at different times, between which sufficient intervals elapsed to prepare, in the most careful, terse, and sublime manner, their several discourses. If

they sat *seven* days and *seven* nights upon the ground, *without* speaking, it is not very likely that they hurried themselves particularly after the speaking commenced. Nor is it possible, at this remote period, to disprove the ability of the alleged orators to compose and deliver their several addresses. Nor can the *doubling* of his possessions, and the birth of the original number of sons and daughters, after his restoration to health, although it may be considered a remarkable circumstance in the providence of God, be held as sufficient proof that Job was an allegorical character. Even though that were conceded to be an Oriental adorning of the conclusion of the story, it furnishes no proof against the real existence of Job. But finally were there sufficient reason to disprove his existence, which is by no means the case ; yet the Book would remain just as it is, clothed with the same intrinsic value, and be worthy of the same consideration. It is said Job lived "in the land of Uz." It is highly probable that this land was situated somewhere in Arabia Deserta, between the Euphrates and Palestine. The word Uz is a Hebrew term, signifying a light, sandy soil. The period when Job lived was, most likely, from all that can be gathered upon the subject, between the age of Terah, the father of Abraham; and Jacob; or about eighteen hundred years before Christ, and nearly six hundred years after the deluge. Hebrew writers describe him as contemporaneous with Isaac and Jacob. The Book itself, from its internal evidence, shows that he lived prior to the Exodus from Egypt. Had it been written subsequently to that event, it is but reasonable to suppose it would have referred, more or less distinctly, to that wonderful historical fact, the miracles attending it, and the remarkable circumstances that followed it. Such allusions would have been in point as illustrations of the divine interposition of God in behalf of the righteous, and of the condign punishment inflicted upon the wicked. Many less remarkable instances Job recites, but is profoundly silent respecting these events. He must have lived prior to the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, for the same reason. Besides, the Book contains no allusions to any of the rites, customs, ceremonies, festivals, sacerdo-

tal orders, or institutions of the Jews. He refers to travelers, and to the ancients for illustrations of his argument; and certainly no examples which he adduces are so pertinent to his purpose as many contained in the records of Jewish history. The rational inference, therefore, is, that he lived prior to that period. Notwithstanding what has been written to the contrary, it is highly probable that Job himself was the real author of the Book that bears his name; revising and elaborating all the speeches of the several speakers, subsequent to their delivery. He had ample time to do this, as he lived one hundred and forty years, after his trial and restoration to health, in the midst of domestic tranquillity, in the fulness of his age, in the enjoyment of reduplicated possessions, and, we may suppose, abundant leisure and freedom from care. Besides the internal, external, and collateral evidences, in favor of this opinion, are very strong. The Book itself shows very conclusively that it is not of Hebrew, but Arabian origin. It abounds in Arabian words, unknown to the Hebrew; with no reference to the Exodus from Egypt, the passage of the Red Sea, the promulgation of the law on Mount Sinai, the wanderings of the wilderness, the land of Canaan, Moses, Aaron, the bondage of the Israelites, the oppression and destruction of Pharaoh, the names of Jewish tribes, or the civil, or religious institutions of the Hebrews. But it is replete with Arabian imagery, in oriental ornamentations, in barren plains and sandy deserts, deceitful brooks and failing streams, in nomadic bands, moving caravans, multitudes of camels, dwellings of tents, periodical inundations, the keeping of flocks, trees planted near the streams, roaring lions, goats upon the rocks, ravenous birds, hordes of robbers, the Chaldean and Sabeian bands of thieves, respect for age, claims of hospitality, and other peculiar Arabian imagery. The whole cast of the Book is therefore unquestionably Arabian, and not Hebrew. Moses consequently could not have been its author, as some very erroneously allege. Neither the style, nor the allusions are his. Considering also the time and country in which Job lived, we may reasonably conclude that he was himself the real author of the remarkable Book which bears his name;

whose gorgeous imagery, magnificent strains of eloquence, epigrammatic terseness, startling abruptness and energy of expression, compactness of argument, sublime ethical lessons; together with careful observation of natural laws, accurate views of human nature, correct conceptions of the infinite wisdom and power of Jehovah displayed in his works, wonderful demonstrations of divine providence over man, in his development, and preparation, through suffering, for another life, render it unrivaled by any other sacred or profane composition. The scope and design of the poem have profoundly excited the inquiries, and curiosity of the learned and pious of all countries and creeds. Some have regarded it as dramatic, and others as an epic. But when critically examined it cannot be strictly considered either. There is nothing in Grecian, Roman, or modern literature which perfectly resembles it. An epic poem is designed to render conspicuous the hero of the poem, and to develop interesting qualities in the other characters, and to reach some grand and magnificent result, by a regular action systematically conducted. Nor can it be considered entirely dramatic. It is by no means the chief design of the poem to invest Job with a tragic interest. This kind of composition was unknown to the wise men of the east. It was not adapted to Arabian customs. It was composed long before the laws, or rules of epical, or dramatic composition, or the Grecian, or Roman methods of rhythmical harmony were known. The orientals never introduced among themselves the qualities of dramatic literature. It contains some of the characteristics of both the epic and the dramatic. But it is not exclusively either. Like some taller, grander, sublimer mountain peak of inspiration, where storm, and darkness, and flames, alternately battle, enshroud, and play; it stands alone in its own inimitable grandeur, and sublimity. It has no resemblance to Homer's *Iliad*, Virgil's *Eneid*, or Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Hebrew poetry does not employ the artificial arrangements of rhyme. Similarity of sounds at the close of each line is of modern invention. Nor does rhythm constitute any part of it. Its noble lines are not measured by feet and numbers, length and shortness of

syllables, nor equilibrated by any regular, or successive flow of sweet-sounding words. Unlike the Greek and Roman poetry, which paid such particular care to unity, harmony, quantity, inflection, accentuation, and euphonic construction, and arrangement of periods; Hebrew poetry, with here and there a few exceptions of measured feet, and similarity of terminal sounds, is totally devoid of this artificial contrivance. It is the oldest form of poetical composition extant, and antedates all modern rules which only cramp and bind the freedom of modern poets. It is characterised by a sublime style, epigrammatic brevity, a peculiar construction of sentences, and use of choice words. It is the natural outburst of nature, pouring forth forms of sudden wonder, and triumphant exultation; employing the boldest, and most vivid imagery, concise and abrupt language; yet touching, beautiful, and sublime. In Hebrew poetry there is a peculiar alphabetical arrangement. Sometimes each line begins with each succeeding letter of the alphabet. Sometimes every alternate verse begins with a following letter. Sometimes a series of verses have the same initial letters. Generally each verse commences with one of the letters of the alphabet in regular order. Some suppose this was to assist the memory; others to aid the mourners in funeral dirges; and others that it was only a mere matter of taste. But the grand characteristic of Hebrew poetry which distinguishes it from all Grecian, Roman, or modern poetry is a system of parallelism. This consists in repeating the principal thought, in a second clause, or sometimes in a succession of clauses, in a modified manner. The Hebrew poet appeared to be intensely excited, to be lifted up out of himself, to be partially, plenarily, or intermittently inspired. He was struck by astonishment at new and strange objects, or thoughts, and sought, by sudden ejaculations, short and abrupt sentences, and struggling language, to give vent to his pent up feelings. The main thought is first uttered, then follows the echo of that thought in other utterances. This is the parallelism of Hebrew poetry. Several of the ancient litanies of the Catholic Church are of this style of poetry. These parallelisms, differently employed, constitute almost

entirely the Book of Job. They appear chiefly under three forms; namely: the synonymous, the antithetic, and the synthetic. The synonymous parallelism is employed when the second clause is the echo, or repetition of the first, with a slight alteration of the method of expression. The following is an example:

"Wherefore, O, Job, I pray thee hear my speeches,
And hearken to my words."

The second line is but a repetition of the identical thought of the first.

Again:

"Behold, now I have opened my mouth,
My tongue hath spoken in my mouth.
My words shall be of the uprightness of my heart,
And my lips shall utter knowledge clearly.
The Spirit of God hath made me,
And the breath of the Almighty hath given me understanding."

Ch. 23: 1-4.

One will be surprised to see how large a portion of the Book of Job is composed of this kind of parallelism. An example of the antithetical parallelism, also frequently employed where the second line, or close of several lines is the converse of the first, or several preceding clauses, appears in the following illustration:

"Though wickedness be sweet in his mouth,
Though he hide it under his tongue;
Though he spare it, and forsake it not,
But keep it still within his mouth;
Yet his meat in his bowels is turned,
It is the gall of asps within him."

Ch. 20: 12-14.

The above is a very beautiful double antithetical parallelism. The synthetic form is employed when neither repetition, nor a converse idea is intended to be conveyed in the second clause, but only similarity of construction is used to elaborate, and spin out, in several succeeding clauses, the thoughts expressed in the first, by new modifications of words. The two following examples are beautiful illustrations of this sort of synthetic parallelism.

"Let that day be darkness,
 Let not God regard it from above;
 Neither let the light shine upon it,
 Let darkness, and the shadow of death stain it;
 Let a cloud dwell upon it,
 Let the blackness of the day terrify it."

Ch. 2: 4, 5.

Again:

"As for that night let darkness seize upon it,
 Let it not be joined unto the days of the year;
 Let it not come into the number of the months,
 Lo! let that night be solitary;
 Let no joyful voice come therein,
 Let them curse it that curse the day;
 Who are ready to raise up their mourning,
 Let the stars of the twilight thereof be dark;
 Let it look for light, but have none,
 Neither let it see the dawning of the day."

Ch. 2: 6-9.

In the above example of the synthetical parallelism the first line expresses a distinct thought in the mind of the poet. Yet his soul was not relieved by the utterance. The nine following lines are only amplifications of the first by new modifications of words. These three forms of parallelisms constitute the chief peculiarity of Hebrew poetry. This style enables the poet to express his ideas with untrammelled freedom, with entire abandonment to the influence of the divine afflatus that moves him, with abrupt vehemence, and wild, ejaculatory terseness, and sublimity, which the measured, mellifluous, equilibrated, and rhythmical meter of the Grecian, and Roman, and modern art for ever precludes. Hence it is obvious how exceedingly difficult it is to warp, and bend, and cramp the wild, unfettered strains of Job into the tight-jacket, strait-laced, arbitrary confines of modern poetry. The material is so immensely native and virgin, uncut and unfitted by modern art, that the scoring, hewing, and framing process necessary to bring it together, without the sound of axe or hammer, into the harmonic temple of modern rhyme and meter, is very likely to cut away its strength, and emasculate the noble timbers, by attempting to make the crooked places

straight, and the rough places smooth. The Book of Job, moreover, discloses other artificial arrangements; manifesting a thoroughly digested plot, and a rigid adherence to it throughout. There is first the first two unpoetical chapters, or the prologue in prose, then the poem, then the last half chapter again in prose, or the epilogue. Three other divisions are clearly discernible; first the speeches of Job and his friends, then the address of Elihu, then of God from the whirlwind. The order, and style of the several speeches themselves reveal a systematic arrangement. Job speaks twelve times, because he replies to his three friends in consecutive order. Eliphaz speaks three times, Bildad three, Zophar twice, Elihu four, and God three times. There are also three series of speeches; each taking his turn in regular, and uninterrupted order. Zophar declined to speak the third time round, but Elihu took his place. The speeches themselves are also generally divided into three parts. Besides there is a marked increase of zeal, pathos, boldness, and pungency in the speakers, as they proceed, and reply to each other; like a widening, and deepening river, rolling on with the added impetuosity, power, grandeur, and sublimity of new tributary streams. First the Book opens with a calm, prosaical, and unimpassioned statement of facts. Then Job opens the poem, with a calm and solemn pronouncement of curses on his day. He contends not with God, but wishes amazingly to prove his innocence; to be heard before God; feeling sure that God will, before death, reveal himself, and vindicate him. He also demands an investigation. Eliphaz answers Job with great gentleness, consideration, and graciousness. He appears to forgive Job for his seemingly intemperate, and vehement curses vented on his day, and for his complaints generally, in consequence of great afflictions. But Job replies with still more earnestness. Bildad now follows in a very caustic, bitter, and even impudent strain. Job rejoins in a masterly argument. Zophar next speaks. He is severe, and provoking. Job replies in a strain of withering irony, and lofty eloquence. So of the second, and third rounds. Elihu then comes forward, and replies instead of Zophar's third speech. His wrath is kindled

hot against Job's three friends, and against Job. He commences with great pomp, and vehemence. He declares that he was "full of matter," and that he was "ready to burst like new bottles." The Almighty then uttered his voice from the whirlwind, in a strain of unexampled sublimity. Thus it is obvious that the poem discloses a plot, an artificial arrangement, and a faithful adherence to it to the end. The scope of the poem is a discussion between Job and his three friends; at the close of which Elihu, and the Almighty close the debate. Job had been suddenly overwhelmed with great calamities, and his three friends had come to sympathize, and condole with him. They had known him for a long time, and had esteemed him "perfect and upright." But finding, as they seemed to think, the hand of God heavier upon him than they had expected, they began suddenly to change their opinions, and to be thoroughly convinced that he was a very wicked man, and monstrous hypocrite, overtaken, in his iniquities, by a just retribution. They believed him to be thus wicked because, according to their belief, God punished only the wicked; and as his calamity was severe, he must therefore be a very great sinner. They accused him unmercifully of this and exhorted him to repent, and turn to God. But Job on the contrary maintains his sincerity, uprightness, and integrity. He alleges his innocence, and the injustice of his sufferings, and seeks death as a place of rest. Elihu, a youth, professing great respect for age, with much pretension, claiming to stand in God's stead, and to speak under plenary inspiration, reproves Job's three friends in a caustic and bitter strain, because they did not answer Job's lies, yet condemned him; he upbraided Job also for his rashness, impiety, and self-righteousness. He added only one new consideration, however, to what the others had said. He asserted that God had thrust Job down, and that he chastens man with pain for his good, and not wholly, as his friends maintained, for his sins. The Almighty now follows in a most sublime speech from the midst of a whirlwind; the general object of which is to assert, and amplify His infinite greatness, and terrible majesty, and the duty of man to submit himself uncom-

plainingly to His sovereign will. Job is humbled, penitent, submissive, and accepted. His three friends are condemned, but accepted through Job's intercessions, and appeasing sacrifices. The patriarch is restored to health, and his prosperity and possessions return in *doubled* abundance. He lives one hundred and forty years afterwards, to a full age, in domestic peace and comfort. Throughout the poem the equality of the divine dealings, and the distribution of good and evil in the world are the chief themes of debate; spun out, amplified, and elaborated in a very prolix, masterly, and sustained manner. The Book is designed to show the best and the worst of earth embodied in human experience; the extremes of prosperity and adversity, as a means of human development, enlarged experience, and soul growth, from ruder, and more embryotic conditions of mentality, through sufferings, under the sovereign administration of a loving and just God; together with the duty of man, under all his trials, to be patient, sincere, upright, unbending in integrity, and submissive to the will and power of God; as the ordained means of acceptance, temporal prosperity, a serene old age, passed in tranquillity of soul, peace with God, love, honor, and good will with man, and even with wild beasts.

The Book of Job is valuable also as a source of information concerning the religion, customs, arts, and sciences prevalent in that early age of the human race. The patriarchal religion, in Job's day, as disclosed in his poem, consisted in a lucid, rational, and just conception of the existence, attributes, and worship of God. In many places in his Book, Job sets forth the fact, with great clearness and beauty, that God is almighty, omniscient, past finding out, invisible, the creator of all things, the supreme ruler and regulator of all worlds, pure and holy, spiritual, gracious, ready to forgive, a hearer of prayer, a dispenser of life and death, and the author of revelations to man, for his great benefit, through dreams, visions, voices, angel and spirit ministries, celestial influxes, and inspirations from above. Divine revelations, however, have always been gradual, and adapted to the progress of the ages. First the blade

has sprung up, then the ear has appeared, and then the full corn in the ear. The law of careers underlies the visible and invisible universe. Everything has a beginning, middle, and end. The patriarchal age was only the morning of divine revelation. What sublimed and passed over from the crucible of human life, and survived the chemistry of death, no one then could positively divine.

Job knew little or nothing about the state of man after death. Sheol, signifying a subterranean cavern, the under world, the receptacle or abode of the dead, expressed his highest conception of the post-mortem state. He knew nothing about the resurrection, or of the Messiah. He says: "I go whence I shall not return, to the land of darkness, and the shadow of death; a land of darkness as darkness itself."—Job x. 21, 22.

The following passage is often improperly referred to the Messiah:

"For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another."—Job xix. 25-27.

The word Redeemer is a translation of the Hebrew Goel, which signifies a blood-avenger, a vindicator of violated rights, and refers here to God as his vindicator or deliverer from his calamities in this life. The whole passage is an expression of his sublime faith in just such a vindication, by God in this world, as actually occurred at the close of his trial. He meant to say: "I know that my Vindicator lives, and that he will yet appear in some signal manner in this world as such; and though after my boils destroy my skin, the work of corruption shall still continue until all my flesh shall be destroyed, yet when it is entirely wasted away, I shall then see my Goel, or Vindicator, or God; and that for myself. This hope is laid up in my breast, and possesses my very vitals. He will come hereafter in my lifetime and vindicate both me and my cause. The expression, "yet in my flesh," signifies in the

Hebrew, "yet without my flesh;" that is, though it shall all be destroyed by my boils, yet I shall, with restored flesh, see God as my vindicator and deliverer. This hope was literally fulfilled. The patriarchal religion was a pure theism. It consisted in the recognition of one God, worshiped, with profound reverence and devotion, by sacrifices and burnt-offerings, solemnly offered to placate his wrath, accompanied with penitence, prayer, sincerity, uprightness, and integrity. It inculcated benevolence to the poor, to widows, and orphans. Its tone of morals was high. From direct statements, and allusions in the Book we find that the marriage institution existed in great purity. Fidelity and chastity were religiously enjoined. The adulterer was an object of scorn and contempt, and was unmercifully punished. Respect for age, hospitality to strangers, urbanity of manners, and all the cardinal virtues were inculcated and enforced. The Book of Job, today, contains more copious, and beautiful illustrations of pure and undefiled religion, healthy morals, profound, and accurate knowledge of God, as seen in his works, than any other human composition, either sacred or profane. The christian, the moralist, and the philosopher, of this age, may study it with signal advantage. The light which it throws upon art and science in that age of the world is also important. From the frequent allusions made, the current ideas, and knowledge, then prevalent, concerning art and science may to some extent be gathered, and inferred. The Chaldeans were a pastoral people, whose shepherds, often divinely illuminated through rapport with nature and nature's God, tending their flocks by night, under a blazing oriental sky, were familiar with the starry heavens. The immensity of its overhanging dome, glittering with innumerable worlds, filled them with wonder, and furnished them with themes for profound contemplation during the night-watches. They noticed the difference between the fixed stars and the planets. They searched out, and named all the constellations; often comparing them with, and naming them after, the animals of the country. Astronomy and astrology were favorite studies of the Chaldeans. With their accurate observations of the

heavenly bodies, in the various seasons of the year, they noted the ebbing and flowing of the tides, the succession of Spring, Summer, Fall and Winter; the nativities of children, human destiny, and the manifold changes, and events that transpire on the earth, and came to the conclusion that by certain magnetical, and electrical forces which they contain, and exert, the heavenly bodies rule the earth, and all things upon it. Both to the astronomical and astrological knowledge, prevalent in that age, the Almighty in his speech from the whirlwind, to Job, makes a most beautiful reference. He is seeking to impress upon Job's mind His own infinite greatness and majesty, and his utter insignificancy. He asks Job: "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? Or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons? Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven? Canst thou set the dominion thereof in the earth?" Ch. 38 : 31-33. The force of these words does not at first appear to the unlearned reader, without explanation. Pleiades is the spring constellation, which ushers in the "sweet influences" of that joyous and delightful season. This constellation consists of seven stars, united or bound together in sisterly union. The Almighty asks Job if he could bind together these stars, and cause them to exert their "sweet influences" on the earth in the production of spring. Orion is the winter constellation, which comes forth as the herald of storms, snow and ice and fierce winds; he is represented as the storm-king, girded with a girdle, or bands. God asks Job if he can disarm this giant, and take away his power to produce winter. Mazzaroth represents the twelve signs of the zodiac which are connected in some wonderful way with the monthly changes of the seasons, and corresponding changes in all animate existences on the earth. The Almighty asks Job if he can bring forth all these celestial signs, in their proper season, and cause them to fulfill their proper functions. Canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons? This is the constellation which appears to revolve around the North Pole, and to hold a mysterious connexion with the North. "His sons" probably constitute the stars

now known as "the tail of the Bear." God asks Job if he can *guide* them in their endless revolutions, *apparently* about the North Pole? He also asks him if he understands these laws of the heavens, and the influences the heavenly bodies exert upon the earth, and all things on it, and if he can establish such a wonderful connexion between the planets and the earth. Also some correct cosmological notions were entertained in Job's day respecting the shape of the earth, the points of compass, and the suspension of the world in empty space. "He stretched out the North over the empty space, and hangeth the earth upon nothing." Ch. 26 : 7. Meteorological observations were also very common, and remarkably discriminating. The magnificent Northern Lights, tornadoes, whirlwinds, tempests, thunder, lightning, dew, rain, clouds, the dawn of morning, the parting of light, the sea, and sky, were all carefully and minutely observed, and understood. A beautiful reference to the splendor of the Northern Lights is made in Ch. 37 : 22. "Fair weather cometh out of the North ; with God is terrible majesty." The Hebrew word rendered "fair weather" literally means "gold," or "golden splendor." How beautifully descriptive is this of the immense luminous brushes of the great magnet of the North Pole of the earth, which shoot up into the air, and illuminate the northern sky at night? The art of mining and smelting ores, and refining metals, especially gold, silver, iron, copper, and lead, was also well known in Job's day. He says, Ch. 28 : 1-2 : "Surely there is a vein for the silver, and a place for gold where they fine it. Iron is taken out of the earth, and brass is molten out of the stone." Lead is spoken of in another place. There are likewise allusions to the precious stones, such as the gold of Ophyr, the precious onyx, the sapphire, coral, crystal, rubies, and the topaz of Ethiopia. Reference is also made to coining, writing, and engraving. A "piece of money" is mentioned ; and Job says, Ch. 19 : 23, 24 : "Oh ! that my words were now written ! Oh ! that they were printed in a book ! That they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock forever." From this it appears that the art of writing, printing, book-making, and engraving with

a pen, and melted lead, run into the rock in letters, was understood in that early age of the world. The more perfect development of those arts in modern times is one of the most signal proofs of the progress the human race has made since that day. The medical art, we may also believe, was known and practised in that age. Although no curative methods, or systems of practice are mentioned in Job, yet the common name of medical practitioners is familiarly employed, which sufficiently indicates the existence and practice of the healing art. "But ye are forgers of lies, ye are all physicians of no value." Ch. 13 : 4. Music was also cultivated and practised in Job's day as a source of amusement, and rejoicing. "They take the timbrel and harp, and rejoice at the sound of the organ." Ch. 21 : 12.

The mention of nets, gins, pitfalls, howling dogs, and shouting sportsmen, clearly intimates the practice of hunting. The various occupations of pastoral life are often referred to; such as ploughing with oxen, dressing the vine, and the olive; and treading the wine-presses. The eastern method of traveling was in caravans, or companies. Hence Job speaks of the "troops of Tema," and "the companies of Sheba." Ch. 6 : 19. Expresses, or news-carriers, or mails were also sent from place to place then, as well as now. This is implied in the following passage: "Now my days are swifter than a post." Ch. 9 : 25.

Ship-building was also known. This art was carried to great perfection, so far as the speed of ships is concerned, if we may judge of this matter by the allusion to it by Job. He says, speaking of his days: "They are passed away as the swift ships." Ch. 9 : 26. The military art was cultivated to a very considerable extent, as we may learn from the weapons of warfare, and the methods of attack and defense, alluded to. Job mentions poisoned arrows, and thick bosses of shields; the iron weapon and bow of brass; and also the breastworks cast up by a besieging army, and the war-horse, with his neck clothed with thunder, leaping like the locust, terrible in the glory of his nostrils, pawing in the valley, exulting in his strength, going forth into the midst of arms, laughing at fear, turning not

back from the sword, nothing daunted at the rattling quiver, the glittering spear, or the lance, devouring the ground in his fierceness and rage, restless at the sound of the trumpet, snuffing from afar the war-cry of princes, and the battle-shout.

Zoological references, and descriptions are numerous, and beautiful in the latter part of the poem. Among insects are the spider and the moth; among reptiles, the asp and the viper; among birds are the vulture, the raven, the stork and the ostrich, the eagle and the hawk; among beasts, are the camel, ox, she-ass, the lion, the wild-ass, the dog, the jackal, the mountain goat, the unicorn; the war-horse, behemoth, and the leviathan, or crocodile. The minute descriptions of the qualities and habits of these animals exceed, in accuracy and splendor, anything of the kind in any human composition. These brief references to the religion, the arts and sciences, prevalent in that age of the world, and alluded to by Job, show to us what progress the race had made in that period of the world's history, and also demonstrate the advancement of society during later ages in the various departments of human culture, and scientific research.

The Book of Job presents for our contemplation, and instruction four distinct characters. The first is an old man, raised to the pinnacle of earthly wealth, honor, and happiness; suddenly cast down into the lowest valley of poverty, contempt, and misery; conscious of sincerity, uprightness, and integrity; of charity, mercifulness, good intentions, benevolent actions, and good will towards all men; and therefore profoundly penetrated with the conviction that he does not deserve such a wretched lot. Under these circumstances he curses the day of his birth, becomes weary of life, and longs for death. How many such persons are now wrestling with their destiny on earth? They have known better days, have been wealthy, honored, and happy. By some sudden reverse of fortune, they are cast down to the lowest pit of misery. They are poor, despised, and miserable. Conscious of sincerity, uprightness, and integrity, and of deserving a better lot, they sometimes curse the day they were born, feel tired of life,

weaned from earth, and desire to die. These are God's hidden ones on the earth. They are in the world, and the world knows them not. They are the moral heroes, the religious martyrs, the conscientious followers of truth, of right, of duty, and of progress. They live in advance of the age, and, like trees in an orchard that bear early and luscious fruit, are perpetually clubbed and stoned. They have been through every species of an earthly hell, been burned to a cinder, had the brimstone administered to them by every conceivable process, until salamanderized through suffering, they stand forth as the victims of an accusing and slanderous world, and *apparently* of divine injustice, and cruelty. Yet they are the real kings and priests unto God. They are the temples of the Holy Ghost. Their souls are altars whereon the Eternal is worshiped, not by canticles and psalms merely, but by smoking sacrifices. They shall yet shine forth as the stars, and burn as the sun. Their condition is not a punishment for their sins, but a natural process of development. They feel that they are not bad, and therefore do not deserve their fate as a chastisement; and no iron can be heat hot enough to burn this conviction into their souls. Yet they are unknown to the world, and also a mystery to themselves. Children of the furnace! know that a loving God designed you originally to be the largest, and most delicious fruit of his vineyard, the mightiest trees of his right hand's planting, the children of the first resurrection, destined to sit down upon thrones and judge the world. Your earthly condition therefore is simply one of development through adverse experiences to fit you for your destiny. It is the gift of God who loves you as his children. Be patient and submissive to his righteous plan. It is the wisest, and best. Another character presented in the Book is that of a class of stern, severe, melancholy, religionists, who believe that what the world calls calamity, misfortune, or affliction, is nothing but the blast of Almighty God for their sins. Such were Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar—Job's three friends. They had always supposed Job to be a perfect and upright man, when he was prosperous. They heard of his misfortunes and came to

condole with him. But when they saw how horribly he was afflicted ; that he was very poor, diseased, and forsaken by all his former friends, they said that they had been deceived in him ; that they had not fully known him ; that he must be a hypocrite and a very wicked man ; because God punishes the wicked, and spares the righteous ; and that in pleading his sincerity, uprightness, and integrity, he was only glorying in his self-righteousness, and mocking God. So they comfort him by pelting him with stones, accusing him of every species of iniquity, persecuting him with bitter words, and exhorting him to repent and turn to God. So now Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar flourish exceedingly, in this age, in their numerous children. Without a proper conception of the nature and design of human sufferings and afflictions on earth, they look upon them as the sure evidences of condign punishment from an angry God. Full of all unmercifulness, vehement with accusation, devoid of charity, they upbraid, and condemn these suffering children of the kingdom ; denounce them as hypocrites and monsters of iniquity, and self-righteousness, and recommend them to repent and turn to God as a sure means of deliverance from their affliction. The proper answer to these modern Eliphazes, Bildads, and Zophars, is the same now as Job gave to their forefathers : " Miserable comforters are ye all." Ch. 16 : 2. " No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you." Ch. 12 : 2. " Doth the wild ass bray when he hath grass ? Or loweth the ox over his fodder ?" You, Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar, do not complain ; you are fat, and sleek, and well conditioned in life, without trouble, or care. What do you know about suffering, affliction, and misery ? You are the asses that have grass to eat ; therefore you do not bray. You are the oxen that have fodder ; therefore you do not low. It is the hungry ass that has no grass that brays. It is the starved ox, without fodder, that lows. It is the one that has the corn on his foot that knows best where the shoe pinches. Your theory is wrong that the afflictions of the righteous are punishments for sins, instead of the best possible circumstances under which the kings and priests of the Almighty can be

developed for their high career of spiritual wealth, honor, and happiness, wherein they shall have *double* all they had before.

Another character is represented to us in the person of Elihu. He was young, vehement, pompous, and kindled with wrath, at Job because he was self-righteous, and at his friends because they condemned Job, without answering him. He advanced only one new thought, not presented by them; which was that God chastens man to "withdraw him from his purpose and hide pride from man," to keep "back his soul from the pit, and his life from perishing by the sword." Ch. 33 : 17, 18. That is that afflictions are prospective as well as retrospective; reformatory as well as punitive. And in view of this he does not think Job has had enough. "My desire is that Job may be tried unto the end, because of his answers for wicked men. For he addeth rebellion unto his sin, he clappeth his hands among us, and multiplieth his words against God." Ch. 34 : 36, 37. He would afflict him still more. He is a religious roundhead, and would preach the grace of God into this defiant cavalier at the point of the bayonet. How many vehement, over zealous Elihu's there are at the present day! Instead of feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and sheltering the storm-pelted and houseless sufferer, they would have him suffer still more. This is their idea of salvation. Consequently they comfort the poor child of sorrow by adding more fuel to the fire, with a view to burn sin and the devil out of him, and melt him down into a button of pure metal according to their ideas of refining.

The fourth and last character presented for our contemplation and instruction is God Almighty. He speaks from the whirlwind. He declares His infinite greatness, majesty, and sovereignty, and demands submission to his laws of development through trial and suffering. He accepted Job and condemned all the rest. "The Lord said to Eliphaz, the Temanite, My wrath is kindled against thee, and against thy two friends: for ye have not spoken of me the thing that is right, as my servant Job hath." Ch. 42 : 7. Patience under all the afflictions of this life,

with sincerity, uprightness, and integrity, and entire submission to God, in all his dispensations, is the great lesson taught by this remarkable poem. The Book of Job therefore is an epitome of human life, with its manifold experiences, superinduced by a loving and sovereign God, as the divinely chosen circumstances, in the view of infinite wisdom, to develop the most illustrious types of human character, and bring many sons to glory. The versification of the Book of Job has been no easy task. The labor has been much greater than it would have required to write an original poem of four times its length. The terse, grand, and sublime parallelisms of Job have neither *rhyme*, nor *rhythm*; neither similarity of sounds at the end of the lines, nor measured feet. To fetter down his wild, abrupt, and exultant expressions by the rules of modern poetical composition, and yet retain the original thought; to compact his bold and sublime parallelisms into *measured, flowing, and mellifluous numbers, with rhyming sounds at the end of each line, and with fidelity to the original, has been a difficult labor to perform.* It has required me to read the original Hebrew,

And then to touch my sounding lute,
With measures soft the sense to suit.

Sometimes an original word was found to be so copious in meaning as to require a line or more to interpret it. If therefore some lines are found in the versification which do not appear in the English version, it is because it was necessary to use a fuller method of interpretation to express the sense of the original in the rhyming, and rhythmical measure of modern poetry. But in no case have I departed from the original sense the poet intended to convey. In deep sympathy with the character of Job, and touched by similar sorrows, I have written this introduction, and translated his inimitable poem into verse. I am aware it is but poorly and imperfectly done. But such as it is, imploring leniency from the hypercritical, and charity from all, I bring this mite of sorrow, and lay the tear-moistened treasure in the indulgent reader's hands; hoping it may give rest to the weary, comfort to the

mourner, hope to the despairing, faith to the down-hearted, joy to the afflicted, and confidence to all in the infinite mercy, justice, wisdom, power, and love of God to all his children, and especially to those who are smitten by affliction, and hidden in the secret places of grief.

HENRY W. ADAMS.

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CHAPTER I.

JOB'S HISTORY.

HISTORY of Job ; his sincerity, uprightness, piety, and prosperity. The assembling of the sons of God before the Almighty. Satan comes also. Jehovah's inquiry of Satan and his answer. His opinion of Job's fidelity. Satan believes Job's character to be the result of selfishness, caused by divine blessings, and if these favors were removed he would curse God to his face. Satan obtains leave of Jehovah to try Job, but not to touch his person. Satan departs to afflict Job. The domestic calamities which he brought upon him. Job's afflictions and resignation. Job's second trial. The sons of God again assemble before Jehovah. The Lord's inquiry of Satan where he had been, whether he had considered Job, and his integrity in the midst of his afflictions. Satan replies that his afflictions have been insufficient to test him, and that bodily sufferings were necessary ; that then he would curse God to his face. The Almighty consents to a second trial, only stipulating that his life should be spared. Job's second afflictions. His wife tells him to curse God, and die. Job rebukes her, and submits to God. The visit of his three friends to condole with him, their amazement at the vastness of his calamities and sufferings. They sit down with Job, upon the ground, in silence, seven days and nights.

Celestial Goddess ! breathe the sacred fire,
That swept the strings of Job's majestic lyre ;
Inspire my soul empyreal heights to dare,
And thoughts sublime, in equal strains declare.
The sore afflictions which his life befell,
In dulcet numbers move me now to tell.
Sing how there lived, renowned in all the globe,
A man, in Uz, that bore the name of Job ;

In heart sincere, upright in life, and true,
Who feared his God, and evil did eschew ;
How children fair his mansion did adorn,
And sons and daughters seven and three were born.
Seven thousand sheep in ample pastures strayed,
Three thousand camels cropped the fatt'ning blade ;
One thousand oxen in the yoke confined,
Five hundred asses of the female kind ;
And household servants in abundance great,
Composed the substance of his vast estate ;
So that this man, with power and riches crowned,
Was greater far than in the east was found.
His sons they feasted in a social way,
And ev'ry one observed his banquet day.
In joyous mirth, they called their sisters fair,
To eat and drink and chase away their care.
But when their days of festive joy and glee,
Were gone about in frolic revelry ;
Then pious Job for all his children sent,
And they to him in quick obedience went.
With oft lustrations for them all he wins,
Divine forgiveness of their youthful sins.
He rose up early in the morning light,
And offered victims in Jehovah's sight ;
Till votive off'rings did before him fall,
In numbers chosen equal to them all :
For Job, with fear and apprehension dread,
Of all his children thus declared and said :



No. 1.—JOB OFFERING SACRIFICES FOR HIS CHILDREN.

For Job said: It may be that my sons have sinned, and cursed God in their hearts. Thus did Job continually. Ch. I: 5. See explanation, page IX.



It may be now my sons and daughters fair,
In feasts and wine have drowned all holy care ;
Or in their hearts, with drunkenness o'ercame,
Have sinned and cursed Jehovah's sacred name.
And thus did Job continue ev'ry day,
His vows and off'rings unto God to pay.
And now a day of convocation came,
When hosts of angels in Jehovah's name ;
Together drawn by His divine accord,
Came to present themselves before the Lord ;
To give account of what they'd seen and done,
Beneath the circuit of the rolling sun ;
And Satan also did amongst them stand,
Alike subjected to the Lord's command ;
To make returns of punishments severe,
His demon ministry inflicteth here.
And thus the Lord to subtle Satan said :
Whence comest thou to this assembly dread ?
Then Satan answered with a gracious nod,
And thus responded to Jehovah God :
From going to and fro the earth around,
And walking up and down its charnel-ground ;
To execute the judgments that have been,
And try the hearts of all the sons of men.
And then the Lord to Satan did declare :
Hast thou considered holy Job, with care ?
That none like him in all the earth around,
An upright man, and perfect can be found ?

Who feareth God, and righteousness pursues,
And ev'ry evil from his heart eschews?
Then answered Satan to the Lord, and said:
No troubles yet have smit his tow'ring head;
His piety hath never yet been tried,
By strokes of sorrow oft by me supplied.
What merits Job? with ev'ry blessing fraught,
Or feareth he Almighty God for naught?
Around himself, and all his house beside,
Protecting hedges thou hast e'er supplied;
To bless his labors thou hast never ceased,
And in the land his substance is increased.
His herds and flocks that fattening pastures keep,
Break forth as mouths of mighty rivers sweep.
Put forth thy hand, and touch his vast estate,
And he will curse thee to thy face in hate.
Then lo! to Satan said the Lord: this hour,
All that he hath is placed within thy power;
Remember only this supreme command,
Upon himself lay not thy smiting hand:
For thou dost say: the blessings thou dost give,
Are all that make him, in uprightness, live.
So Satan bowed a low, exulting nod,
And left the presence of Jehovah God.
And now, behold, there was a banquet day,
When all his children, decked in gay array;
Did round their eldest brother's board recline,
To eat and drink and vex the day with wine.

Then swift, to Job, a messenger did come,
And say to him, in solemn silence dumb :
The lab'ring oxen ploughed the grassy mead,
The lazy asses cropped the flow'ry feed ;
The Sabean hordes in bold and strong array,
Upon them fell, and took them swift away ;
The servants too their cruel sword hath slain,
And only I, of all the rest, remain.
While he was speaking, struck with terror dread,
Another came, and, much excited, said :
The fire of God, from out the heavens, did leap,
And burn up all the countless flocks of sheep ;
Consumed the servants upon whom it fell,
And I alone escaped their fate to tell ;
While he was speaking, swift from danger fled,
Another came, and, much affrighted, said :
The bold Chaldeans came in triple bands,
With swords displayed within their savage hands ;
On horses swifter than the leopards fly,
And fiercer far than evening wolves that cry ;
And like the eagle, pouncing on his prey,
The camels seized, and carried them away ;
They slew the servants with the cruel sword,
And I am left to bring the fatal word.
While he was speaking, pale with fear o'erspread,
Another came, and, touched with sorrow, said :
Thy sons and daughters, round their brother's board,
Were drinking deeply of the wine he poured ;

When lo ! there came a mighty wind aside,
Across the wilderness of deserts wide ;
It smote the corners of the house around,
And hurled the timbers o'er the groaning ground ;
Thy sons, and daughters, now alas ! are dead,
And I, alone, in terror, hence have fled.
Then Job arose, and rent his mantle round,
He shaved his head, and fell upon the ground ;
By sorrow torn, and riven like the clod,
In sweet submission, thus he worshiped God :
I came out naked from my mother's womb,
And naked, too, shall I embrace the tomb ;
The Lord, He gave, and He hath taken away,
His name be blessed to eternal day.
In all this, Job, from ev'ry sin, was free,
Nor charged his God with folly foolishly.
Again returned the convocation day,
When angel bands before the Lord did lay ;
The embassies, entrusted by his will,
And wait for orders further to fulfill ;
The sons of God with, therefore, one accord,
Came to present themselves before the Lord ;
And Satan also, minister of God,
Despatched abroad to bear his smiting rod ;
To make return of trial, and award,
Came to present himself before the Lord ;
And rightful, too, amongst them he did stand,
The great ambassador of God's left hand.

And then the Lord to Satan thus did say :
From whence, and, wherefore, hither dost thou stray ?
And Satan answered to the Lord, and said :
From distant regions I have hither fled ;
From going to and fro the earth around,
And walking up and down its charnel-ground.
Then thus the Lord the Tempter's breast did probe :
Hast thou considered this my servant Job ?
That none like him upon the earth hath trod ?
A perfect man, and one that feareth God ?
Sincere in heart, upright in life, and true ?
And evil doth in ev'ry thing eschew ?
That swerveth not from daily serving me ?
But holdeth fast his own integrity ?
Although thou movedst me without a cause,
To swallow him within destruction's jaws ?
And Satan answered to the Lord, and said :
Though all this ruin were severe and dread ;
Yet skin for skin, yea, all mere paltry pelf,
Will man renounce that he may save himself.
Put forth thy hand, and touch his flesh, and bone,
And he will curse thee with a heart of stone.
Then thus the Lord to Satan did command :
Behold, my servant now is in thy hand ;
With my consent, do what thy malice dare,
But this remember that his life you spare.
As soon as Satan heard the final word,
He vanished swiftly from before the Lord ;

And covered Job with ulcers up and down,
From feet, and body, to his shaven crown.
The inflammation, and the tumors rose,
In angry swellings and in darting throes ;
His flesh was clothed with clods of wormy clay,
And full of tossings to and fro he lay ;
With broken furrows, filled with angry gore,
His body seemed a perfect running sore ;
In ev'ry limb he felt the pain afresh,
And bit his teeth within his tumid flesh ;
His skin acknowledged ev'ry deadly sting,
And perished on him like a rotten thing ;
His face was foul, with weeping burning tears,
And filled with wrinkles, and with withered years ;
His breath was turned, his flesh was lean, and thin,
His bones were cleaving to his lifeless skin ;
His joints were pierced with dreadful pain at night,
And found no respite with the morning light ;
His skin was black, his bowels turned his meat,
His bones were leprous, and consumed with heat ;
Yet Job did down among the ashes fall,
And with a potsherd scraped himself withal.
Then lo ! his wife, with patience poorly blessed,
In sinful anger thus herself expressed :
Dost thou, unchanged by this disease, remain ?
And thine integrity to God retain ?
Arise, O ! Job, and vent a fit reply,
In manly anger, curse thy God, and die.



No. II.—JOB, HIS THREE FRIENDS, AND ELIHU.

So they sat down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him ; for they saw that his grief was very great. Ch. 11 : 13. See explanation, page IX.

But Job replied : a nobler spirit seek,
Thy words are such as foolish women speak :
For only good shall we receive from God ?
And not the evil from His chast'ning rod ?
In all this Job no words impatient flung,
Nor did he sin by using once his tongue.
When Job's companions all this evil heard,
They quickly came, with deep compassion stirred.
The names they bore the sacred muse has sung,
And told the countries whence their races sprung ;
Eliphaz ruled, as ancient history writes,
The mighty kingdom of the Temanites ;
Bildad is said to be the famous king,
That did from Shuah's ancient country spring ;
And Zophar, king of Na-amah was known,
A city which in Joshua is shown.
For they had each appointment made to go,
And mourn with him, and comfort sweet bestow.
But when afar they lifted up their eyes,
And knew him not, in sorrow's deep disguise ;
Their silent grief no longer could be kept,
But loud their voice they lifted up and wept.
They rent their mantles into mournful shreds,
And sprinkled dust upon their solemn heads.
Seven days and nights, in silence most profound,
They sat with Job upon the naked ground.
And none to him a word of comfort spoke,
For now, with grief, they saw his heart was broke.

CHAPTER II.

JOB'S FIRST SPEECH—HIS COMPLAINT.

THIS chapter contains the bitter lamentation of Job, and the argument of the poem. Under a deep sense of his own sincerity and uprightness, and of his great calamities, he curses his day, in language that is vehement, rash, and often irreverent. The cause of these bitter and violent imprecations against the day of his birth, he alleges to be because it did not prevent his being born into the world ; for then he declares he should have rested with kings, and princes. He declares that his sufferings have not come upon him unexpectedly ; that in his prosperity, he had not felt secure.

But Job, at length, the solemn silence broke,
And dreadful curses on his day he spoke.
Perish the day, so dreadful and forlorn,
Wherein myself in sorrow first was born ;
Perish the night, in darkness unretrieved,
That shouted forth : a man-child is conceived.
And let that day be darkness deep and lone,
Nor God regard it from His heavenly throne ;
Let not the light, refulgent and divine,
In dazzling glory ever on it shine ;
Let darkness dense upon that day remain,
And shades of death its beaming luster stain ;
Let clouds on clouds, pavilioned on it, dwell,
And tents of darkness, big with fury, swell ;

Let blackness, caused by sorrow's burning ray,
And blasts of noontide, terrify that day ;
Let darkness seize, and rayless gloom enshroud,
That starless night, with storm and tempest-cloud ;
Let not that night among the days appear,
Of any future, or revolving year ;
Let not the months complete their annual sum,
By letting that among their number come ;
But let that night in barrenness abound,
And, solitary, with itself be found ;
Let not the crowing cock, nor joyful voice,
Nor mirthful revelry, therein rejoice ;
Let those accurse it, who, with magic, can,
And skillful are to rouse leviathan ;
Let all the stars that in its twilight dwell,
Be darker far than blackest shades of hell ;
With eyes of darkness, let it look for light,
But sad and weary, nothing have but night ;
With anxious longing, let it watch forlorn,
Nor see the eyelids of the rosy morn ;
Because alas ! it hindered not my doom,
Nor shut the doors before my mother's womb ;
Nor hid the sorrow which around me lies,
With death and darkness from my aged eyes.
Why found I not an infant's quiet tomb ?
Why died I not when I forsook the womb ?
Why did the knees anticipate my birth ?
And thus preserve me from the dreamless earth ?

Or why the breasts prevent this goodly luck ?
By giving me their liquid food to suck ?
For now should I, with balmy quiet blessed,
Lie down to sleep, and always be at rest ;
With kings and counselors, in wisdom skilled,
That des'late places for themselves did build ;
Or mighty princes, rich in countless gold,
And houses, filled with silver stores untold ;
Or like a hidden, and untimely birth,
I had not been a wretched child of earth ;
Like still-born infants, destitute of sight,
Whose rayless eyes have never seen the light.
The wicked there from all their troubl'ing cèase,
And there the weary sweetly rest in peace ;
The prisoners too in freedom all rejoice,
Nor hear again the proud, oppressor's voice ;
The small and great together there we see,
And from his master ev'ry slave is free.
Then why should God the light of life bestow,
On one that lives in misery, and woe ?
Or being give, by his supreme control,
To one that's bitter in his inmost soul ?
That longs for death upon his restless cot,
And waiteth for it, yet it cometh not ?
That prayeth oft, and digs to find it more,
Than treasures hidden on the distant shore ?
Exulting greatly, like the weary slave,
Exceeding glad, when he can find the grave.



No. III.—THE DESOLATION OF JOB.

I was not in safety, neither had I rest, neither was I quiet; yet trouble came. Ch. III : 26. See explanation, page XII.

Or why is light on mortal man bestowed,
Whose way is dark, and hidden lies his road ?
Whom God Himself, although he flee from sin,
Hath walled around, and throughly hedged him in ?
My sighing cometh when I try to eat,
My moans uncounted constitute my meat ;
My mouth, and tongue, and bowels are so sore,
My groans are poured as noisy billows roar ;
For now the thing I greatly feared has come,
And struck my soul with awe, and wonder dumb ;
I had no safety in my fearful breast,
From apprehensions oft I took no rest ;
Nor was I quiet, free from anxious dread,
Yet woe and trouble fell upon my head.

CHAPTER III.

FIRST SPEECH OF ELIPHAZ IN REPLY TO JOB.

UNTIL now Job's three friends had remained silent. They had hitherto regarded him as "perfect and upright." But his bitter complaint, his rash speech, his insinuations against God, and his lack of submission create suspicions in their minds that he is a wicked man. Eliphaz, the wisest of the three, opens the discussion. He is calm, sagacious, urbane in manner, but searching and severe. His train of thought, pursued also by the rest, is that the righteous are prospered, and the wicked punished; and that Job should repent, and turn to God. Eliphaz apologizes for speaking, points out the inconsistency of Job in complaining himself under trials, when he had so often exhorted others to patience, and resignation under their afflictions; and hints that this shows that Job is not a good man. He intimates that no one ever perished, being innocent, and declares that he has always observed that the wicked are destroyed by God. He argues, in a very guarded, and masterly manner, that affliction implies guilt, and great calamities hypocrisy. He insinuates that Job cannot be what he had supposed he was, "perfect and upright," because of his misfortunes. Eliphaz illustrates this view of the case, by his own observations, and also by a vision, which he asserts he had, of a spirit appearing to him. He declares that he had often seen the wicked prospered for a time, and then suddenly destroyed. He asserts that trouble comes not from chance; that it does not spring from the ground; that it is appointed by God, and hence that it must be to punish the wicked. He advises Job therefore to commit his cause to God; he tells him that he himself would do so. He argues the reasonableness of this course, because God is great, and doeth wonderful things; that he controls all events, and rewards all according to their deserts. He concludes his speech by a statement of the beneficial effects of turning to God, and trusting in him. He illustrates this thought in several ways, and clearly insinuates that Job lacks the spirit of true piety, and that his calamities are in consequence of his sins.

Eliphaz then, in answer, sought to find,
Some prudent words with which to soothe his mind.

If we essay communion now with thee,
Wilt thou be grieved at this our friendly plea ?
But who from words can now himself refrain ?
That's heard the cause for which you thus complain ?
Behold, how many, plunged in troubles sore,
Hast thou instructed, oft, thyself before ?
How oft, with counsel, and with friendly plans,
Hast thou confirmed the weak, and feeble hands ?
Thy words the stumbling oft upheld with ease,
And strengthened much the weak and bowing knees.
But now alas ! this dreadful, sore, complaint,
Has come on thee, and thou dost quickly faint.
It toucheth thee, with unexpected strokes,
And thou art troubled sore as other folks.
Doth not thy fear continue still to be,
The ground of future confidence with thee ?
Is not th' uprightness of thy former ways,
The hope that animates thy coming days ?
Remember this, and to its truth assent,
Who ever perished, being innocent ?
Or where's the proof, though mockers vainly scoff,
That righteous men were ever once cut off ?
But oft examples heretofore have been,
That they who plough iniquity and sin ;
And sow their wickedness, devoid of shame,
In harvest reap, and gather back the same.
They perish surely by the blast of God,
As chosen victims of his smiting rod ;

He strikes them down by some untimely death,
And quick consumes them by his nostril's breath.
The roaring lion terrifies no more,
His voice ferocious utters not its roar ;
His rolling eyes no longer glance with fire,
And creeping terror in the poor inspire ;
Nor orphans perish by his tearing claws,
Nor bleed afresh, within his crushing jaws ;
The dingy lion Ethiopia rears,
The fatherless no longer fills with fears ;
His voice of fierceness sendeth no despair,
But dies in silence on the empty air ;
The gory teeth of hungry whelps are broke,
Beneath the power of God's tremendous stroke ;
The aged lion, full of strength to slay,
Is made to perish from his lack of prey ;
His boundless strength, and wild, terrific rage,
Shall not avail him in his hoary age ;
His stoutness, teeth, and tearing claws are vain,
When final vengeance God Himself doth rain.
His whelps are scattered through the earth abroad,
Through fear, and trembling into silence awed.
So godless, cruel, and rapacious men,
By God Almighty shall be crushed again.
And now to me a secret thing was brought,
And lo ! mine ear a gentle whisper caught ;
In thoughts, by night, amidst the visions, when,
Profoundest slumber falleth oft on men ;



No. IV.

The old lion perisheth for lack of prey. Ch. IV : 2. Eliphaz represents the character of Job by an aged lion, having outlived his vigor, and become too feeble to seize any more prey. See explanation, page NIII.





No. V.— ELIPHAZ SEES A SPIRIT.

Then a Spirit passed before my face ; the hair of my flesh stood up
...there was silence, and I heard a voice saying : Shall mortal man be
more just than God ! Ch. IV : 15, 16, 17. See explanation, page XIV.

A creeping fear, with trembling, made me shake,
And all my bones, with dancing terror, quake ;
A spirit passed before my startled eyes,
And all the hair upon my flesh did rise ;
Unmoved it stood, an image, pale, and stern,
But yet the form I could not well discern ;
The ghostly specter paused before my face,
And solemn silence held the dreadful place ;
I heard a voice that shook the place I trod,
Shall feeble man be juster far than God ?
Shall mortal man in purity transcend,
His heavenly Maker, and his goodness mend ?
Behold, no trust, in servants, he did place,
With folly charged his angels, face to face ;
Much less in them that tents of clay supply,
Whose frail foundations in the dust do lie ;
And which, like garments, made of woollen cloth,
Are quickly crushed before the gnawing moth ;
Or by the nerve-worm, hatched from eggs, contained,
In water, swallowed from the marshes drained ;
That bores its way, and draws its slender, thin,
And hairy length, through punctures of the skin ;
But broken off, inoculates the wound,
And crushes down the house upon the ground.
How frail are men ! how brief on earth their stay !
How soon they fade ! and pass from time away !
Between the morning, and the evening sun,
The longest race of human life is run.

They perish too forever from the earth,
Restored no more by some mysterious birth.
Yet none regard the signal, sudden blow,
That death employs to smite his victims low.
Doth not the ex'cellency that in them lies,
Depart in death before they're truly wise?
Are not the flutt'rings which they here display,
By loathsome sickness made to pass away?
They die, at last, as if it were their lot,
Like fools, unwept, unmentioned, and forgot.
Through heaven and earth proclaim aloud, and see,
If any one will now respond to thee;
And unto which of all the holy saints,
Wilt thou apply to answer thy complaints?
Repeat the call, and see if one you find,
Of holy angels, to your views inclined;
Or holds, with you, that judgments sore and sad,
Do never prove their wretched victim bad;
For wrath divine the foolish sweeps away,
And indignation doth the simple slay;
The vain and wicked I have often seen,
With thrifty roots, and fruitful branches green;
The hills were covered with his spreading shade,
His boughs were, like the goodly cedars, made;
His buds and blossoms spring in full recruit,
And promise fair, to fill the land with fruit;
But suddenly the tempest on him burst,
And then his dwelling I pronounced accurs'd.

His secret wickedness provokes the wrath,
That God Almighty hurls along his path.
His children, far from safety, ever dwell,
And in the gate are crushed with sorrows fell ;
When troubles come, and clouds around them loom,
There's none to save them from their wretched doom ;
The hungry man devours his crops of corn,
And even takes it out of beds of thorn ;
Afflictions grievous overflow his cup,
And robbers swallow all his substance up ;
Although from dust afflictions do not come,
Nor sprouting trouble from the ground is sprung ;
As thistles, thorns, and brambles have their birth,
And spring abundantly from out the earth ;
Yet man is born to trouble, and to die,
As sure as upwards are the sparks to fly ;
To groan, and sigh, and tears of anguish pour,
As certainly as birds of prey do soar ;
To toil, and labor for the things they reap,
As sure as sons of burning coals do leap.
'Tis prudent then for man at once to be,
Submissive fully to the Lord's decree ;
To see the ends and uses of his laws,
And know that all things have a righteous cause.
Therefore to God would I commit my case,
And trust His goodness for restoring grace ;
That doeth things, unsearchable, and great,
And marv'lous things, unnumbered, doth create ;

That giveth rain upon the earth around,
And maketh showers upon the fields abound ;
Exalting oft the poor, despised, and low,
That humble, squalid, and discouraged, go ;
To higher places, honored, and renowned,
With friends, and happiness, and riches crowned ;
Advancing those that mourn from pain and grief,
To heights of honor, safety, and relief.
He disappoints by his omniscient ken,
Devices formed by bad and crafty men ;
So that their hands, in which their prowess lies,
Cannot perform the slightest enterprise.
The wise He taketh in their crafty plan,
And carries headlong ev'ry froward man.
The twisted, crooked, and deceitful trick,
Their artful cunning had devised so slick ;
Is oft precipitated from its feet,
Because exposed before it is complete.
They meet with darkness in the midst of day,
Such sudden hindrances obstruct their way ;
They grope, at morn, as in profoundest night,
He so eclipseth ev'ry ray of light.
But, with His might, he saveth all the poor,
From plotted vengeance of the evil doer ;
From ev'ry thrust of his uplifted sword,
Or violence that from his mouth is poured ;
From ev'ry scheme, or crafty plot, and plan,
And hand of cruel, bad, and mighty man.

So all the poor, that now in darkness grope,
Possess, in God, a strong, abounding hope.
But when the wicked see their schemes upset,
And find themselves entangled in their net ;
Confounded sore, their lips no speeches drop,
And bold iniquity her mouth doth stop.
Behold, the happiness that crowns the man,
Whom God correcteth by His heavenly plan !
Despise not hence the chast'nings of thy God,
Nor kindly strokes of his paternal rod.
He maketh sore the pierced, and bleeding heart,
He bindeth up, with heavenly, healing art ;
He woundeth oft the lonely, troubled soul,
And then His hands, in mercy, make it whole ;
From six afflictions he shall set thee free,
In seven, the touch of evil ne'er shall be ;
From death, in famine, He shall save thy life,
And from the sword, in war's tremendous strife ;
His mighty arms around thee shall be flung,
And hide thy soul from ev'ry scourging tongue ;
When sore destruction comes, with death displayed,
No shaking fear shall make thee hence afraid ;
In ev'ry danger he shall be thy staff,
At death and famine thou shalt boldly laugh ;
No fear tormenting shall restrain thy mirth,
Nor make thee tremble at the beasts of earth :
For all the stones of fruitless fields shall be,
In leagues united firm and strong with thee ;

Ferocious beasts their hostile voice shall cease,
And evermore be found with thee at peace ;
When far away on journeys thou shalt roam,
Secure, from harm, shall be thy tented home ;
In health, and safety thou shalt sure come back,
And never miss the shortest homeward track ;
And thou shalt know that great shall be thy seed,
And offspring num'rous, as the grass, shall breed ;
And thou shalt come, in wisdom ripe and sage,
To meet the grave in full, and hoary age ;
Like shocks of corn that in their season fall,
Matured, and waiting for the reaper's call.
Lo ! this we've searched, and found it strictly true,
Hear it, and know how good it is for you.

CHAPTER IV.

JOBS REPLY TO ELIPHAZ'S FIRST SPEECH.

THIS reply expresses strong emotion, and very great sorrow ; deep piety, with occasional impatience ; and remonstrance with God against his afflictions. He feels very keenly the dignified, and implied condemnation of Eliphaz. In bitter anguish he gives vent to very vehement, and impatient expressions. He justifies the bitterness of his complaints, made in his previous speech, from the great severity of his sufferings. He further sets forth the depth and extent of his afflictions, in order that Eliphaz may more fully understand them, and take pity on him. He desires his friends to weigh thoroughly, and attentively his grief ; declares that God's arrows are in him, and His terrors are arrayed against him. He denies that he complains, in a causeless manner, any more than the ass, or ox brays or lows, in a causeless manner, when dying of hunger. He desires to die, because he thinks he will find rest in the grave. He has not strength to bear these bitter trials. He declares that one so horribly afflicted should have the sympathy of his friends ; but that his have deceived him, and increased his sorrows ; have proved like deceitful brooks, dried up in hot weather, and deceptive to travelers. He desires his friends to look into his case more fully, and see the justice of his bitter complaints. He fully believes that they did not know him, nor comprehend his sufferings, and consequently had no sympathy with him. He recapitulates his sufferings. He says that life is short, and the days of man are like those of the hireling, looking for wages, and the close of day ; that his days and nights are filled with vanity, pain, and sorrow, and that he looks for the shades of the evening. He gives a pitiful description of his disease ; his flesh is filled with worms, and clods of dust ; his days are swift, and vanish like a cloud. How could he help speaking, in anguish, and bitterness of soul ? Stung almost to despair, by a sense of his horrid sufferings, he remonstrates, with great vehemence, and impatience, with God, for afflicting him thus. He feels that it is unjust, and cruel. He asks if he is a sea, or a whale, that God should set a watch over him ; he declares that when he would rest, and his couch should ease his sore complaint, God scares him with dreadful visions, and dreams ; that he loathes and hates life. He asks what man is that God so delights to visit him, and never let him alone. He wishes to know what injury he had done to God that he should so afflict him ; why he does not forgive him, and withdraw his hand.

But Job, in sorrow, raised his shaven head,
And thus, in answer, to his friend he said :

Oh ! that my grief could now be thoroughly weighed !
And my calamity in scales were laid !
For heavier far it surely now would be,
Than all the sand beneath the boundless sea.
The bitt'rest dregs compose my daily cup,
And hence my words, in grief, are swallowed up.
Th' Almighty's arrows deep within me sink,
Their deadly poison doth my spirit drink ;
Jehovah's terrors, threat'ning ev'ry day,
Against me set themselves in strong array.
The pangs of sorrow make me groan, and sigh,
And constitute the reasons of my cry.
Brays the wild ass when grass he hath to eat ?
Or lows the ox o'er fodder rich and sweet ?
From grief and trouble I am worn, and faint,
My soul hath reasons for its sad complaint ;
You misconceive the causes why I sigh,
And inward groan, and utter loud my cry ;
You neither bray, nor low like ass or ox,
Because you've grass, and fodder's fragrant locks ;
You're fat, and sleek, from ev'ry trouble free,
You know not therefore how to pity me.
Can things unsav'ry without salt be good ?
Has white of eggs the taste of dainty food ?
The things my soul did once refuse to eat,
Are now my sorrowful and daily meat.
As loathsome food my troubles make me ill,
And yet I eat these dreadful sorrows still.

Oh ! now that I might have this one request,
That God would grant the longing of my breast ;
That even now 'twould please Almighty God,
To smite me down, with His uplifted rod ;
To crush me up, and bruise me unto death,
And, by His judgment, take away my breath ;
That he would now unloose his mighty hand,
And cut me off from this unhappy land ;
As weavers cut the web from out their loom,
And thus complete my wretched, earthly doom.
Then I should yet some consolation take,
And exultation in my anguish make.
Let him not spare me, nor from pity shield,
For I have not the words of God concealed.
And what's my light, in which my soul doth grope ?
Or what's my strength that I should longer hope ?
No thrilling joy awakes my earthly song,
And what's my end that I should life prolong ?
Is this my strength the mighty strength of stones ?
Doth solid brass compose my flesh and bones ?
The craggy rocks endure the pelting blasts,
The iron hail the rage of war outlasts ;
But I'm not chiseled from the hardened rocks,
To bear, unmoved, affliction's dreadful shocks.
My help is not within my own control,
And wisdom's driven from my foolish soul.
For him that doth, in sorrow's furnace, melt,
Should tender pity by his friend be felt.

But yet he sheds no sympathizing tear,
And thus forsaketh God Almighty's fear.
Instead of comfort, in my troubles sore,
His words, upbraiding, make my sorrows more.
I looked for words of pity and relief,
To cheer my heart, and thus assuage my grief;
As weary pilgrims look for water round,
And search for streams along the desert ground;
The fulness, strength, and noise they often send,
Do answer well to this my former friend;
Their dryness too beneath the heated ray,
Resembles much this summer friend to-day.
Deceitfully my brethren all have done,
As mountain brooks, and valley-streams do run;
That turbid, swollen, and tumultuous flow,
In consequence of melted ice and snow;
In warmer days, they dry up here and there,
But when 'tis hot, they vanish ev'rywhere;
Their channels wind along the arid land,
They go to nothing, lost within the sand.
For streams, dependent for their swollen mouth,
On snows, and storms, afford no trust in drouth;
The troops of Tema searched the sandy plain,
The tribes of Sheba waited long in vain.
They thither came, in caravans immense,
To quench their thirst, from fountains flowing thence;
But when they saw the streams' deserted bed,
Perplexed, confounded, and ashamed, they fled.

So ye alas ! are nothing now to me,
Alarmed, because my casting down ye see.
In prosp'rous days, of wealth, and power, and ease,
Pretended friends do much resemble these ;
With loud professions, puffed, and swollen high,
They promise aid, and comfort to supply ;
But, when afflictions, aid from them demand,
They disappear, like streams, within the sand.
Did I invite your gracious presence here ?
To soothe my sorrows, and my heart to cheer ?
Have I besought your famous wealth, and power,
To give me aid in this distressing hour ?
Did I implore : A gift to me accord,
Or, of your substance, give me a reward ?
Or, rescue me from any hostile band ?
Redeem me quickly from the mighty's hand ?
Oh ! teach me now, and I will hold my tongue,
Cause me to know from whence my errors sprung.
How forcible are words of right to move !
But what alas ! doth your debate reprove ?
Do ye, my words, imagine to berate ?
And speeches too of one that's desperate ?
Which rush impatient from the phrensied mind,
Like boist'rous gales, of high, tempest'ous wind ?
Against the orphan ye would spring a snare,
And secret pits against your friend prepare.
Be hence content ; your looks upon me place,
For if I lie, it is before your face.

Return, I pray, and hear my words with care,
Nor so erroneous my speech declare.
Return, again, to what I hence reply,
My righteousness doth clearly, in it, lie.
Doth this, my tongue, iniquity rehearse?
Cannot my taste discern the things perverse?
The life of man's a warfare on the earth,
In which he's listed from his very birth.
Like hirelings also toiling to and fro,
He spends his days in service here below.
As servants pant, and seek the evening shade,
And hirelings look for labor's wages paid;
So months of vanity do I possess,
And nights of anguish make me comfortless.
If on my bed I close my weary eyes,
I say, in sorrow: when shall I arise?
And when shall gush the bright, heraldic dawn,
And night, and darkness once again be gone?
Replete with tossings to and fro I lie,
Until aurora dawneth in the sky.
My flesh, with worms, and clods of dust is clothed,
My broken skin is most profoundly loathed.
My days are brief, replete with tears, and sighs,
And swifter far than weaver's shuttle flies.
Oh! God, remember that my life is wind,
My breath is upward, unto thee, inclined;
Mine eye, no more, shall, on the earth, return,
Its charming prospects, or its good, to learn;

The eye of him that saw me, oft before,
Shall see me hence, in mortal form, no more.
Thine eyes, to me, their dreadful gazes give,
And therefore I, no longer here, can live.
The fleecy cloud, that intercepts the day,
Is soon consumed, and vanisheth away ;
So he that goes to Sheol's gloomy shore,
From thence to earth, shall come again no more.
The noiseless grave shall be the downy bed,
In which the clay shall rest its weary head.
Although for home, and kindred he may yearn,
His house shall never welcōme his return.
His homeward feet shall never reach his door,
His dwelling-place shall never know him more.
Therefore, my mouth will I not hence refrain,
But, in the anguish of my soul, complain.
In bitterness, within my spirit pent,
Will I cry out, and utter my lament.
The painful thoughts of going far away,
From earth, and home, within the grave to stay ;
Distress, and agony, unuttered, brings,
In solemn wailings from the spirit's strings.
Am I a raging, and tumult'ous sea,
That thou confinest, and restrainest me ?
Or dangerous monster of the hoary deep,
That thou, a watch, dost always o'er me keep ?
And when I say : my bed shall bear my pain,
My couch shall ease me when I sore complain ;

Thou scarest me, with dreams, beyond control,
And ghostly visions terrify my soul ;
So that I choose the pain of strangling groans,
And death prefer to these my loathsome bones.
Oh ! God, I loathe my sore, afflicted life,
So full of sorrow, toil, and angry strife ;
I would not always, on the earth remain,
Afflict me not, for all my days are vain.
And what is man, composed of gilded clay,
That thou shouldst magnify him in this way ?
That thou shouldst make him, in importance, great,
Above the works thy wisdom did create ?
And cause thy heart, for him, intense to yearn,
Above the sun, or moon, or stars that burn ?
To mark his ways with ever sleepless care,
And vex his soul, beyond his power to bear ?
That ev'ry morning thou shouldst make him sigh,
And ev'ry moment, with afflictions, try ?
How long O ! God, wilt thou afflict my heart ?
How long before thou wilt, from me, depart ?
And cease, on me, with trials sore, to frown,
Until my spittle I shall swallow down ?
If I have sinned, against thy just decree,
Then tell me what that sin hath done to thee.
O ! thou beholder of all mortal things,
Declare to me, from what its vileness springs.
And why hast thou, in days of sorrow dark,
Set up myself against thee, as a mark ?

That hence a burden to myself I live,
O'erwhelmed, with troubles, thou dost sorely give.
If I have sinned, against thy holy law,
Then why thine anger wilt thou not withdraw?
And why not seal my pardon free this day?
And all my sins, in mercy, take away?
For now shall I, in dust and ashes deep,
In balmy slumber close my eyes to sleep;
And, in the morning, thou shalt seek me round,
But I shall, nowhere, on the earth be found.

CHAPTER V.

BILDAD'S FIRST REPLY TO JOB.

BILDAD is less argumentative, less polished, less sagacious, but more severe, accusing, vehement, and provoking than Eliphaz. He presumes that all Job's troubles are the result of his sins, and those of his children. He compares Job's speech to a violent tempest of wind, and asks him how long it is to continue. He implies that God is just, and asks Job if the Almighty could pervert justice. He seems to take it for granted that his children were cut off for their sins, but that Job might yet be restored, and prospered, if he would turn to God, and put away his iniquities. He declares that, in that event, Job might abound in a great increase of blessings, although beginning life anew, and alone. This part of his speech is very cruel, and provoking. To confirm his argument, he appeals to the ancients, and to those much older, and consequently who had had a larger experience in the providential dealings of God with mankind. He employs striking images, derived from nature, to display the miserable condition of the wicked. He declares that the most thrifty plants soon wither and die, and that the hypocrite's hope would, in like manner, soon, and surely fail. He asserts that God will not cast away a perfect man, and sets forth the happy effects of trusting in Him. Bildad implies more boldly, and impudently, than Eliphaz, that Job is a hypocrite, and the victim of deserved punishment. He is both unkind, and uncharitable, in spirit, and phraseology, towards him. His speech is less prolix, but more caustic than that of Eliphaz. It abounds in beautiful illustrations of his argument, the burden of which is that God punishes the wicked, and prospers the righteous, and that consequently Job must be a wicked man. He exhorts him to repentance, reformation of life, and encourages him thereto, by assurances of forgiveness, and great prosperity.

When Job, his grief, had thus himself expressed,
Then Bildad answered, and his friend addressed :

How long wilt thou express thy murm'ring mind ?
How long thy words be like the boist'rous wind ?
Doth God unjustly turn the balance scale,
And make the wrong above the right prevail ?
Doth he, the godly, ever once desert,
And righteous judgment wickedly pervert ?
Or doth th' Almighty, cruel, and severe,
Afflict unjustly, in his dealings here ?
Since all thy children sinned against their God,
And for transgressions, perished by His rod ;
Yet, if betimes, repentantly, and meek,
To God, alone, thy pensive soul would seek ;
And supplication, for his mercy's sake,
To God Almighty, would in earnest, make ;
If thou wert pure, and holy, and upright,
Before his gracious, and forgiving sight ;
Then surely now he'd rouse himself for thee,
And give thy righteous house prosperity.
Though thy beginning small, at first, should be,
Thy latter end, abounding, thou shouldst see.
Inquire, I pray, of ev'ry former age,
Prepare thyself to search the fathers sage ;
Whose observations, still, in poems, found,
Are rich, in proverbs, and, with wisdom, crowned ;
For we're of yesterday, and nothing know,
Because our days, like dancing shadows, go.
Shall they not teach, from observations gained,
Through longer years, and knowledge thence obtained ?

And tell, when men, on earth, were older, far,
Than human lives, in modern ages, are ?
When riper growths of character matured,
Through godly discipline, so long endured ;
That God, rewards and punishments doth give,
To all mankind, according as they live ?
Shall not they utter words, from out the heart ?
And, not from lips, but from the inner part ?
How grows the rush unless some mire appear ?
Or sprouts the flag, without some water near ?
For while 'tis green, before the scythe disturbs,
It withers sooner than the neighb'ring herbs.
So end the paths of all that God forget,
And dies the hope of ev'ry hypocrite.
His hope decayed shall then himself deceive,
His trust shall be the web that spiders weave.
His soul shall lean upon his house of sand,
But, tempest-beaten, it shall never stand.
As spiders cling unto the tenuous, thin,
And slender thread, they patiently do spin ;
When storms do howl, and winds, in fury play,
And break the thread, and blow them swift away :
So grasps the hypocrite his fragile hope,
When storms of sorrow, with his soul do cope ;
But when he dreams he holds the cable fast,
'Twill bend, and fly before the sweeping blast.
Before the sun, in midday heat, is seen,
Like juicy plants, his thrifty stalk is green.

His branches shoot above his garden high,
His opening buds do into blossoms fly;
His boughs are fresh, and pour their odors round,
He spreads himself above the flinty ground;
His roots are wrapped about the mossy rock,
And round the corners firmly interlock;
For want of earth, they spread themselves away,
And draw support, from tips, in flinty clay;
Devoid of soil, in which their roots to throw,
They split the rock, and in the openings grow;
They look for strength, when wild the tempest sweeps,
And drop their anchors into stony heaps.
But growing large, with roots above the ground,
When stormy winds among its branches sound;
It is destroyed from off its rocky throne,
And tumbled headlong with a dying groan.
The natal place, whereon it grew, shall say:
I never knew thy false, and wretched day.
Ashamed I bore thee, and ashamed of thee,
I now disown thee, as a worthless tree.
Behold the joy, his luckless way doth bring,
And others, better, from the earth shall spring;
Behold, thy God shall never cast away,
The perfect man that doth His law obey.
He sends His mercies unto all the poor,
Nor lends His aid to any evil doer.
And hence, thy mouth, with laughter, he shall fill,
And shouts of vict'ry from thy lips shall thrill.

And they that hate thy now despised name,
Shall then be clothed, with undissembled shame.
The wicked's tent shall surely come to nought,
Because iniquity his hands have wrought.

CHAPTER VI.

JOB'S FIRST REPLY TO BILDAD.

JOB replies to Bildad. He was charged with being a hypocrite. He protests against this, and denies that he is guilty of any great crimes, but does not claim to be absolutely faultless. He is agitated with contending passions, such as fear, hope, confidence, despair, and a keen sense of his sufferings. He vents forth his feelings, under their influence. He admits the general course of argument pursued by Bildad, that none can be just with God, or answer Him for one of a thousand of his offences. He shows that God is a sovereign, distributing rewards, and punishments as He pleases; that men ought not to judge Him, but to make supplication to Him. He says he is so weak that he could not hope to prevail with Him in debate, and that he would not try to argue with Him against His own inscrutable doings. He believes God to be right, great, glorious, and holy. If he judges man to be wicked, then it must be so. This, he believes, to be the supreme proof of human guilt. He denies that affliction is proof of wickedness, but that it is alike the portion of the righteous and the wicked; and therefore his sufferings do not condemn him as a bad man. He describes his sorrows in a piteous manner, and uses language of murmuring and complaint. He alleges that his days are swift, and full of sorrow, and he takes no comfort. He intimates that God is too great to be argued with, that His power makes him dumb, that no days-man stands between him and God; and that if God would remove his afflictions, he would express his feelings, without fear. But he also declares that if he should make himself ever so clean, and wash himself with snow-water, God would plunge him in the dirt again, afflict him still with a sense of his guilt, and hold him altogether impure. He amplifies these thoughts, with great latitude of expression. He expostulates with God against treating the work of His own hands with such unmerciful severity. He declares that he is weary of life, and that it has become a burden to him. He asks God why he deals thus cruelly with one of His own creatures. He acknowledges that all he has is from God, and appeals to Him to establish his innocence. He says that God hunts him down like a lion, and multiplies against him the tokens of his indignation. He waxes warmer, even to desperation, at the idea that God is his enemy. He therefore longs for death, craves a little respite before he descends to the land of shadows. He illustrates, most beautifully, the condition, and feelings, of every good man, under great afflictions.

The truth that Bildad, in his speech, expressed,
Was now, by Job, in frankness, thus confessed:

I know 'tis so, nor do I this distrust,
But how alas ! can man, with God, be just ?
If he contend, as man with man, hath done,
Of thousand sins he cannot answer one.
Within his heart, is he supremely wise,
And strength unbounded in Jehovah lies.
And who, resisting, hath withstood his will ?
Or been rebellious, and successful still ?
He hurls the mountains from their native spot,
By force of earthquakes, and they know it not ;
He overturns them, in His dreadful wrath,
When fires volcanic lift them from their path.
He shakes the earth from out her native place,
Her pillars tremble from their lowest base.
His voice commands the sun, and in the spot,
It pauseth suddenly, and riseth not ;
Eclipses, clouds, and tempests raging high,
Obscure his brightness in the darkened sky.
The gates of day his power securely bars,
With clouds, or brightness seals he up the stars.
He doth alone the heavens, in grandeur spread,
And on the waves of hoary ocean tread.
He makes Arcturus, in the North afar,
Revolve in splendor round the polar star ;
Like Bear, and Cubs, pursuing in the rear,
Or Mourners, following a solemn bier ;
That never sets, but high about the Pole,
With orbs attendant, doth forever roll ;

To which the mariner doth look, to guide,
His dang'rous voyages, on the briny tide.
He sets Orion o'er th' equator high,
A girdled giant in the stormy sky ;
Whose eyes of glory, bright with luster burn,
And ev'ry way, with orbs celestial turn ;
Bedecked with jewels, countless, soft, and clear,
That through the telescope, at night, appear.
He maketh Pleiades, in Taurus, shine,
With bright rosettes, bespangled, and divine ;
The sweet effluxes of delightful spring,
With melted snows, and singing birds, to bring.
He makes the chambers of the South proclaim,
The matchless glories of His wondrous name.
He doeth wonders, which no ken can trace,
And marv'lous things, no numbers can embrace.
His chariot wheels, in grandeur, by me roll,
His works majestic fill my raptured soul ;
He goeth by me in his works, and ways,
And far outstrips my ever wond'ring gaze ;
He passeth onward, with transcendent speed,
And leaves behind him countless things to read.
The shining orbs that roll, and burn afar,
Compose his fiery, and majestic car ;
In all his works, his motions I can trace,
But nowhere yet do I behold his face.
Behold, he taketh life, and wealth away,
And who can hinder, or his judgments stay ?

Or who can say : what doest thou, O God ?
Why smitest thou, with thy chastising rod ?
If God, his anger, will not clean withhold,
Then power, and honor, friends, and shining gold ;
The aids of pride, to mortals here below,
Beneath his judgments he will overthrow.
Then how much less shall I an answer find,
Or choose out words, to reason with his mind ?
To whom, though innocent, I deemed I'd been,
Should he adjudge me guilty still of sin ;
No words, in answer, I would dare to speak,
But instant mercy from my judge would seek.
If I had called for trial of my cause,
To prove my innocence before his laws ;
And he had graciously replied to me,
I could not think he'd hearkened to my plea.
For lo ! he breaketh me with storms of wrath,
And hurls a tempest all along my path ;
He grinds me up, in sorrow's cruel jaws,
And multiplies my wounds without a cause.
He will not suffer me to take my breath,
But fills my soul with bitterness, and death.
If strength, the controversy, shall decide,
His sovereign power can never be denied.
If righteous justice litigates my crime,
Then who, indeed, shall set, for me, the time ?
If I attempt myself to justify,
And plead my cause, and make mine own reply ;

My murm'ring mouth, from rev'rent words exempt,
Would self-condemn me in the vain attempt.
If I assert that I am perfect then,
My tongue will prove me all perverse again.
I, perfect! nay, if this I thought were so,
'Twould be because my soul I did not know.
But, rather far, my life would I despise,
Surpassed, in glory, by his purer eyes.
This one result, within my mind doth lie,
And, therefore, truly I, did thus reply:
Unequal justice here he doth employ,
And good, and bad, doth both alike destroy.
For if a scourge, with sudden vengeance, slays,
And low, in death, unnumbered victims, lays;
He laughs at trials, on his children sent,
And mocks the suff'rings of the innocent.
The earth is given, by his high commands,
Completely over into wicked hands.
The judges' faces oft he cov'reth, when,
They sit, in judgment, on the crimes of men.
If not, then where, upon this earthly clod,
Is he, or what, or who, indeed, is God?
My days are swifter than a flying post,
They flee apace, and good no longer boast.
Like skiffs of reeds, they swiftly pass away,
Or like the eagle, hast'ning to her prey.
And if I say: complaining I'll forsake,
Renounce my heaviness, and comfort take;

My fears return, my sorrows sore I dread,
My griefs forebode, my brightest hopes are fled :
To stay thy hand, thou wilt not hence consent,
I know thou wilt not hold me innocent.
Adjudged as wicked, though I seek the right,
I'm held as guilty in thy holy sight ;
My innocence will I not hence maintain,
For why should I contend with thee, in vain ?
Because I'm weak, and thou art clothed with might,
I yield to *power*, and not because 'tis right.
For if I wash myself, in melted snow,
And, cleansed with soap, my hands, in whiteness, show ;
No proofs of innocence wilt thou admit,
Nor once from sin my guilty soul acquit ;
But, surely then, wilt thou, in anger, pitch,
And plunge me headlong, in the miry ditch.
My clothes offensive, and abhorred again,
Shall show me forth the most despised of men.
The mighty contest with myself, and thee,
Is most unequal, now I clearly see ;
For thou art surely not a man, as I,
That unto thee, in words, should I reply ;
Or seek a trial, awed to silence dumb,
Or both together into judgment come.
No hope remains to cheer my dark despair,
No daysman stands between the parties there ;
To act as umpire, bound with sacred oath,
To lay his hands upon the tongues of both ;

Define the law, the evidence compare,
Restrain the pleadings, and the right declare.
Afflicted sore, and crushed beneath his hand,
On equal terms, I do not with him stand ;
But let him take his dreadful rod away,
Let not his fear, my broken soul, dismay ;
Then I would speak, and fear of him forego,
But now, alas ! with me, it is not so.
My stricken soul is weary of my life,
Cut off from hope, and vexed with pain, and strife.
I'll give myself to unrestrained complaint,
And words of bitterness my grief shall paint.
To God I'll say : do not condemn, but show,
The mighty cause why thou contendest so.
Is it delightful that thou shouldst oppress,
And torture man, with unrelieved distress ?
That thou shouldst wantonly, in wrath despise,
The work thy hands, in wisdom, did devise ?
And yet, upon the wicked's counsel shine,
With approbation always so divine ?
Hast thou the eyes of mortal flesh, to scan,
The imperfections of thy creature man ?
To see his faults, as sinful man doth see,
And watch his ways, with cruel jealousy ?
The days of man, are also they thy days ?
Are all thy years like his imperfect ways ?
That thou inquirest after all my sin,
And searchest strictly what my crimes have been ?

Thou knowest I am not a wicked man,
And no iniquity did ever plan ;
And there is none so pow'rful in the land,
That he can rescue from thy mighty hand. .
With wond'rous pains, thy hands have wrought me out,
And fashioned me together, round about ;
And yet thou dost this curious frame destroy,
That did the wisdom of thy mind employ.
Remember, now, I earnestly do pray,
That thou hast made me like the signet clay.
Wilt thou reduce me back to dust again ?
And try me more than thou dost other men ?
Hast thou not poured me out, as milky chyle,
To flow through lacteals, and ducts awhile ;
Then curdled me, and thrown me down, like cheese,
In bones, and organs, as thy skill did please ?
With bones and sinews thou hast fenced me round,
With flesh, and skin, and downy raiment bound.
Both life, and favor have been granted me,
With care my spirit's been preserved by thee.
These things, concealed from mortal eyes apart,
Are hid profoundly, in thy secret heart.
With thee, I know, is the mysterious plan,
The birth, the growth, the destiny of man.
Upright, afflicted, yet perplexed with doubt,
I cannot find this mighty myst'ry out.
For if I sin, thou always markest me,
And sparest not, from mine iniquity.

If I be wicked, as my trials show,
These woes, unnumbered, justly o'er me flow ;
If I be righteous, yet afflicted dread,
Confounded sore, I cannot lift my head.
In either case, perplexities arise,
And dire confusion aggravates my cries.
Behold the sorrows, now my soul doth share,
And see the grief that fills me with despair.
For lo ! it magnifieth more, and more,
And pangs, unuttered, through my soul doth pour.
As roaring lions, hungry, wild, and fierce,
With claws, and teeth, their captured prey do pierce ;
And when the spark of ebbing life hath fled,
Tear up, at leisure, and devour the dead ;
So thou, O, God ! with sorrow's poisoned dart,
Dost pierce me sore through ev'ry vital part.
Thou turnest on me fiercer than before,
And tearest marv'llously the victim more.
Thy plagues against me thou dost oft renew,
As witnesses to prove my vileness true.
Thine indignation on me doth increase,
Nor fiercer torments, in succession, cease.
As oft in war, recruits successive go,
To meet the bold, and oft defiant foe ;
Or when the battle rageth hot, and fierce,
And bullets fly, and cruel bayonets pierce ;
Fresh levies rush, the flying foe to rout,
Inspired by vict'ry, and the battle-shout ;

So war and changes are against me brought,
And dreadful battles in succession fought.
Affliction's army now my soul surrounds,
And fresh battalions multiply my wounds.
But why hast thou reserved this wretched doom?
Or why produced me from my mother's womb?
Oh! that I then had given up the ghost,
And none had seen me, or the woes I boast.
I should have been, as if I had not been,
And never known the bitter curse of sin;
But carried gently to an infant's tomb,
In peaceful slumber from my mother's womb.
Oh! God, are not my days of sorrow few?
Then cease to vex me, with afflictions new.
Let me alone, and quietly forsake,
That I may yet some little comfort take;
Before I go whence I shall not return,
Where suns, and stars, extinguished, cease to burn;
Beyond the realm of ev'ry sighing breath,
A land of darkness, and the shade of death;
A place of darkness, dense with blackness grown,
As black as darkness when it reigns alone;
To shades of death, with dire confusion round,
Where all the light is darkness most profound.

CHAPTER VII.

ZOPHAR'S FIRST REPLY TO JOB.

THIS is Zophar's first speech. Without reserve he charges Job with loquacity, arrogance, and sin, and as justly punished for his iniquities. In ability, gentleness, and charity, he is less than either Eliphaz, or Bildad. He exhorts Job to repentance and reformation, as the only means of restoration, and prosperity. He pursues the current strain of the other speakers, and holds that Job is punished because he is a wicked man. He accuses him of using a multitude of words and also of self-righteousness, because he maintained his innocence, and the injustice of his afflictions. He says he wishes God would speak to him, and show him his true character. He tells him that God exacts of him less than his sins deserve. He gives a sublime description of the vastness, unsearchableness, and power of God. He declares that man, though born as a wild ass's colt, would impugn the counsels, and plans of God. He does not answer Job, nor explain the dealings of God, but dwells on his vastness, and power, and sets forth the obligations of submission. He affirms that Job may yet be prospered, and happy, if he will repent, and yield to God's sovereign will. He tells him that in that event, he would forget his misery, his age would be bright as the noonday, he would lie down in safety, and would be great, and mighty; but if he would not repent, and submit to God, he would yet be punished more, and more. His speech is severe, immodest, and inhuman. He assumes all along that Job is a notorious hypocrite, stricken down for his sins; and exhorts him, from this stand-point, to put away his iniquities, and lead a just, and pious life. This must have been most provoking to Job; yet, according to Arabian custom, the patriarch sat patiently, and silently, and heard him through. It is not a matter of wonder therefore that Job, in his subsequent answers, sometimes employs sarcasm, irony, and, occasionally severity. Zophar deserved it.

When Job had ceased his sorrows to recite,
Then answered Zophar, the Naamathite.

Should not thy multitude of words declared,
Be boldly answered, and with truth compared ?
And should a man, so full of windy talk,
Be justified, when he doth only mock ?
Or should thy lies, unanswered, still increase,
And make mankind, in terror, hold their peace ?
When thou dost mock, shalt thou be left unblamed ?
Shall none attempt to make thee then ashamed !
For thou hast said : My doctrine's pure, and wise,
And I am clean within thy holy eyes.
But oh ! that God, to thee, himself would speak,
Unseal His lips, and words against thee seek ;
That wisdom's secrets he would show to thee,
For they are double what they seem to be ;
Infolded, convoluted, and concealed,
Their wond'rous myst'ries still are unrevealed.
And therefore know that God exacts of thee,
Much less, indeed, than thine iniquity.
Canst thou, by searching, fathom God, or find,
The deep perfection of His mighty mind ?
'Tis high as heaven, and more, in grandeur, too,
And what canst thou, an ign'rant mortal, do ?
'Tis deeper far than depths of hell below,
And what canst thou, of his perfection, know ?
Its measure's longer than from pole to pole,
And wider too than broadest oceans roll.
If He arrest, imprison, and arraign,
Then who can hinder, or His power restrain ?

No human force can rescue back again,
For well he knows the ways of sinful men.
The slightest wickedness His eyes do scan,
Will He not punish ev'ry sinful man ?
A man of vanity appeareth wise,
And heavenly wisdom often doth despise ;
Though he be born, in wildness, like the ass,
Or colts, untamed, that crop the mountain grass.
If, now thyself, thy heart thou wilt prepare,
And stretch thy hands to God, in holy prayer ;
If, in thy hands, iniquity remain,
The fruit of robbery, or wicked gain ;
Thy honest soul will, ev'ry whit restore,
And let no evil dwell within thy door ;
Thenceforth thy face, unspotted, thou shalt rear,
And steadfast be, and free from ev'ry fear ;
Because thy misery shalt thou forget,
Nor feel one sad, or sorrowful regret ;
Remembered seldom through each prosp'rous day,
As waters only that have passed away.
Thy life illustrious, serene, and bright,
Shall then be clearer than the noon-day light ;
As morning beams the dusky earth o'erspread,
And chase the darkness from its downy bed ;
So clouds of darkness, now that round thee dwell,
Shall fair aurora, cov'ring thee, dispel.
And thou shalt be, from ev'ry fear, secure,
Because of hope, abounding, firm, and sure.

Though now ashamed, and filled with dire disease,
Then thou shalt rest in safety, and in ease.
When on thy couch, in peaceful slumber, laid,
Then none shall come to make thee sore afraid.
And many, then, from ev'ry land and sea,
Shall come, and make their humble suit to thee.
But lo! the eyes of wicked men shall fail,
Their flight shall perish like a dying wail;
Their hope shall be a puff of breath, at most,
Or merely like the giving up the ghost.

CHAPTER VIII.

JOB'S FIRST REPLY TO ZOPHAR.

JOB opens this speech with a most withering sarcasm. Zophar by his severity, and assurance had provoked it. "No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you." He declares that he had "understanding" in reference to all the matters set forth as well as they; that in urging their well known arguments, and applying them to him, they had manifested a low estimate of his knowledge of divine principles. He complains that, instead of comfort, they had augmented his misery. He insinuates that what they supposed to be profound instruction were only common-place truisms, which did not reach his case. He reargues the point that wicked men do not receive here the full punishment due to their sins, but are often prospered; and then sets forth his knowledge of God. He reproves their narrow views of the Almighty, and shows that he had reflected far more profoundly upon his power, and wisdom, and divine government, than they had, and poured on them confusion and shame for their supposing him to be ignorant of these matters. This part of his speech discloses the comparative ability of the different speakers. He descants upon the sovereignty of God, in the most sublime strains, and shows that the beasts of the earth, and the great events observable in nature, declare his wisdom, power, and matchless glory. He declares that His presence is everywhere perceived, but that his rewards and punishments are not meted out according to the deserts of men in this life. He earnestly desires to have his cause tried before the Almighty, because he believes that justice would thus be done to him. He clearly insinuates that his friends are most unkind, unjust, uncharitable, and severe in their judgments of him, and desires them to hold their peace. He protests his innocence, declares that he trusts in God, and that he would do so, though he should slay him; at the same time he remonstrates with God for afflicting him so unmercifully. He describes, in the most beautiful manner, the brevity of human life, in which he displays the mingled emotions of hope, fear, despair, dark forebodings concerning the future, and a desire to find repose in the grave. He alleges that man is born to trouble, and that he must soon perish, and, in view of this, asks God why he so afflicts him, and why he would not let him take a little comfort here, before he should go to his long home—the grave. He asserts that, after death, man will

not live again on the earth ; that a tree, cut down, will spring up again, but not so with man. He desires God to hide him in the grave, until his anger is past, and then to call him forth that he may speak, and vindicate himself. He implies that now he is so weak, and despondent, that he cannot answer God, and that, under sore trials, man is wasted away, as the waters wash away the stones, and the mountains. He feels that he is friendless, that God and man have both forsaken him ; and under this impression he indulges in complaints, doubts, fears, despondency, and remonstrance ; and manifests the deepest perplexity concerning his present condition, and future prospects.

Thus Zophar ceased upbraiding words to find,
And Job, in answer, freed his lab'ring mind :
No doubt but ye're the only people true !
And wisdom surely all will die with you !
But understanding also I possess,
I fall no lower than yourselves confess ;
Because your speeches are, with maxims, fraught,
And proverbs also, from the ancients brought ;
You think they're deep, and will my reason please,
But who don't know such common things as these ?
From all this boastful, and upbraiding talk,
I'm now as one whose neighbors basely mock ;
Who calls on God, inspired by holy fear,
And God, in answers, doth his pleadings hear.
The man that's just, upright, and inward born,
By wicked men, is surely laughed to scorn.
And he that's ready with his feet to slip,
Is then the victim of the sland'rer's lip ;
Or like a torch despised, and cast away,
By one rejoicing in meridian day.
The tents of robbers prosper safe, and sure,
To God-provokers always are secure ;

To their rapacious hand we also see,
That God Almighty brings abundantly.
The lower world of animated things,
The same conclusion, in concurrence, brings ;
That in his dealings with his creatures here,
Rewards, and punishments do not appear.
But ask the beasts that roam the planet free,
And they shall teach this mighty truth to thee.
He gives no safety to the tame, and mild,
Nor punishes the cruel, fierce, and wild ;
For lions, wolves, and panthers fierce, and fell,
Devour the lamb, and innocent gazelle.
Consult the fowls, of ev'ry tribe and air,
And they shall also one and all declare :
The tender, beautiful, and harmless bird,
Whose morning carol, in the tree, is heard ;
Has no protection, by his power decreed,
From soaring eagle, or the vulture's greed.
The gentle, useful, tender, mild, and tame,
Are oftener chosen than the fiercer game.
Address the earth, with ev'ry shoot, and tree,
And it shall teach this mighty truth to thee ;
The pois'nous herbs, and noxious weeds do spoil,
The useful plants that cleave the cumbered soil.
The thistle, brier, and the bramble thorn,
Arise, and choke the fairest crops of corn.
The giant trees of ev'ry wooded land,
Consume the food the smaller growths demand ;

The countless fish that swim the briny sea,
Declare again, this wondrous truth, to thee.
The scaly monsters, on the lesser breed,
Of finny beauties, greedily do feed ;
The beasts, the fowls, the fish, and noxious blades,
Assert the truth the universe pervades ;
The large and strong, the noxious, fierce, and wild,
Oppose the weak, the innocent, and mild.
But God for this, no punishment doth bring,
On beast, or bird, or fish, or noxious thing ;
And in his dealings with his creatures here,
Their real characters do not appear.
Who cannot see that all these wondrous things,
Have been the labor of the King of kings ?
Within whose hand, is ev'ry grade of life,
And flesh of man, engaged in mortal strife.
Doth not the ear decide what words are sweet ?
And taste the mouth the savor'ness of meat ?
The aged walk in wisdom's hoary ways,
And understanding lies in length of days.
The voice of wisdom doth from God resound,
And strength, unbounded, in his arm, is found.
Unerring counsel, to his mind, pertains,
And understanding, in his spirit, reigns.
Behold, He breaketh down the works of men,
And they can never be built up again.
He shuts a man, in straits, and hedges round,
And then, for him, no opening can be found.

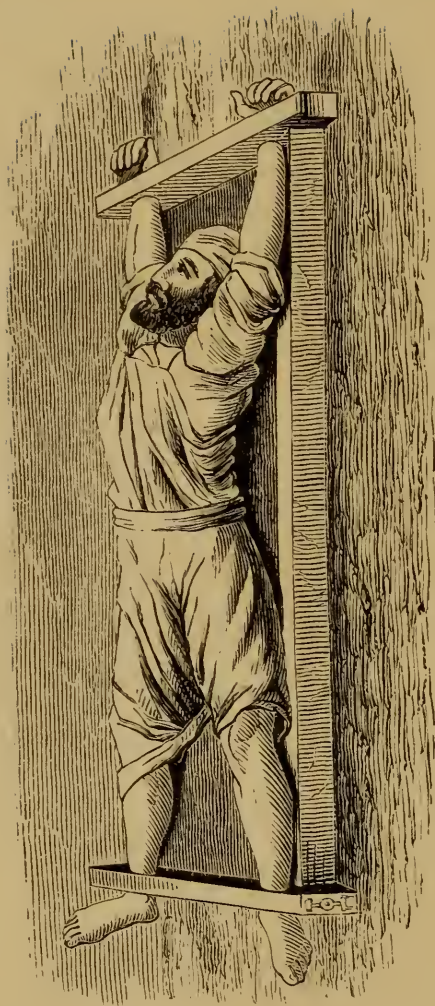
Behold, the floods He holdeth in the sky,
And, on the earth, the waters quickly dry.
He also sendeth them, in fury, forth,
And then they thoroughly overturn the earth.
Inscrutable, in wisdom and in might,
Deceivers and deceived are in his sight.
He leadeth counselors destroyed away,
And maketh fools of judges, day by day.
The power of kings He looseth, by His might,
And girds their loins, with iron girdles, tight.
And princes plundered, oft, He leads away,
And overthroweth the mighty, in his day,
The trusty's wisdom surely He forsakes,
Discernment also, from the old, He takes.
He pours contempt on princes, thoroughly broke,
And weakens down the strength of mighty folk ;
Revealeth myst'ries in the midst of night,
And bringeth forth the shades of death to light ;
Increaseth nations, during cycles slow,
And then destroys them by a single blow ;
Enlargeth nations, with unnumbered men,
And straightway brings them into straits again.
He clouds the wisdom of the people's chief,
Distracts his counsels, oft without relief ;
He maketh rulers wander forth, and stray,
In wildernesses where there is no way.
They grope in darkness, without light, or plan,
And reel, and stagger like a drunken man.

Perplexed, unstable, and confused, at length,
Distracted counsels take away their strength.
Behold, mine eye hath seen the things I tell,
Mine ear hath heard, and understood them well.
And what ye know, the same I also knew,
I'm not infer'or therefore unto you.
But O, to God I surely now would speak,
And words of wisdom, fitly chosen, seek ;
Afflicted sorely by his smiting rod,
I now desire to reason with my God ;
To plead my cause before His righteous eyes,
And hear His just, and merciful replies.
To cruel speeches He will not resort,
Nor once my words, nor arguments distort.
But ye are forgers of sophistic lies,
And all physicians whom I now despise.
Oh ! now that all of you would hold your peace,
Your wisdom thus, in vastness, would increase.
Receive my reasonings, and your words refrain,
And let the pleadings of my lips complain.
For God Almighty will ye falsely speak ?
And words sophistical adroitly seek ?
To vindicate his righteous dealings here,
Will ye, by falsehoods, make the right appear ?
To clear his government from every charge,
Of partial dealing with mankind, at large ;
Will ye fallaciously invent and talk,
Deceitful sophistries, and reason mock ?

Will ye be partial to his person too ?
And act as bribed, and wicked judges do ?
Unreas'nably will ye contend for God ?
And justify the chast'nings of His rod ?
Assert His dealings equal to my sin,
Regardless, too, of what my life has been ?
Would it be well, if He should search you out ?
In life, and character, by grief, and doubt ?
Can ye deride, and mock His mighty plan,
As wicked man doth mock his fellow man ?
If ye do persons secretly accept,
From rank or wealth, or reasons private kept ;
Although the person God himself might be,
He'll yet rebuke, and sorely punish thee.
Shall not His majesty awaken fear ?
And check your fallacies, so insincere ?
Shall not His dread inspire a sacred awe ?
And silence sophistries about his law ?
Your poor rememb'rances, like ashes fine,
No force tenacious in themselves combine.
The apothegms you pompously recite,
Are words of dust to vindicate the right ;
The towers you build to guard you from attack,
Are walls of mud that strength, and safety lack.
Then hold your peace, and let me now alone,
That I may speak, in words of plaintive tone ;
And what on me, afflicted, sore, and dumb,
Is doomed to fall, upon me, let it come.

But why my skin, and withered flesh beneath,
Do I now take within my gnashing teeth ?
Or why courageously my fate withstand,
And put my life within my feeble hand ?
Although he slay me, with destruction grim,
My soul shall trust forevermore in him.
My ways before him I will yet maintain,
And my integrity shall still remain.
My great salvation he shall also be,
For lo ! no hypocrite his face shall see.
Attentively my earnest speeches hear,
My declarations with a pitying ear.
And now, behold, I've ordered all my cause,
In strict obedience to his heavenly laws ;
The law and witnesses are on my side,
And hence I know I shall be justified.
But who is he that now, with me, will plead ?
Espouse the cause, and let the case proceed ?
For now, in silence, if I hold my tongue,
My soul, from grief, will out of me be wrung.
But only two things do not thou to me,
And then myself will I not hide from thee.
Withdraw thy hand, and let it far be staid,
Nor let thy glory make me sore afraid.
Then summon me, and I will answer thee,
Or let me speak, and thou reply to me.
Relieved from pain, and free from my disease,
Restored to vigor, mental health, and ease ;





No. VI.—JOB IN THE STOCKS.

Thou putttest my feet also in the stocks. Ch. XIII : 27. See explanation, page XV.

Composed, serene, and hopeful I will stand,
And take my trial, and the right demand.
How many mine iniquities have been !
How vast, in multitude, has been my sin !
My great transgression make me now to know,
My sins, unnumbered, clearly to me show.
Why hidest thou thy gracious face from me ?
And holdest me to be thine enemy ?
Wilt thou destroy a leaf that swift is driven ?
Wilt thou pursue the stubble, dry and riven ?
For bitter things against me thou dost write,
And sins of youth against my soul indite.
My gory feet thou puttest in the stocks,
Composed of strong, and cruel wooden-blocks ;
And lookest narrowly to ev'ry way,
My froward feet may ever chance to stray.
A signet print is set upon my heels,
My great calamity my spirit feels.
And thus, in rottenness, I waste away,
As garments perish, and, with moths, decay.
But man that's born of woman frail and fair,
How few his days, and full of anxious care ?
Perplexed, and tried, and persecuted sore,
How full of troubles, and forebodings more ?
He cometh forth as blooms the morning flower,
With tender leaves, and blossoms' richest dower ;
With blushing beauties, purpling o'er his face,
And infant dimples, filled with smiling grace.

But nipped by frost that chills the vital breath,
He falls a victim to the scythe of death.
As shadows move with gentle, silent pace,
And leave behind no vestiges or trace ;
Across the fields, and flow'ry meadows wide,
And curl and vanish on the mountain-side ;
So man doth flee, as fleeting shadows go,
And tarry briefly on the earth below.
Yet such a one, the creature of a day,
Dost thou, O God, thus angrily survey ?
Or is it equal that thou bringest me,
So weak and frail, to trial now with thee ?
For who, indeed, can once expect to bring,
A thing that's clean from out an unclean thing ?
Not one ; nor hence a mortal will there be,
Because his days are fixed by thy decree.
His numbered months, and meted bounds, alas,
Are so appointed that he cannot pass.
Remove from him thy jealous, watchful eyes,
And cease, O God, his soul to agonize ;
Till, like a hireling, toiling day by day,
He terminates upon the earth his stay.
For lo ! there's hope of ev'ry vital tree,
Although cut down, and felled the trunk may be ;
That soon again the thrifty roots will grow,
And shoot their sprouts from out the stump below.
The tender branches never hence will cease,
But be renewed from out its own increase ;

For trees in trees successive growths contain,
And boundless forests still within remain.
Although the roots within the earth below,
From hoary time, may aged wax, and grow ;
And though the stock that on the ground doth lie,
Decayed, and withered, may forever die ;
Yet through the scent of water it will spring,
And boughs, and blossoms, in profusion, bring ;
Like herbs and plants that vernal buds renew,
Refreshed, and glitt'ring with the pearly dew.
But man he dieth, and, doth pass away,
A wasted temple of dissolving clay.
Yea, man, cut down, and prostrate, like the tree,
Expires, and then O, where alas ! is he ?
No vital germ, nor living root survives,
To sprout, and blossom with successive lives.
As shallow waters from the lake decay,
And noisy torrents wholly dry away ;
So man doth slumber in his dusty berth,
And come no more, upon the shores of earth ;
Until the heavens their vigils cease to keep,
Shall he not rise from out his wakened sleep.
O, God, this one request my soul doth crave,
That thou wouldst hide me in the lonely grave ;
Secure against affliction's sweeping blast,
Until the fury of thy wrath be past ;
That thou wouldst set a fixed, appointed time,
To visit me in that far distant clime ;

And there, secure from ev'ry mortal strife,
Remember me, and bring me back to life.
But ah ! is not this pleasing hope in vain ?
If man shall die, shall he not thus remain ?
If once he pass from this abode of men,
Shall he revive, and live on earth again ?
Alas ! I doubt that such will be my fate,
And hence my warfare, on the earth, I'll wait ;
Perform my service in submission dumb,
Until at last my happy change shall come.
And then thy voice shall call aloud for me,
And I shall hear, and go to answer thee.
So great for me will be thy love divine,
That thou shalt long, and, blanch'd with paleness, pine ;
To show compassion, and relax demands,
And bless the work of thy almighty hands.
And yet a strict inquiry thou wilt make,
For now thou numb'rest all the steps I take.
Dost thou not know in what my faults have been ?
Dost thou not watch, and guard my ev'ry sin ?
Mistakes, and errors, vice and virtue mixed,
By thee are counted, and the sum affixed.
Within a bag is my transgression sealed,
And marked, and kept, to be by thee revealed.
Engrossed, and numbered, and reserved by thee,
Thou sewest up my whole iniquity.
As mountains fall, when earthquakes shake and roar,
And fade and vanish, to appear no more ;

As rocks by torrents, far removed, are swept,
No more to dwell where once in peace they slept ;
As running water wears the stones away,
Whose fine attritions never backward stray ;
As sandy banks that tumid rivers sweep,
No more return upon their shores to sleep ;
So thou destroyest all the hopes of men,
If once they die, that they'll return again ;
To dwell, the same as they had done before,
In tents of clay, upon this mortal shore.
Against a man thou ever dost prevail,
And lo ! he passeth like an idle gale.
His countenance thou changest too by death,
And sendest him away, a puff of breath.
His sons, on earth, are raised to honor's lot,
But he, in Sheol, surely knows it not.
He shall not feel the dancing joy that runs,
And thrills the heart when honor crowns his sons.
By sore afflictions they are humbled low,
But he perceiveth not that it is so.
His counsel, love, and sympathy no more,
Shall consolations on his children pour.
His mold'ring flesh shall in the grave remain,
And, slowly wasting, shall be filled with pain.
His soul within him shall in Sheol mourn,
From earth and kindred, now in anguish torn.

CHAPTER IX.

ELIPHAZ'S SECOND REPLY TO JOB.

JOB's three friends have now spoken once each. Job has replied to each one in turn. This speech of Eliphaz commences the second series of the controversy. He is the most sagacious, argumentative, and mild of the three. He accuses Job of vanity, and unprofitable talk. He reproaches him with impiety, in casting off the fear of God, and asserts that the proofs of his guilt are manifest in his false views about the divine government. He charges him with great arrogance, in pretending to know the secret of God, and in speaking as if he were born before the hills, and even before any other man. He alleges that he and his friends had better opportunities to know the truth, since they were in communication with sages older than his father. He represents very vividly the miserable condition of a wicked man. He abounds in apothegms, and maxims apparently drawn from the wisdom of preceding ages, with a view to prove that his afflictions are proofs of his guilt. He also intimates that calamity and trouble are the measure of one's sins. He deemed Job a very extraordinary sinner because of his extraordinary sufferings. He refers to his vision of a spirit, and the fact set forth therein that mortal man cannot be purer than his Maker; that He charges his angels with folly, and therefore it is not likely that Job is faultless. He alleges antiquity in proof of what might be expected to be the result of manifest wickedness. He gives a graphic description of the condition of a wicked man; declaring that he travels in pain; is subject to fear, and alarm; would be insecure in any degree of success or prosperity; would wander for bread; and trouble and sorrow would be his pursuers. He tells Job that he assaults God, and rushes on his buckler; that he resists his will and therefore cannot hope to prosper. He declares that such a man must be miserable, poor, dishonored, and of brief existence on the earth. He warns him not to trust in vanity, nor to rely on the hope of the hypocrite; that, in such an event, he would be cut down, like unripe fruit, before his time; and be like a faded and perished flower.

Eliphaz now the speechless silence broke,

And words upbraiding thus to Job he spoke :

Should knowledge vain a man of wisdom speak,
And empty arguments in answer seek?
Should he inflate himself with eastern wind,
Tempest'ous, sultry, and with heat combined?
And blow it forth in unsubstantial gales,
Pretending wisdom in his speech prevails?
Or reason foolishly, and simply mock,
And deal in vain, unprofitable talk?
Or bold discourses, in a pompous mood,
Wherewith he surely doth no lasting good?
For thou dost make religion truly void,
And moral motives are by thee destroyed.
If God rewardeth not the wicked here,
Thou castest off divine, and holy fear.
If righteous lives, with God, are all in vain,
Then prayer to Him dost thou at once restrain.
Behold thy mouth proclaims thy sin again,
For thou hast chosen tongues of crafty men.
Thy subtleties against the truth of God,
Reveal the guilt that justifies his rod.
Thy mouth itself condemneth thee, not I,
Behold, thy lips against thee testify.
Art thou the man that first on earth was born?
Doth hoary wisdom thus thy mind adorn?
Wast thou created long before the hills?
Whose ancient birth the soul with wonder thrills?
Hast thou, an offspring of the senseless clod,
Been taught the plans, and purposes of God?

Hast thou a listener unto God remained,
And now all wisdom to thyself retained ?
What knowest thou that we have now forgot ?
Or understandest which ourselves do not ?
The old, and hoary-headed here with thee,
Are elder than thy father lived to be.
Are all the consolations God addressed,
In former speeches, small by thee confessed ?
Are words of kindness uttered unto thee,
All disregarded through thy sophistry ?
Why doth thy heart transport thee far away ?
Why yield to passions, not to reason's sway ?
And what do these thy winking eyelids show ?
Why roll thy eyes, and shoot their fury so ?
That thou shouldst turn thyself against thy God,
And curse the chast'nings of his holy rod ?
Inspired by haughtiness, and pride of heart,
And let such words from out thy mouth depart ?
Declaring oft with proud, and vain delight,
That thou art righteous in his holy sight ;
That God is therefore cruelly severe,
And dealeth mercilessly with thee here.
But what is man that he should once be clean,
And bear the image of his Maker's mien ?
Or what is he that is of woman born,
That righteousness should e'er his life adorn ?
So vile is man, and full of moral taints,
No trust He putteth in his holy saints ;

But, unapproachable, He dwells in light,
And heaven itself is filthy in his sight ;
And how much more than angel hosts above,
In heaven's transcendent purity, and love ;
Is embryotic, vile, and loathsome man ?
Depraved, and gross, in ev'ry deed and plan ?
That drinks with greed iniquity, and sin,
As thirsty camels drink the waters in ?
Behold I now will show this truth to thee,
With strict attention therefore hear thou me ;
And what I've seen, and treasured up with care,
Will I, in frankness, unto thee declare ;
With apothegms, and hoary maxims fraught,
From ancient wisdom, former ages taught ;
Which sages, sprung from fathers gray and old,
To generations later always told ;
To whom the virgin earth alone was given,
Amongst whom passed no stranger under heaven ;
That God, according to his heavenly plan,
Chastiseth only the unrighteous man.
In pain he travels all his earthly days,
Tormented also in unnumbered ways.
The tyrant's years are hidden, and unknown,
By sudden vengeance often overthrown.
A dreadful sound resoundeth in his ears,
And frightful noises suddenly he hears.
The law, the crime, the penalty severe,
The officer pursuing hard and near ;

In frightful visions scare him ev'rywhere,
Torment his soul, and drive him to despair.
When most secure, and prosp'rous in his day,
The fell destroyer sweeps him swift away ;
Cut off from wealth, and happiness, and home,
A lonely stranger through the earth to roam.
From darkness, trouble, and confusion sore,
He fears alas ! that he'll return no more.
Awaited also of the cruel sword,
He lives in dread of perils most deplored.
Abroad he wandereth for daily bread,
In hunger saying : where shall I be fed ?
He knows that deeper darkness is at hand,
As forth he travels through a friendless land.
Affliction, trouble, worriment, and care,
Shall make him fear, and tremble with despair.
These forces sure against him shall prevail,
As kings prepared to hurl their battling hail.
He maketh God his dread, opposing foe,
Yet by his power shall he be humbled low.
He stretcheth forth his bold, audacious hand,
Against Jehovah, and His just command ;
With forts, and breastworks, made of earth and clod,
He fortifies against the power of God.
He runneth on him, charging bold, and quick,
With haughty neck, and shields, with bosses thick.
Licentious pleasure, beastly from excess,
With free libations, and volupt'ousness ;

His bloated face, with wanton fulness, hides,
And monstrous collops makes upon his sides.
He dwells in cities desolate from death,
In houses which no man inhabiteth ;
In which the viper, bold, malignant, creeps,
And which are tumbling into ruined heaps.
Abounding wealth shall nevermore supply,
The luxuries for which his soul shall sigh ;
His former substance he shall not regain,
But poor, and squalid he shall hence remain ;
His vast possessions never shall expand,
And spread themselves abroad in all the land.
Remorse and anguish shall devour his heart,
And out of darkness he shall not depart ;
The flames, with ardor, shall his branches dry,
And through his mouth his wretched soul shall fly.
Deceived by sin, allured by shining dust,
In vanity let him not put his trust.
For if he does, behold, and learn from hence,
That vanity shall be his recompense.
Like trees, cut down, before they've reached their prime,
His life on earth shall not complete its time ;
His branches also, once so thrifty seen,
Decayed and dried shall nevermore be green.
But he shall shake his grape unripe away,
As oft the vine denies its own decay ;
And cast his flow'ring, blighted and unblown,
As blasted olives cast away their own.

The congregation hypocrites create,
Of flocks and herds, of children and estate ;
With desolations, hurled across their path,
Shall be destroyed by God Almighty's wrath.
A fire, consuming in its fury free,
Shall burn to ashes haunts of bribery ;
For mischief only do they all devise,
And bring forth vanity by telling lies.

CHAPTER X.

JOB'S SECOND REPLY TO ELIPHAZ.

THIS speech of Job, in answer to Eliphaz, is replete with language of complaint, bitterness, and distress. Eliphaz had, in a former speech, spoken with tenderness, graciousness, and consideration; but in his last speech, to which Job now replies, he is very severe. He implies that Job is unmistakably a very wicked man, incorrigible, and past finding favor with God. Job was a Sheik, or Emir, a judge, or magistrate at the head of a tribe. Eliphaz intimates that he was guilty of bribery, and that he would be entirely destroyed. He speaks in the third person, but unquestionably refers to Job. This was very provoking to the patriarch, and called forth a powerful reply. He says to his three friends that it is easy to speak as they had done; that if they were to change places, he could use similar language respecting them, but would not; that he would rather comfort them. He describes his sorrows in touching and graphic language. He declares that God has made him weary, filled him with wrinkles, torn him in his wrath, delivered him to the ungodly, surprised him when at ease, compassed him about, and rushed on him like a giant. He felt that he did not deserve such treatment; that his life was innocent, and his prayers pure. Driven to desperation through suffering, and the reproaches of his pretended friends, he appeals to the earth not to cover his blood, but disclose his wrongs, and begs that his blood might cry out from the ground in attestation of his innocence. He desires to plead his cause before God, that he might obtain justice from one who could appreciate him, and not deride him, and reproach him, like his friends. He intimates that soon this unnatural warfare will be over, and he shall go to the land of shades, to sleep in peace. He complains bitterly of his friends, and says that mockers are with him, whose hearts God had hid from understanding, and who could never be exalted. Although now a by-word, yet, he declares that the time would come, when upright men would be astonished at his fate; would wonder at his afflictions, the treachery, and cruelty of his friends, and the neglect of God to vindicate him. He proclaims it as a great truth that the righteous should hold on his way, but that amongst all his friends not one wise man was found. He looks to the grave as the only termination of his calamities. He was ready to call corruption his father, and the worm his sister, and mother. They were his best friends, and would receive him with joy, and give him rest.

Then Job replied, with deep emotions stirred,
Such things as these, how many I have heard?

Instead of friends in time of special need,
Ye're miserable comforters indeed.
Professing much with pity to condole,
Your bitter speech afflicts my wounded soul.
Shall words of wind a limit find with thee?
Or what emboldens thee to answer me?
For I could speak as bitter as ye do,
And string together ancient maxims too.
If you were standing in my wretched place,
Then I could throw invectives in your face;
Recite the sayings of the ancient dead,
And at you shake contempt'ously my head.
But then with words, unwearied, and at length,
My mouth would give you unabated strength;
My quiv'ring lips, expressing sweet relief,
With gentle words would much assuage your grief.
But though I speak my grief is not appeased,
If I forbear in nothing I am eased.
If I attempt to clear myself from blame,
My dreadful suff'rings still remain the same.
Though I submit in silence to my fate,
I find no comfort in my wretched state.
Entreaty, silence, argument, or plea,
Avail me not with either God or thee.
For now hath God exhausted all my might,
And made me weary in this useless fight;
His blast hath touched my long enjoyed estate,
And made my house forever desolate.

Drawn up with pain, no balm doth yet assuage,
As wrinkles draw the withered face of age ;
Compressed and bound before his holy eyes,
Like fettered lambs when tied for sacrifice ;
My piteous, wrinkled, and contracted plight,
Becomes a witness in thy jealous sight.
My leanness, rising in its loathsome place,
Belies me also to my conscious face.
The false appearance now displayed by me,
Divine displeasure seems to prove to thee.
As tigers seize and tear their trembling prey,
That cross, unwarned, their watched and guarded way ;
So now my foe doth spring from out his path,
And seize and tear me in his boundless wrath.
With gnashing teeth he fiercely at me flies,
And sharp'neth on me both his hostile eyes.
He darts his looks, and on me sets his gaze,
As eyes of lions throw their fiery blaze.
With gaping mouths, like savage beasts that spring,
My cruel friends their bitter speeches fling.
They smite me sorely with reproachful blows,
And deal their vengeance on my cheeks and nose.
Agreed, conspiring, and united strong,
They come together, and revile me long.
And God my soul hath made for righteous ends,
To be the captive of ungodly friends.
A prisoner also to his just commands,
He's hurled me headlong into wicked hands.

I dwelt at ease before this dreadful stroke,
But He hath crushed me and asunder broke.
As cruel brutes that hunt the smaller prey,
Do seize the neck, and fiercely shake and slay;
So He did take me by the strangled neck,
And hurl and crush me to a broken wreck.
He set me up exposed to public view,
A shining mark to shoot His arrows through.
He comes not forth alone to pierce and wound,
His skilful archers compass me around.
He cleaves my reins asunder with his darts,
From ev'ry pore the crimson fountain starts.
His practised shooters draw the twanging bow,
And spare no pains the arrows true to throw.
He pours my gall, with ev'ry hissing sound,
In streams of gore upon the thirsty ground.
With breach on breach he breaks me sore alarmed,
And runneth on me like a giant armed.
I've sewed the sackcloth on my broken skin,
In mournful token of my chastened sin.
My horn of strength, of glory, power, and trust,
Have I defiled, and covered deep, with dust.
With grief and tears my face is hot and red,
The cloud of death is dark around my head.
'Tis not because injustice stains my hands,
My prayer is pure, and just are his commands.
O, earth, in thee, my blood do not conceal,
But let it speak, and all my wrongs reveal;

Let not my cry a hiding place obtain,
But sound abroad o'er ev'ry land and main.
Behold, in heaven, my glorious witness shines,
My record's blazoned in celestial lines.
My mocking friends deride me now with jeers,
But unto God mine eyes will pour their tears.
And oh ! that man might now contend with God,
And know the reasons of his chast'ning rod ;
As man contendeth with his neighbor here,
And makes the justice of his cause appear.
A few more years where suns and planets burn,
Then I shall go whence I shall not return.
My breath's corrupt, my spirit now is spent,
My days extinct, my body prone and bent ;
The graves are ready for my sinking head,
Where sleep the ashes of the mighty dead.
Are not the mockers still deriding me ?
Doth not mine eye their provocation see ?
O, God, a pledge, or solemn bond lay down,
That power almighty shall not on me frown.
Some good security produce for me,
That in this controversy now with thee,
On equal terms the trial shall proceed,
And I my cause may fairly with thee plead.
In confirmation, who indeed is he,
That now will strike his faithful hands with me ?
From these, my friends, so cruel and perverse,
That words upbraiding only do rehearse ;

To thee, O, God, in safety I appeal,
And plead that justice thou wilt hence reveal.
For understanding in the inmost part,
Hast thou concealed from their deluded heart,
And therefore thou shalt not exalt them hence,
In honor, wisdom, and discerning sense.
For he that fails sincerely to defend,
A trusty, righteous, and devoted friend ;
But yet betrays him as a lawful prey,
To ev'ry spoiler that besets his way ;
Shall see the eyes of all his children fail,
And dire calamities around prevail.
The people's by-word he doth me accord,
Before their face am I esteemed abhorred.
Mine eye, with weeping, did so often swim,
That now from sorrow it is red and dim.
My members, too, are like a shadow rare,
A skeleton reduced by grief and care.
And upright men shall wonder far and near,
At my calamities, and treatment here ;
That God such suff'rings on his creature sends,
Betrayed, and mocked by all his former friends.
The innocent shall stir themselves anew,
Against the friends that do me thus pursue.
The righteous also on his way shall hold,
And, like the lion in his strength, be bold.
And he whose hands, from ev'ry stain are clean,
Shall sure be stronger, and still stronger seen.

But as for you, let all at once return,
And now depart, for you I justly spurn.
Begone from hence, forsake my weeping eyes,
I find among you none that's truly wise.
My days are passed, my purposes are broke,
My projects crushed beneath this dreadful stroke.
The restless night with me is changed to morn,
And gloomy darkness on the light is born.
The one is restless, filled with spectres dread,
The other gloomy, sad, and quickly fled.
I look to Sheol as the final home,
Of peaceful shadows where my soul shall roam.
I spread my bed within its quiet shade,
And there my spirit shall be gently laid.
To foul corruption I will hence avow :
Behold, thou art my kindly father now.
The noisome worm by me is hence confessed,
To be my mother and my sister blessed.
But where's the hope that oft my bosom thrilled ?
And who shall see this pleasing hope fulfilled ?
To Sheol's bars my expectations bend,
When I and they shall both to dust descend.

CHAPTER XI.

BILDAD'S SECOND REPLY TO JOB.

THIS is Bildad's second speech in reply to Job. It consists chiefly of apothegms and maxims of ancient wisdom showing the end of the wicked, and strongly intimating a reference to Job. He seems to desire to show the patriarch that the wicked will surely be punished. He sets forth the various calamities that befall the unrighteous man, the end of which is to prove that great calamities imply great guilt. He evidently regarded Job as a very bad man, and he therefore has obvious reference to him *as the wicked man* of whom he speaks. He very boldly reproves Job for the rash and intemperate manner in which he had expressed his complaints and insubmission. He accuses him, in a very caustic strain, of being prolix, windy, and impious. He alleges that Job had regarded him, and his friends as unworthy of confidence, and even as wild beasts. He complains of Job's arrogance, and haughtiness. He gives a very lively and graphic description of the calamities which must inevitably overtake the wicked. He declares that his light in his tabernacle will be extinguished; his own schemes, and devices will destroy him; he will be taken in his own net; will be unexpectedly seized by robbers; terrors will alarm him; his strength will be exhausted; he will be brought down to death; brimstone will be sprinkled on his dwelling; he will be like a tree whose roots, and boughs are decayed; his memory will perish in the land; he will be chased out of the world; his name will ingloriously terminate; and all who succeed him will be astonished at his complete, and miserable overthrow. He intended to have Job feel that all this referred to him, with a view to cause him to repent, and turn to God, and be prosperous, and happy. He is caustic, severe, unmerciful. Job was stung to the heart, and filled with renewed grief, and anguish. His following reply shows the sorrow a good man feels, when misunderstood, calumniated, and condemned for imaginary delinquencies.

Then answered Bildad, and his mind expressed,

In sharp reproaches, not unlike the rest.

How long before complaints will you forsake?

How long before an end of speeches make?

Rebellious murm'rings only you express,
In windy words, and strains of sore distress.
Consider well ; a diff'rent manner seek,
Use sounder words, and after we will speak.
But wherefore now, in making thy defense,
Account us worthless, and devoid of sense ?
Like beasts, unworthy rational replies,
And vile repute us in thy haughty eyes ?
O, thou ! that tearest dreadfully thy soul,
Whom rage and anger wholly now control ;
Art thou the only man in all the world ?
Must ev'rything from out thy path be hurled ?
Shall all the earth, at once, forsaken be,
To make a royal dwelling-place for thee ?
Before thy proud, enraged, and haughty face,
Shall rocks remove from out their native place ?
Shall God's immutable, and wise decree,
Be set aside, especially for thee ?
The wicked's light in darkness shall expire,
No glowing flame shall shine from out his fire ;
Within his house the light shall all be dark,
His waning lamp shall give no cheerful spark.
His steps of strength, embarrassed, and unblest,
Shall all be straightened, hindered, and compressed.
The artful plans his crafty mind doth frame,
Shall cast him down in poverty and shame.
His steps are tangled in the self-same net,
His own devices did for others set.

There's none to blame for woes he thus doth meet,
The net he sought with free, and willing feet.
He walketh strangely on the artful snare,
His hands for others did with skill prepare.
The cruel gin shall take him by the heel,
The conqu'ring robber shall his substance peel.
Within the ground a hidden snare doth lie,
A secret trap is set before his eye.
Tormenting terrors rise on ev'ry side,
Alarm his soul, and keep him terrified ;
Harassed, and scattered, oft he sorely feels,
And disconcerted, plies his nimble heels.
His strength an hungerbitten shall abide,
And swift destruction journey by his side.
His bony structure covered with his skin,
Shall be devoured by virus from within.
The worst disease, the eldest born of death,
Shall eat his strength, and take away his breath.
His confidence his dwelling-place shall fly,
His hope, uprooted from his tent, shall die.
Alarms, disease, and famine soon shall bring,
His wasted form to death's terrific king.
Within his house, with dreadful terrors fell,
Shall vast destruction ever after dwell.
Because alas ! his house is none of his,
But cursed, forsaken, and detested is.
And scattered brimstone shall o'erspread the land,
Where proud his habitation once did stand.

Himself and children shall forever be,
The truthful picture of a blasted tree.
His roots beneath shall all be dried away,
Cut off above, his branches shall decay.
His perished mem'ry, from the earth erased,
On sculptured pages never shall be traced.
His desolation shall be thus complete,
And he shall have no name upon the street.
From light to darkness shall he swift be hurled,
And headlong driven from a scorning world.
Among his people, no relations dear,
Nor son, nor kin, shall on the earth appear.
Within his dwellings, once so thronged around,
Shall no survivor evermore be found.
And future ages, filled with great dismay,
Shall be astonished at his dreadful day ;
As all that lived coeval with his time,
Laid hold on horror at his monstrous crime.
Behold the dwellings of a gilded clod,
And mark the place of one that knows not God.

CHAPTER XII.

JOB'S SECOND REPLY TO BILDAD.

JOB replies to Bildad. His language, and thoughts are beautiful. He complains in a very touching and tender manner of the want of sympathy in his friends, and of their considering his afflictions as certain tokens of the divine indignation. He maintains, in a very earnest and graphic manner, that his calamities proceed from a sovereign God, in his inscrutable wisdom, for reasons wholly concealed; but not as chastisements for his sins. Although he found it difficult fully to answer the sophistical reasonings of his friends, and reply to the apothegms and maxims recited from antiquity; yet he denied that his calamities proved his guilt. He sets forth, in a most piteous, and pathetic manner, the depth and extent of his deep, and unbearable sufferings; with a view to show that he should receive the commiseration, and condolence of his friends; instead of their reproaches, and condemnation. In this enumeration of afflictions from God, he declares that God had overthrown him; refused to hear him; had hedged up his way; stripped him of his glory; destroyed him on every side; kindled his wrath against him; made him an alien and stranger to his own family; and that young children had reviled and insulted him. He beseeches his friends, in the most imploring manner, to have pity upon him; and inquires why they should increase his sorrows by continued reproaches. But finding that all he could say, had no effect upon them, and that they still remained unmoved; he very feelingly and eloquently sets forth his wish that his speeches might be cut in the rock, and engraved on the ledges, with melted lead forever; in order that posterity might read his trials and his defense; and accord to him that justice, and commiseration which his unmerciful friends denied him. He does not even feel inclined to wait so long for vindication, but calls on God to attest his innocence. He expresses strong faith in the justice of God, and a belief that he would espouse his cause, and redeem his own character from reproach. His faith is very strong in his final deliverance, and salvation; in his triumphant resurrection and glorification; although his trials might continue; his friends might misconceive his real character; and his unmitigated sufferings might *seem* to prove his great guilt. He declares that his friends ought to have treated him more compassionately, and perceived that the root of the matter was in him; and that, though cruelly afflicted, he still possessed true piety. He strongly intimates that they had reason to expect a just retribution for such unbrotherly, and inhuman conduct.

Then Job to Bildad thus replied and said ;
Have human feelings from your bosoms fled ?

How long my soul will ye with speeches vex ?
Break me in pieces, and with words perplex ?
How long before your tongues will cease to bruise,
And crushing blows upon my head refuse ?
These ten times now have your reproaches fell,
In words consuming like the flames of hell.
Like breaking rocks with oft repeated blows,
Ye shameless stun me with opprobrious throws.
Allow indeed that I have erréd wide,
With me alone my error doth abide.
Since ye exalt yourselves in pride so high,
And dare yourselves against me magnify ;
Since on the truth ye all do so encroach,
And plead the grounds of my severe reproach ;
Asserting oft with specious reasoning built,
That these my suff'rings prove my monstrous guilt ;
Be now instructed that these judgments sore,
No broken laws, nor furtive chances pour ;
But know that God Almighty's hand alone,
My great prosperity hath overthrown.
Instead of stumbling on the snares I set,
'Tis God Himself that caught me with his net.
I cry from violence, and hope deferred,
And yet my cry remaineth still unheard ;
Aloud I pour my plaintive wails around,
But nowhere justice to my soul is found.
For neither God my suff'rings doth abate,
Nor friends commiserate my doleful state.

As oft before the weary trav'ler's eye,
Obstructing trees, and rocks, and fences lie ;
So when I journeyed pleasantly along,
And prayer and praises were my daily song ;
Jehovah fenced my happy way, alas !
So thoroughly up that now I cannot pass.
As on the trav'ler night descends profound,
Conceals the way, and makes him wander round ;
So God Himself, inscrutably in wrath,
Hath stationed darkness all along my path.
Of all my glory he hath stripped me bare,
And from my head the honored crown did tear.
Possessions, health, and family no more,
Of earthly happiness compose my store.
As cities, towns, and houses are thrown down,
When wars and earthquakes angrily do frown ;
Thus God, in judgment, hath on ev'ry side,
Destroyed me thoroughly, with afflictions tried.
And now I'm gone, and near to death appear,
O'erwhelmed with grief, and sorrow's burning tear ;
Like trees uprooted, wasting with decay,
So He removeth all my hopes away.
His wrath against me hath He kindled bright,
And counts me hostile in His holy sight.
His troops of sorrows now against me raise,
Their mighty bulwarks, and besieging ways.
In sore battalions constantly they tramp,
And round my tabernacle all encamp.

My brothers, too, that once with me did live,
When fortune smiled, and ample wealth did give ;
That seemed so dear, and shared my bounty free,
And sucked their treasures first of all from me ;
But since distress, and poverty have come,
And left me poor, and struck with sorrow dumb ;
Are now unthankful, selfish, and severe,
And give no succor, with a tender tear ;
My former happiness, and comfort mar,
By being put away from me so far.
And mine acquaintance, proud of me before,
Frequenting oft my hospitable door ;
But now demure, estranged, averse, and shy,
With nimble footsteps passing quickly by ;
Withdraw as strangers, cold and friendless grown,
And leave me now to suffer all alone.
My neighbors also dwelling round me near,
And kinsmen, cherished from affection dear ;
That smiled, and bowed, and paid their gracious court,
And sought my counsel, and supreme support ;
Have failed to come, and tender sweet relief,
But, with reproaches, have increased my grief.
My most familiar friends that knew me best,
Behave unseemly, not unlike the rest.
When wealth, and power, and rising honor crowned,
And made my name in all the world renowned ;
What boon companions, pledged to honor true !
Such bosom friends I dreamed I never knew !

But when calamities, and troubles came,
And power, and riches, and departing fame,
Reversed my lot, and made me poor, and meek,
Despised, forgotten, sickly, faint, and weak ;
How swift they pass, without a civil glance !
Like strangers coyly, and with looks askance !
And they that did within my tent abide,
My servants, tenants, clients, maids, beside,
Unnumbered guests, and trav'lers lodging there,
That did my hospitable dwelling share ;
Esteem me now a stranger, robbed of right,
And like an alien count me in their sight.
I called my servant who with me did live,
But lo ! no answer did my servant give ;
With piteous mouth, entreating kind replies,
I could not turn his fixed, averted eyes.
My breath, with fetidness, is foul and rife,
And strange and odious to my loathing wife ;
Though I entreated for my children's sake,
No pity on me did her actions take.
Behold, young children did despise me so,
They spake against me when I rose to go.
My couch companions, and my inward friends,
Whose mem'ry anguish through my spirit sends ;
That knew my purposes, and thoughts, and plans,
And took delight in doing my commands ;
Abhorred me deeply and intensely spurned,
And those I loved are all against me turned.



No. VII.

Oh ! that my words were now written ! Oh ! that they were printed in a book ! That they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock forever. Ch. XIX : 23, 24. See explanation, page XVII.

My flesh and skin expose my bones beneath,
And I'm escaped with just the skin o' my teeth.
Have pity on me, O, ye gentle friends,
For God hath touched me and this trouble sends.
His heavy hand hath made me poor and sick,
His dreadful sorrow's touched me to the quick.
Why persecute me still with words afresh ?
And rest not satisfied with all my flesh ?
Why treat me now as God Himself hath done ?
Accuse of sins, yet bring no proofs of one ?
Oh ! that my words in writing now were took !
That they were printed in a lasting book !
That they were graven with an iron pen,
On fleshly tables of the hearts of men ;
Or sculptured deep on marble parchment spread !
And fixed for ever in the rock with lead !
For now I know that my Avenger lives,
And hope triumphant unto me he gives ;
For lo, hereafter he shall surely stand,
In power majestic on the dusty land ;
To vindicate me from accusing friends,
And show the wisdom of affliction's ends ;
Although my skin shall crawling worms destroy,
And on my body pain itself shall cloy ;
Yet in that day, though wasted be my flesh,
With rosy health, restored again, and fresh ;
No more invested with corruption's clōd,
But clothed anew shall I behold my God ;

And for myself his glory I shall see,
And not another shall behold for me.
In earnest panting for that coming day,
My reins within me are consumed away.
But since ye say, so cruel to your friend :
Let us pursue him to the bitt'rest end,
And seek to find with zealous skill and vim,
The root of charges criminating him ;
Be hence afraid of the destroying sword,
When swift destruction shall on you be poured :
For wrath and malice, cherished with intent,
Against a creature low in sorrow bent ;
Devoid of pity, and of feelings fine,
That prove the spirit heavenly and divine ;
Are crimes for which the sword deserves to slay,
That ye may know there is a judgment day.

CHAPTER XIII.

ZOPHAR'S SECOND REPLY TO JOB.

ZOPHAR now replies to Job. To the previous tender, and exceedingly touching speech of Job, one would suppose that he would have replied in a pathetic, and consolatory manner. But not so. He seems to be settled in his opinions, past feeling or sympathy, and provoked at Job's false views concerning the government of God. He states, as the reason why he replied at all at this time, that Job had reproached his three friends in his last speech, and therefore his spirit was stirred. Zophar could use towards Job the most bitter and caustic language, without the least compunctions of conscience; but if Job retorts at all, his spirit causeth him to answer. The chief theme dwelt upon by Zophar in this speech is that calamity always has been, and always will be, the portion of the wicked. He declares that it had been conceded from the beginning of the world, that the triumphing of the wicked is short. He illustrates this by several examples. He shows that though exalted high, the wicked man will most assuredly be brought low; that all his comforts, and enjoyments will be torn from him; that he will not be allowed to enjoy his ill-gotten gains; that the heavens will discover, and publish his guilt, although he may try to hide it. He paints the circumstances of the wicked man, and also his calamities so vividly, and with such obvious reference to Job, as to leave no doubt but that he intended his whole speech to be personally applied to the afflicted patriarch. Zophar was more severe than either Eliphaz, or Bildad. He seems to imply that there is no hope for a wicked man; that if once overthrown, he must for ever remain so. He is devoid of charity; he does not give Job any credit for his professed confidence in God; but he is perfectly under the dominion of the idea that God punishes only the wicked, and that therefore Job must be a very wicked man, because he is punished so very severely. Job's dreadful sufferings were before Zophar's eyes, and proved to him his monstrous guilt without argument. All Job's protestations of innocence went for nothing with Zophar. Hence his unmercifulness and inhumanity towards him.

When Job had Bildad's argument denied,
Then Zophar, the Naamathite, replied :

And therefore now my thoughts distract my mind,
And cause me thus upbraiding words to find.
Because you say these evils spring from God,
And He's no cause to smite thee with His rod ;
Disturbed, and troubled, I am moved to speak,
And for thy words a caustic answer seek.
My heart is full ; impassioned feelings rise,
I now make haste to utter my replies.
I've heard the check of my severe reproach,
That my opinions on the truth encroach ;
The bold correction of my crying shame,
That tends to blast my fair, and honored name.
The strong emotions of my troubled soul,
Inspire replies beyond my own control.
Dost thou not know this hoary truth of old,
Since man was formed from out the virgin mold ;
The shout to which the wicked oft resort,
As if victorious is always short ?
His bold triumphing will indeed be brief,
Before calamities will cause him grief.
The joy the hypocrite doth sometimes know,
Is but a prelude to approaching woe.
Although his gifts to heaven, in honor, rise,
And oft his sacrifice may touch the skies ;
Or though his ex'llency may mount afar,
As high as burns the most refulgent star ;
Though tall his head should sweep th' empyreal cloud,
And make professions, haughty, long, and loud ;

Yet low in dust his tow'ring shall be flung,
And throughly perish like his worthless dung.
And they that saw him afterwards shall say,
O, where is he that did such pomp display?
As oft a dream doth vanish and forsake,
The dreamer's mind when first he doth awake;
So he shall fly a baseless phantom round,
And unsubstantial nevermore be found.
As visions seen in slumb'rings of the night,
Depart forgotten in the morning light;
So he, illusive, spectral, shall be chased,
From human vision far away in haste.
The eye that saw him nevermore shall see,
This subtle monster of iniquity.
His tabernacle, tent, or dwelling-place,
No more shall see the visage of his face.
The squalid' poor his children shall oppress,
Because still poorer, and in more distress.
The goods he plundered from the needy's store,
His hands again shall ev'ry whit restore;
His youthful bones are full of secret lust,
That, low with him, shall sleep beneath the dust.
Though wickedness, within his mouth, be sweet,
And though he taste it as his dainty meat;
Although he taketh pleasure in his sin,
And feel the rapture of his joy within;
Though he prolong the sweetness from it sprung,
By hiding it beneath his tasting tongue;

And though he spare, and in his mouth retain,
That long the tasted pleasure may remain ;
Though he forsake it not, but roll it o'er,
Against his palate sweeter than before ;
Although he keep it still within his mouth,
And squeeze the juices to delight his drouth ;
Yet all his meat is in his bowels turned,
And, deep with loathing, by his stomach spurned.
Though once so sweet the morsel seemed to be,
'Tis bitter now, and full of misery.
Though sin be pleasant when the deed is done,
A bitter consequence will from it run.
The gall of asps was in the dainty bit,
And now he feels the sting of swallow'ing it.
Incurable and deadly is the bite,
His wound is swollen, and bedimmed his sight ;
His stomach feels a sharp, and darting pain,
Succeeded soon by quiet stupor's reign ;
Convulsions come, the victim chokes for breath,
And meets, at last, a hard and painful death.
He's glutted down the wealth of other men,
But he shall vomit up this wealth again.
Voracious, eager, and with monstrous greed,
He swallows riches as the vultures feed.
But loathing, retching, he shall writhe about,
And from his stomach God shall cast them out.
When pleasant nutriment he seeks to grasp,
Then he shall suck the poison of the asp ;

The viper's tongue shall shoot its mortal dart,
And breed contagion in his vital part.
His hollow tooth erected, sharp, and thin,
Shall wound him deep, and pour its virus in.
In ev'ry goodly and delightful way,
His froward feet shall ever wish to stray ;
A mottled reptile, nature's fairest thing,
Shall lie in wait his wicked soul to sting.
His eyes no more the rivulets shall see,
Nor streaming brooks that seek the boundless sea ;
Nor rills of honey, flowing pure and sweet,
Nor streams of butter shall his vision greet ;
No friendly mountains, dropping down with wine,
Nor shouting hills, with flowing milk of kine ;
Shall fill his heart with dancing joy and glee,
And give him tokens of prosperity.
The fruits of toil shall he enjoy no more,
But unto others he shall them restore.
The thing for which he labors to obtain,
Shall he not swallow, but enjoy in vain.
According also to his substance gained,
Shall restitution be from him obtained ;
As property to be by him restored,
And which no joy shall ever him afford.
Because the poor his dealings first oppressed,
And then, forsaken, left them all distressed ;
Because he violently seized the lot,
And splendid mansion which he builded not ;

No tranquil peace, nor quietness within,
Shall calm his heart, or counteract his sin.
No skill, or craft shall save from blast, or blight,
The wealth, and power in which he took delight.
Of needful comforts he shall be bereft,
And neither meat, nor raiment shall be left.
His goods, and substance shall be insecure,
And his prosperity shall not endure.
When fulness of abundance on him waits,
Then he shall be reduced to dreadful straits.
The power of wretchedness shall on him come,
And crush his soul, in tribulation dumb.
The poor and needy whom he hath oppressed,
The widow, and the orphan he distressed ;
The weak, and feeble whom he plundered oft,
And all the foes at whom he ever scoffed ;
With squalid poverty, disgrace, and shame,
Shall come with purposes and might the same ;
To claim their dues, and vengeance on him pour,
And make his mis'ry greater than before.
For once, enough shall be supplied to fill,
The man that ever hath been greedy still.
For God shall make his wrath in fury frown,
And rain it on him while he eats it down.
Attacked by robbers he shall basely flee,
From iron weapons handled dextrously.
The brazen bow, with martial vengeance drew,
Shall hurl the arrow that shall strike him through.

The poisoned dart from out his body's drawn,
And mortal openings, wide and gory, yawn.
The glitt'ring sword is taken from his gall,
And deathly terrors on his features fall.
The whole of darkness which is unrevealed,
Shall, in his secret places, be concealed.
A fire unblown, of origin divine,
Like lightning-strokes that rive, and blast, and shine,
Shall swift consume him by its wasting blaze,
And woe to him that in his dwelling stays.
The heavens against him shall in wrath conspire,
And his iniquities reveal by fire.
The earth shall also up against him rise,
And join the forces of the angry skies.
Amidst destruction swift, complete, and drear,
His house and property shall disappear.
And all his goods shall flow, like streams, away,
When wrath divine shall overwhelm his day.
Behold the portion of a wicked man !
From God Almighty by his righteous plan !
The heritage of his decree from God,
While dwelling here upon this earthly clod.

CHAPTER XIV.

JOB'S SECOND REPLY TO ZOPHAR.

JOB replies to Zophar's last speech, and also to Eliphaz, and Bildad, who maintained similar doctrines. Their principal point was that God punishes the wicked in this world; that the whole course of events, and the maxims of ancient wisdom, derived from long and profound observations, clearly proved, and settled this conclusion. He first asks their patient, and candid attention to what he was about to advance, and then tells them that they might mock on. He alleges that his complaint is not to man, and that he was an object of commiseration and pity rather than of reproaches, and condemnation. He takes up the great question whether or not God punishes the wicked in this world, as his three friends alleged, and shows that, contrary to their teaching, the wicked are often prosperous, and that therefore their full reward must be in another state. He declares that they live to a great age; are mighty; their tents are secure; they prosper in business; they rejoice with instruments of music; they have mirth and hilarity; they die with comparative ease; although through life, they have been thoughtless concerning God, and His proper worship. He admits that calamities come upon the wicked; that their children suffer. But the righteous also suffer. Nothing definite can be absolutely determined by what a man suffers as to his moral, or religious character. He instances two persons, of equal worth so far as observation could judge, dying; one surrounded with luxury, ease, and comfort; his breasts full of milk; his bones moistened with marrow; but the other dying in the bitterness of his soul. He wishes to know how their different external appearances, and surroundings distinguish their interior characters. They both lie down in the dust. He represents his three friends as asking: Where are the dwellings of distinguished wicked men? Where are the princes, and the great oppressors? Are they not cut off, and destroyed? He replies to these questions, and sets forth what he had learned from travelers in foreign lands who had also made careful observations concerning this subject. The conclusion he and they came to was that God reserves the wicked until the day of destruction to be punished for their sins, which they commit with so much impunity in this world. He alleges that they are prosperous here; no one dares chastise them; they live in many instances happily; they lie down peacefully in death; the clods of the valley are sweet to them; multitudes

attend their funerals; they have many admirers and followers; their decease is lamented as a public calamity. Their punishment therefore cannot be here. Job thus in this speech attacks their chief argument, and demolishes it. Zophar does not reply again. Bildad only answers briefly, and Eliphaz replies in a less prolix and more considerate tone.

To these upbraidings, and reproaches dread,
Responded Job, and thus in answer said :
My speech attentively I pray you hear,
And let this consolation unto me appear.
You came to give me comfort true and sweet,
And choose out words my doleful case to meet ;
Instead of that you make my sorrows more,
By bitter speeches, and reproaches sore.
The only comfort you can now bestow,
Will be to listen while the truth I show.
Permit me now to freely speak my mind,
And let your thoughts be unto me inclined.
But after I have spoken, you may talk,
Resume reproaches, and, with freedom, mock.
Perplexed and troubled, not so much with thee,
As with the sorrows God inflicts on me ;
Severe and cutting as your speeches are,
His dreadful judgments pain me more by far.
'Tis not so much the course your reasonings run,
As what th' Almighty unto me hath done ;
That gives me anguish, and my spirit tries,
And all my suff'rings greatly multiplies.
I'd solve this mystery if now I can,
Is my complaining therefore unto man ?

If now my cause is wholly with my God,
About the chast'nings of his holy rod ;
If this be so, as surely I confess,
Why not my spirit tremble in distress ?
But mark me now, and with amazement stung,
Apply your hand upon your cruel tongue.
Behold attentively my suff'rings dread,
My losses, sorrows, and corrupted head ;
Am I an object of reproach and scorn ?
Have I not reason to be most forlorn ?
When I remember what hath now been done,
His heavy judgments, falling one by one ;
A fear and trembling all my flesh control,
And death's cold damp falls heavy on my soul.
But if these sufferings as you assert,
Are for transgression's unatoned desert ;
Then why alas ! do wicked persons live ?
And proofs of wickedness abundant give ?
Or if they live, yet why become so old ?
Why not cut off within the earth to mold ?
Or if they aged wax, yet why in power,
And wealth do they so marvelously tower ?
Their children, settled in their sight, arise,
Their offspring flourish too before their eyes.
Their houses all are safe from anxious fear,
Nor falls the rod of God around them near.
Their bull doth gender with his better half,
Their cow doth calve, and casteth not her calf ;



No.—VIII.

The wicked make themselves merry. They take the timbrel and harp, and rejoice at the sound of the organ. Ch. XXI: 12. See explanation, page XVIII.

Like swarming flocks their little ones advance,
In leaping plays, and join the merry dance.
They cheer themselves with timbrel, harp, and voice,
And, tripping merr'ly to the pipe, rejoice.
They spend their days in pleasantry and mirth,
And in a moment drop beneath the earth.
Devoid of want, and poverty, and care,
They have abundantly, and yet to spare.
Depart from us, to God they also say,
For we desire no knowledge of thy way.
And who's th' Almighty that his claims deserve,
That we supremely should his person serve ?
And what advantage shall we have to-day,
If unto Him we fervently do pray ?
Behold their good is not within their hand,
Within themselves they have no power to stand.
'Tis not themselves that make their destiny,
But God that giveth their prosperity.
Inscrutably his providence controls,
The diff'rent destinies of human souls.
While some are prospered, 'tis not so with all,
For great calamities on others fall.
The wicked's counsel though is far from me,
And with his ways have I no sympathy.
But yet how often doth it come about,
That here the wicked's candle is put out ?
How oft destruction cometh in their path ?
For God distributes sorrows in His wrath.

Like worthless chaff, produced by ev'ry soil,
That storms do steal, and carry off for spoil;
Or empty stubble, chased before the wind,
They vanish swift, and leave no trace behind.
Their great iniquity God layeth up,
To overflow their children's bitter cup.
Because rewards, and punishments severe,
Dispensed unequally do thus appear;
Conclude not hence that right will not be done,
And justice rendered unto ev'ry one.
For God rewardeth oft the wicked man,
By His inscrutable, and secret plan;
And he shall know, before his race is run,
That judgment just shall unto him be done.
His eyes shall see his own destruction come,
To crush him down, in awful wonder dumb.
His feet shall stand on ruin's crumbling brink,
The wrath of God his wicked soul shall drink.
What happiness and comfort can he find,
In home and children left in grief behind?
Cut off from life, in Sheol's gloom to dwell,
Involved in darkness and the shades of hell?
Then who the depths of wisdom's scheme shall reach?
Or who shall knowledge to Jehovah teach?
To him that judgeth both the low and high,
And rules a sovereign in the earth and sky?
To human wisdom it doth hence appear,
That all his dealings are mysterious here.

No general law determines ev'ry case,
And deals the same with all the human race.
In full perfection one in vigor dies,
At ease and quiet on his couch he lies.
His skin is sleek, and soft as finest silk,
His tumid breasts are full of healthy milk ;
His wat'ring places ev'ry where abound,
Where lazy camels lie upon the ground ;
His bones are made for life's excessive length,
With marrow moistened, filled with health and strength.
Another dies in bitterness of soul,
Beyond the power of fortune to control.
He never tasteth pleasure in his life,
So full of trouble, pain, and weary strife.
Alike shall they lie down in Sheol's trust,
The worms shall cover and devour their dust.
No diff'rence marks the method of their death,
No problem's solved by their expiring breath.
Between them now there's no distinction made,
Alike they sleep in Sheol's quiet shade.
The wheat and tares together thrive and grow,
The sun and rain to each compassion show.
Rewards and punishments do not appear,
To mark the conduct of his creatures here.
Behold I know the secret thoughts you think,
I read the meaning of each knowing wink ;
Your deep devices also I perceive,
That wrongfully against me you conceive.

You still maintain your false, and former ground,
That proofs of clemency are nowhere found ;
You therefore say my suff'rings clearly show,
The reason why I'm now afflicted so.
Sophistical and crafty you demand,
Where wicked men are prospered in the land.
Where stands the tyrant's house ? ye ask,
And where do dwellings of the wicked bask ?
Have you not learned of trav'lers far and near ?
Will you not take their testimony here ?
That oft the wicked man hath long been kept,
Reserved for punishment that still hath slept ?
That he shall surely at the judgment day,
When wrath unbounded shall its rage display ;
Come forth in anguish, horror, fear and gloom,
To meet his just, and long suspended doom ?
But who shall here declare his way, or trace,
Its devious windings boldly to his face ?
Or who shall charge him with his monstrous crimes ?
And prove them all in these degen'rate times ?
Or who shall recompense a single one,
Of all the evils which his hands have done ?
And hence in peace, prosperity, and mirth,
The wicked man inheriteth the earth.
Preserved from judgments which his sins do crave,
He's oft conducted to an honored grave.
And in the tomb shall he in peace remain,
Redeemed from sickness, sorrow, death, and pain.

A noble column rears its sculptured head,
With skill of art emblazoned o'er the dead.
Inscriptions beautiful shall loud proclaim,
The deeds, and virtues of his mighty name.
The valley's clods above his last retreat,
Shall be to him, in balmy slumbers, sweet.
And vast processions after him shall pour,
As crowds unnumbered also go before.
His life, and sickness, and expiring breath,
His vast procession, and lamented death ;
His tow'ring monument, and costly tomb,
Contain no tokens of his righteous doom.
Delusive, weak, sophistical, and vain,
Your falsehoods now in all your words remain.
What real comfort can your speeches give,
By saying : you will suffer as you live ?

CHAPTER XV.

ELIPHAZ'S THIRD REPLY TO JOB.

EACH of the speakers has now spoken twice. Eliphaz, in the following chapter, commences the third round, or series in the controversy. Job had, in his last reply to Zophar, attacked the chief position of his three friends; that God *always and only* punishes the wicked in this world; and that hence he himself must be a man of extraordinary wickedness, as evidenced by his extraordinary sufferings. Eliphaz, roused by this argument, comes forward with great energy, vehemence, severity, and personality, and replies to Job. His previously implied guilt is now boldly declared, and personal assaults on his character are substituted for logical reasoning. He maintained that a man's righteousness and claims of perfection brought no advantage to God; that He could not suffer by punishing the guilty; and that fear of consequences could not, therefore, deter Him from acquitting the righteous, and punishing the wicked. He does not reply directly to Job's argument, but resorts to sophistry, and abstractions, for the purpose of warding off its effects. Eliphaz then proceeds boldly to accuse Job of being guilty of an infinite number of iniquities; representing him as a signal example of the truth of his position, and a complete demonstration of the theory that God punishes the wicked in this life. Eliphaz is more severe in this speech than in any previous one. Before he had spoken in the third person, and had stated generally that this would inevitably be the fate of the wicked man; this he had confirmed by many illustrations. He left it to be inferred, however, that Job was this wicked man. But now he waxes warmer, and more personal, and vehement. He charges Job with being pre-eminently, and indisputably a notorious sinner, and that all his calamities had fallen upon him in consequence thereof. So far as we know these charges were groundless. He wrongfully inferred from what Job had said, in former speeches, that he believed clouds interposed between God and man, or that distance intervened to such an extent, that God could not discern the actions of men sufficiently clear to discriminate, and reward and punish them as they deserved. This was not so. Eliphaz erroneously imputes this to him. He then cites the case of those who perished in the flood, to prove that the wicked are punished here. They were prosperous, and said to God: Depart from us; while their houses were filled with good things. Yet they were destroyed, and the righteous rejoiced at it. In this he implied that Job had endorsed, and adopted their conduct and sentiments, and that it was highly proper for good men to rejoice when

the ungodly are destroyed. He thus vindicated his want of sympathy for Job. This part of his speech is replete with irony, sarcasm, and wanton cruelty. He exhorts Job to acquaint himself with God and be at peace; and assures him that good should come to him. He then draws a vivid, and glowing picture of the unexampled prosperity which should redound to his future years. He declares that he would abound in great wealth; that he should lay up gold as dust; that the Almighty should be to him as treasures of gold and silver; his prayers should be heard and answered: whatever he should decree should be established; happiness in God should crown his life; light should shine upon his path; he should save and encourage others; and triumph, exaltation, and prevailing intercessions for others should mark his remaining pilgrimage upon the earth.

Eliphaz then the Temanite replied,
And Job upbraiding many things did chide.
Can man be profitable unto God?
As he that's wise, though molded from the clod,
Can toil, and strive for vain, and worldly pelf,
And thus be profitable to himself?
Or if he may some profit bring or send,
Doth all his goodness then thereon depend?
Or doth some pleasure to the Lord arise,
That thou art righteous in His holy eyes?
Is He dependent on His creatures here,
For happiness, or yet deterred by fear?
Or is it gain to Him that thou dost make,
Thy ways upright and perfect for His sake?
Doth thy integrity create a claim,
For special favors from His mighty name?
Will He reprove thy charges in a plea,
And come, and answer them for fear of thee?
Will He submit to trial with a man,
To test the justice of His righteous plan?

Is not thy wickedness supremely great?
Canst thou disprove it by a long debate?
Are thy iniquities not numberless?
Dost thou not willingly this truth confess?
For sordid pelf thy greedy hands have sought,
Thy brother's pledge, and taken it for naught.
For little debts the poor, for bread, did owe,
Hast thou their clothing stripped, from head to toe.
The weary's thirst by thee was not supplied,
But rites of hospitality denied.
From hungry pilgrims, fainting to be fed,
Has thou, from stinginess, withholden bread.
But lo! the man of valiant arm and might,
Drove off the poor by *power*, and not by *right*;
Deprived the rest of all their rights of birth,
And claimed himself the undisputed earth.
The man of eminence, with selfish eye,
And looks accepted, haughty, proud, and high;
No tender pity for the homeless felt,
But took the land, and proudly in it dwelt.
And widows, pleading in their lone distress,
Hast thou repelled, with heartless emptiness.
The arms of orphans thou hast crushed in twain,
And seized their substance to increase thy gain;
Defenceless, weak, yet in thy greed for pelf,
Didst thou oppress them to enrich thyself.
And therefore snares around thee now we see,
And sudden fear doth also trouble thee;

While gloomy darkness settles round thy head,
And all the light before thy eyes has fled.
Complete and fearful is the gloom around,
And total darkness makes the night profound.
Abundant water overwhelmeth thee,
And pictures forth thy great calamity.
Doth God not dwell in heaven's eternal height ?
With worlds, uncounted, far below his sight ?
Behold the stars, how high and bright they glow !
But higher far Jehovah's footsteps go !
And sayest thou in argument with me,
From heights so vast, how can th' Almighty see ?
Remote from earth, and high exalted hence,
To know minute, and justly recompense.
Can God, so distant, pierce the fleecy shroud ?
And judge correctly through the gloomy cloud ?
Is this the reason why thou dost believe,
The wicked here their dues do not receive ?
That high above the heavenly arch he walks ?
And with Himself on grander subjects talks ?
Hast thou reflected on the olden way,
That wicked men have trodden in their day ?
Has thou pursued their ancient, beaten track ?
And for thy principles to them gone back ?
When suddenly, the deluge, rising high,
In huddled masses made them rush and fly ;
To hills and mountains, peering through the sea,
Of noisy waters falling fearfully ;

And whose foundation, wholly overthrown,
Was all destroyed, through wickedness alone ;
That unto God rebelliously did say :
Depart from us and distant always stay ;
And what could God Almighty do for them ?
Whose power and goodness they did all contemn ?
How now appears thy arguments employed,
That wicked men are not at once destroyed ?
Although he sheltered them beneath His wings,
And filled their houses full of goodly things ;
That yet the wicked's counsel's far from thee,
And thou wilt never plead iniquity ?
Sarcastically I repeat again,
The words you used concerning wicked men.
You say they're prospered and are not cut down,
That God doth not upon their conduct frown ;
Cry up their principles, and praise their end,
And as Jehovah's favorites defend.
And yet you say with words of wondrous pains,
The wicked's counsel far from you remains.
No sympathy the good of later times,
Express for those destroyed for olden crimes ;
And thus we vindicate ourselves to thee,
For want of deep and tender sympathy.
The righteous see it, filled with feelings glad,
The wicked tremble, fearful, sore, and sad :
The innocent deride them all in scorn,
The base and guilty are alone forlorn.

Whereas our substance never is destroyed,
By heavy judgments suddenly employed ;
But all their ex'cellency of power, and pride,
Consumes the fire, by God Himself supplied.
Acquaint thyself with him, and be at peace,
And thereby good shall unto thee increase.
For unacquainted with the heavenly laws,
By which he ruleth ev'ry human cause ;
Thy soul is now unreconciled to God,
And sorely troubled at his chast'ning rod.
Secure his friendship, dwell within his tent,
Become familiar with his goodness meant ;
Renounce rebellion, juster views maintain,
And speak no more in a complaining strain ;
Of sins repent, thy guilty soul renew,
Return to God, and righteousness pursue ;
Acquainted, reconciled, and filled with peace,
Thy fruitless warfare, and thy woes shall cease.
From out his mouth receive the law I pray,
Within thy heart his words of wisdom lay.
If thus betimes thou wilt to God return,
And let his zeal within thy spirit burn ;
Then thou shalt rise before the eyes of men,
Like ruined houses all built up again.
From all thy tabernacles then shall flee,
The vestiges of thy iniquity.
Thy shattered fortunes now so much deplored,
Shall more in splendor be again restored ;

And treasures vast, uncounted, and untold,
Like heaps of dust shalt thou lay up in gold.
And gold of Ophir shalt thou then obtain,
As stones, uncounted, in the brooks remain.
Indeed, th' Almighty, He shall be to thee,
Thy gold and silver most abundantly.
For thou shalt then enjoy supreme delight,
In God Almighty, clothed in heavenly light;
Unlike the beasts that look with vision prone,
And lift thy face to His eternal throne.
Thy prayers, to Him, prevailing thou shalt make,
And He shall hear, and pity on thee take.
With sweet devotion then thy lips shall pay,
The vows thy love shall move thee oft to say;
And thou shalt purposes and plans decree,
And they shall be established unto thee.
The light auroral bursting on thy days,
Shall shine refulgent upon all thy ways.
When men, cast down, beneath misfortunes lie,
From deep exper'ence thou shalt shout and cry:
There's lifting up; believe, rejoice, arise,
For God shall save the meek and lowly eyes.
The island too the innocent possess,
Shall He deliver also from distress.
Its sure redemption from unjust demands,
Shall be through pureness of thy righteous hands.
Upright and pure shalt thou before Him plead,
And all thy prayers with God shall then succeed.

CHAPTER XVI.

JOB'S THIRD REPLY TO ELIPHAZ.

JOB now answers the last speech of Eliphaz. He is agitated with the deepest and most mingled emotions. He expresses these tender and pathetic feelings at some length, and then attempts once more to prove to his friends the error of their views concerning him, and also in relation to the government of God over man. He sets forth the greatness and pungency of his sorrows, and alleges that his grief is more bitter than he had found words to express. He desires to bring his cause before God, inasmuch as he cannot obtain justice from his friends. But he knows not where to find God, who, he believes would, nevertheless, do him ample justice, and vindicate his innocence. In this dreadful dilemma, he finds comfort in the thought that though he cannot find Him, still He could but know he was innocent, and would yet come forth and espouse his cause, and deliver him from his sufferings, and from the reproaches, and condemnation of his friends. He feels nevertheless troubled at the sore afflictions God sends on him, in view of his consciousness of innocence, and uprightness. He trembles, and quakes with fear in view of a Being who is almighty, and who exerciseth His sovereignty with unalterable purpose, and without giving any reasons for his dealings with his creatures. He feels that his judgments are dreadful. He then renews the argument, by which he attempts to reason with his friends, and show that God does not deal with the wicked here as they deserve, but that they live oftentimes in great prosperity. He maintains with great force that wicked men not only frequently escape condign punishment for their sins, but that this is generally the case. To make this fact more glaring he mentions several heinous crimes that men commit; he also alleges that the authors of these crimes go unpunished for a time, and that they thrive and prosper as if they were innocent of them. Among these wicked, and criminal persons, he mentions those who remove the ancient landmarks; the plunderers of flocks and herds; the oppressors of orphans and widows; those devoid of humane and tender feelings; the robbers of young children from the breast; those that take pledges of the poor; the murderer; the thief; the adulterer; the evil-entreater of the barren; the injurer of the widow; and the seducer of others from right to wrong. He says they are safe, and exalted for a little time. Yet God's eye is on them, and they will in time be taken out of the way, and cut off as the tops of the ears of corn. This reply of Job was so conclusive, and correspondent with well known facts,

and general observation, that his three friends were confounded. They were so completely answered that Eliphaz and Zophar made no further reply, and Bildad only added a few sentences, in which he announced only a few general ideas, irrelevant to the controversy. Job had the correct view of the case, and maintained his positions with consummate skill and ability.

Then moved by sentiments so cutting and unkind,
In strains o'erwhelming uttered Job his mind.
To-day is bitter this my sore complaint,
Devoid of sympathy my soul doth faint.
No comfort yet your speeches do afford,
But deeper still your cruel words have scored.
My stroke is heavier than my groaning speaks,
My woe a new and stronger language seeks.
Oh ! that I knew where Him my soul might find !
My friends are all so bitter, and unkind.
My mind is dark, dejected, and distressed,
My soul is gloomy, friendless, and depressed.
Upright, sincere, and free from mortal sin,
With rectitude, and innocence within ;
Yet sore afflicted, broken, and contemned,
Attacked, impugned, suspected, and condemned ;
Unknown, despised, and weary of my life,
Consumed by pain, and weaned by grief and strife ;
I turn from earth, and friends, with hopeful eye,
To that tribunal where my cause doth lie.
Oh ! that I knew where Him my soul could meet !
That I might now approach His heavenly seat !
Before Him there I'd order all my cause,
And plead my innocence before His laws.

I'd prove myself the real friend of God,
Although afflicted by His chast'ning rod.
My whole integrity would I unfold,
And fill my mouth with arguments untold ;
Produce the evidence of truth and right,
Benevolence and justice in His sight ;
That no hypocrisy in me doth reign,
As now unjustly all my friends maintain.
I long to know the answer of that day,
And understand what He to me will say,
With power almighty will He break the reed ?
Will His omnipotence against me plead ?
Will argument and justice win the day ?
Or might, and ignorance, and passion sway ?
Oh ! no, indeed, for He'll not use His power,
In that important and tremendous hour ;
To overawe and crush me down at length,
But rather He will give me heavenly strength ;
To state the case in ev'ry shade of light,
And plead with force transcending human might.
The righteous there his cause may represent,
Assured of justice to its full extent.
The verdict too my doom for ever seals,
No higher court receives and hears appeals.
No human power will ever dare to say,
A word against the judgment of that day.
And hence for ever I shall thus be free,
From ev'ry man that vainly judgeth me.

Behold with footsteps I proceed to where,
My soul would meet Him, but He is not there ;
I travel forward tow'ds the rising sun,
To see the wonders which His hands have done ;
But though I look with anxious, searching care,
I do not find his gracious presence there.
And backward then I journey tow'rds the west,
To see Him there in crimson vestments dressed ;
Although pavilioned in the glorious eve,
I cannot yet His heavenly face perceive.
And northward also I pursue my way,
Where He doth work, and mighty signs display ;
Enthroned in majesty and glory high,
And bright with splendors shooting through the sky.
But disappointed in those glories cold,
I cannot there Himself at all behold.
He hides Himself upon the southern hand,
In realms, concealed, within that distant land ;
In wastes impassable, whose vast domains,
Extend unlimited in burning plains ;
Unknown, untrod, within the torrid zone,
Where God resideth with Himself alone.
Yet here alas ! His form I cannot see,
Although I search with tireless industry.
My confidence I do not hence forsake,
For He doth know the righteous way I take.
Although His person nowhere I can see,
Yet now I know His eye discerneth me.

Although Himself I never may behold,
When He hath tried me I shall shine as gold.
As raging heat doth not the gold destroy,
But purgeth from it ev'ry base alloy ;
Consumes the dross, and makes the jewel shine,
With sparkling lusters, precious, rich, and fine ;
So purified with trial's fiery heat,
And crowned with virtues, noble and complete ;
My burning soul, with diamonds rich and rare,
In purest splendor, shall at last compare.
Pursuing near Him hath my spirit pleased,
My faithful feet his steps have always seized.
I've kept straight forward in His narrow way,
And not declined, on either side to stray.
I've gone not backwards from the words He said,
His lips commanding all my wand'rings led.
His words were sweetly treasured up within,
Far more than necessary food has been.
But yet unchangeable is still His mind,
And who can turn Him from His plans designed ?
Eternal purposes respecting me,
Unfolding marv'lously now seem to be.
And what His soul intense desireth too,
His power unbounded certainly will do.
For He performeth in His wisdom free,
The thing appointed and decreed for me.
Eternal order, steadfast and secure,
Unfolding slowly, yet divinely sure ;

Without caprice, or chance, or sudden wrath,
Directs my steps, and maketh all my path.
'Tis therefore vain for weak, and ign'rant man,
To fight against Jehovah's changeless plan.
Not me alone affliction smiteth sore,
Unnumbered others had their griefs before.
The plan is vast, embracing heaven and earth,
With ev'ry creature of terrestrial birth ;
I suffer not, as if selected out,
From all the rest that sigh their turn about ;
But all alike, proportioned to their sphere,
The plan embraces in its trials here :
From types and germs, midst rudimental strife,
Developing the higher forms of life.
I'm troubled therefore at His presence near,
When I consider, I am filled with fear.
The contemplation of the power of God,
With all the chast'nings of His dreadful rod ;
Exhausts my strength, awakens sore complaint,
Subdues my heart, and makes it soft and faint.
Th' Almighty also greatly troubleth me,
Because this mystery I cannot see ;
Why God did not remove me hence away,
Before this darkness overwhelmed my day ;
And hide from me this cloud of sorrow dense,
And not reserve me for this recompense.
Since times of punishment of wicked men,
Remain unhidden from th' Almighty's ken ;

Then why do those that know and fear his name,
His days of judgment not behold the same ?
Why not the righteous, with chastising blows,
Perceive Him come, to punish all His foes ?
By acts of robb'ry some their vileness prove,
And sacred landmarks wickedly remove.
They deem dishonesty no sort of harm,
And thus abridge their injured neighbor's farm.
They violently take away their flocks,
That pasture wild among the hills and rocks.
They boldly feed them, publicly, and known,
And claim them then as if they were their own.
They drive away the helpless orphan's ass,
When lone he crops the sweet and juicy grass.
The widow's ox that ploughs her fertile land,
They take away with strong and greedy hand.
Contracted debts they falsely do allege,
Require the creature for a surety-pledge.
With selfish, rude, and arbitrary sway,
They turn the needy from the public way.
For fear and dread of their devouring fangs,
The poor together hide themselves in gangs.
As asses wild the sterile deserts range,
And plunder pastures distant, wild, and strange ;
Behold, they sally forth to kill by day,
And rise betimes and scamper for their prey.
The barren desert, with its caravan,
Supplies the plunder for the wicked man.

Subsistence also thus they do obtain,
For thieving children that at home remain.
In woods and dingles, yielding stolen food,
They stray, and pillage in a merry mood.
By depredations and by thieving steeled,
They reap the corn within another's field.
They gather vintage, not from honest toil,
But wickedly from off their neighbor's soil.
They cause the naked, stripped and bare, to sleep,
And all their clothing cruelly do keep.
The clothes of travelers they plunder bold,
And leave them suff'ring through the night with cold.
The showers of mountains oft bedew their locks,
For want of shelter they embrace the rocks.
They pluck the fatherless from off the breast,
And take a pledge from all the poor distressed.
They make the naked go without relief,
And from the hungry take away the sheaf.
They cause them also to express the oil,
Within enclosures, reared by humble toil;
To tread the presses, filled with juice of vines,
And suffer thirst amidst the luscious wines.
Oppression, violence, and sorrow's moan,
Are not confined to country wastes alone;
From out the city men do groan and sigh,
And souls of wounded utter loud their cry.
Yet God no folly unto them doth lay,
But lets them live, and prosper day by day;

He comes not forth with sudden vengeance armed,
And cuts them down, confounded, and alarmed.
They never seem to comprehend the right,
But oft rebel against the clearest light.
The ways thereof they never fully know,
Within its paths they seldom stay or go.
They work by night, and in their revels stay,
Until aurora heralds forth the day.
The murd'rer, rising in the dusky light,
The poor and needy killeth with delight.
These lab'ring classes, waking with the day,
For toil and service, he doth early slay.
And through the night, to cries of pity deaf,
He kills and plunders like a daring thief.
The adult'rer waiteth, unsuspected, sly,
The creeping twilight, with illicit eye ;
In secret saying : lo ! no eye shall trace,
The covered features of my hidden face.
They dig through houses made of mud and clay,
And hide themselves throughout the hours of day :
These desperadoes never know the light,
The blackest darkness is their chief delight.
To them the morning with its rosy breath,
Is like the shadow of approaching death.
If one should recognize them through the day,
The king of terrors fills them with dismay.
As nimble skiffs of reeds and rushes sail,
Unballasted, and swift before the gale ;

So fleet and noiselessly, with ease combined,
They skip and fly before the storm behind.
Their habitation sterile, wild, and waste,
Within the wilderness, and deserts placed ;
Their livelihood undug by honest toil,
But robbed, and plundered from another's soil ;
Their way of life and portion on the earth,
Are cursed, and wretched from their very birth.
Industr'ous labor never do they know,
Nor see the way the purple vineyards grow.
Marauders, robbers, thieves, and rascals vile,
They live and prosper on the earth awhile.
As drougt and heat consume the melted snow,
That down the hills in roaring torrents flow ;
And swell the rivulets, and valley-streams,
That seek the sands aglow with solar beams ;
And vanish silently and gently through,
The thirsty deserts, out of human view ;
So violently doth the noisome grave,
With vengeance seize, and bear away the knave ;
The robber bold, adult'rer, murd'rer base,
With ev'ry sinful monster of the race ;
Dissolved, despoiled, and plundered from the world,
With noise and terror from their summits hurled ;
To pass in gentleness and peace away,
And mingle slowly with their native clay.
The womb that bore them shall forget their seed,
The hungry worm shall sweetly on them feed.

No more remembered shall their mem'ries be,
Their wickedness is broken like a tree.
They evil treat the barren, bearing not,
Nor yet amel'orate the widow's lot.
They draw the mighty with their cruel power,
They rise in wrath, and none are safe an hour.
Although this safety God to them doth give,
Wherein they rest while here on earth they live ;
Yet still His watchful eyes observe their days,
And mark the wickedness of all their ways.
A little while are they exalted so,
But soon are gone, and brought completely low.
They die at last and disappear from earth,
Like all the others of a human birth ;
Removed as stumbling-blocks from out the way,
Of others rising to succeed their day ;
Cut off like tops, that tall and thin adorn,
But shade, and sap the ears of ripening corn.
If this 's not so, then who will now reply ?
And prove my speech a base and empty lie ?

CHAPTER XVII.

BILDAD'S THIRD REPLY TO JOB.

THIS reply of Bildad is very short. Zophar does not attempt to answer. Eliphaz is silent. This last speech of Job has confounded them. Bildad's speech is amusing. He who had, in his former addresses, been so positive; so full of trite, proverbial maxims of ancient wisdom; so censorious, vehement, and cruel; now is completely overthrown. He thinks he must say something; that his honor and character as a wise, and learned man, are at stake; and yet he does not seem to know what to say, or how to extricate himself from the tremendous humiliation of his unexpected and total defeat. He does not reply to Job's *facts* at all; says nothing in answer to his arguments; he does not even censure Job; but as his maxims appear to be nearly exhausted, he strings together the few that remain, about the greatness and power of God, and then pauses. He is not convinced, but silenced. The controversy had been concerning the dealings of God with His creatures in this world. Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar had maintained that God punishes the wicked and rewards the righteous in this life; that suffering here is the measure of one's sins; and that hence Job was a very wicked man, because he was a very great sufferer. Job, on the other hand, argued that God does not treat His creatures here according to their real characters; that the righteous are often sorely afflicted; that the wicked are frequently prospered; live to a very old age; die in peace, and pass away without any tokens of the divine indignation; and hence that his dreadful sufferings did not necessarily prove him to be a wicked man. The triumphant demonstration of these truths, in the speeches of Job, is a rich and glorious legacy bequeathed, as a comfort, to all those who are stricken and afflicted in this life. *Trials and sufferings do not prove guilt. They are not necessarily chastisements for sins. They are rather the divinely ordained means of enlarged experience; of spiritual growth and development; of greater degrees of divine knowledge; of the purification and sublimation of the soul from earth; and of producing a more intense longing after a glorious immortality.*

Thus Job replied: when Bildad rose instead,

And speechless wonder held them while he said:

Dominion vast, and fear with God obtain,
He maketh peace in all high places reign.
Doth any number count His armies o'er ?
On whom doth not His light supernal pour ?
Then how can man be justified with God ?
Whose mortal form is but a senseless clod ?
Or how can he be clean and pure within,
That is of woman always born in sin ?
Behold the moon ; it shineth pale and dim,
When, crowned with glory, we but think of Him.
And, yea, the stars, that stud the brow of night,
Are never pure, and spotless in His sight ;
How much less man that is a worm of earth ?
Or son of man that is of kindred birth ?

CHAPTER XVIII.

JOB'S FINAL REPLY TO HIS THREE FRIENDS.

ELIPHAZ, Bildad, and Zophar have been silenced by Job's last speech. Job now closes the controversy by a most beautiful, powerful, and overwhelming answer to them all. He first pours forth withering sarcasm on Bildad for his short and irrelevant speech. He describes the power and majesty of God, with great eloquence and sublimity; displaying a great trial of skill; painting the majesty and glory of the Almighty in the most vivid colors; and showing that his views about His government are due to no mean conceptions of His attributes. Job now pauses for Zophar to reply. Eliphaz and Bildad had each spoken three times, and Zophar but twice. It was now his turn to answer. But he is silent. Job therefore continues. He declares that while he lived his lips should not speak wickedness, nor his tongue utter deceit. He asserts his innocence, and says that he cannot agree with his friends, nor renounce his sense of uprightness, nor believe that his afflictions prove his guilt. He expresses his abhorrence of the hypocrite and the wicked man, and alleges that they will be punished. He denies their position that it is a universal principle that the wicked are invariably punished as they deserve in this life; but admits that sometimes they are; that nothing definite in relation to character can be unmistakably known from what a person suffers. From the 13th to the 23d verse of the 27th chapter there seems to be a rehearsal by Job of Zophar's description of the portion of a wicked man. Job reproves it as "*vain*." By this he means that it is not true as a universal principle, although it may be in special cases. This must be the view to be taken of those verses; if not, we have Job giving up his main position that the wicked are not fully punished in this life. The fierce, and vehement style is that of Zophar; and, as he had not replied the third time, Job here apparently replies for him, by reciting the substance of his views, as previously expressed. This hypothesis relieves the difficulty, and makes Job consistent in this speech with his former argument. He now shows that true wisdom consists in the fear of the Lord; that though man has made profound investigations and discoveries into the arcana of nature; has shown great skill in the art of mining and refining gold, silver, iron, copper, and other metals; has carried his examinations, and searches far down into the bowels of the earth; has tilled the ground, and produced food from it, and discovered the localities of the precious metals; has surpassed the intelligence and wisdom of the lower animals, and gone where

the vulture's eye has not penetrated, and where the lion's whelp has not trodden; has displayed extraordinary powers of engineering, and physical strength; removing rocks, overturning mountains, cutting canals, confining boisterous floods, and repressing the angry elements; yet he has failed to find out the secrets of true wisdom, or the place where they may be found. The revelations of science and nature; the depths of the sea; and the intellect of man are incapable of revealing divine wisdom. He declares that it cannot be gotten for gold and silver; nor valued with the gold of Ophir, precious onyx, or the sapphire; nor equaled by the crystal; nor exchanged for jewels; nor mentioned with corals and pearls; that it is above rubies; unequaled by the topaz of Ethiopia; and incomparable with pure gold. He says it is hid from the eyes of all living, and kept close from the fowls of the air. Destruction and death say they have only heard of the fame of it with their ears. But Job says God understands the way thereof, and knows the place where it is found. He declares He looks to the ends of the earth, and sees under the whole heavens; He weigheth the winds, and waters by measure; and that when He made a decree for the lightning of thunder, He saw it, declared it, and searched it out; and said unto man: Behold the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding. Job now adverts to his own case, further to show the mystery of God, and reply to his friends. He refers to his former prosperity; contrasts it with his present condition; relates a few of the transactions of his life; declares he had been faithful in his duties to God and man; and re-asserts his integrity. He draws a beautiful picture of his condition, when God smiled on him; when his children were with him; when young men retired before him in public places; princes and nobles put their hands on their mouths; when all the eyes that saw him, and all the ears that heard him, blessed him for his kindness, and benevolence to the fatherless, and to him that was ready to perish; when he put on righteousness as a robe and diadem; and was eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame. He then speaks of his present condition. He complains that the young, whose fathers he would disdain to set with the dogs of his flock, have him in derision; that children of fools, base men, and viler than the earth, make him their song, and by-word. He refers to his bodily sufferings, and to the loathsomeness of his disease. He declares that he cries in vain to God, and that he believes He designs to bring him down to death. He says that although he has blessed others, yet he is a brother to dragons, and a companion to owls. He then draws an inimitable and beautiful picture of his private life. His friends had accused him of great wickedness, unmercifulness to the poor, the widow, and the orphan, and other crying sins. He declares that his life had been chaste; that he had made a covenant with his eyes; that he did not allow himself to look upon a maid; that sincerity and solemnity always marked his life; that no injustice stained his hands; that he had been faithful and true to his marriage vows; faithful and kind to his servants; benevolent to the poor, the orphan, and widow; free from idolatry, trusting not in gold, nor worshiping the sun and moon; that he had not cursed his enemies; that he was free from secret sins, cloaked or hidden in his bosom; that innocence in all things had been maintained in heart

and life. He declares that the record of his life is so pure and clean that, if written out in a book, he would lay it on his shoulder, and bind it on his head as a diadem. He finally alleges that he had not, as charged, seized the lands of others; if he had he prayed that thistles might overspread his own land instead of wheat, and cockles instead of barley. Having thus gone over the whole ground of reply, in detail, and in the most lucid, beautiful, copious, and sublime manner, he feels that he has fully vindicated himself to his friends, and to posterity. This closes the controversy between Job and his friends.

But Job with confidence and hope inspired,
 Of Bildad thus triumphantly inquired :
 How now hast thou in this distressing hour,
 Assisted one that is devoid of power ?
 How savest thou the arm that hath no strength ?
 With comfort, faith, and hope expressed at length ?
 By words so prolix, relevant, and true,
 How much your answer doth my strength renew ?
 How well, with counsel, thou dost now control,
 A man devoid of wisdom in his soul ?
 And how abundantly hast thou expressed,
 The boasted knowledge that inspires thy breast ?
 So wise, and skilled, pretentious, and devout,
 How hast thou poured thy wondrous learning out ?
 To whom hast thou addressed thy lengthy speech ?
 Or whom attempted pompously to teach ?
 What marv'lous claims of inspiration lie,
 Within the wisdom of thy long reply ?
 So fierce, accusing, and severe before,
 How mild, and gracious, and sublime you soar ?
 How wondrously your answer now is fraught,
 With apothegms from ancient sages brought ?

But strains sarcastic I will now forbear,
And weightier matters in my speech declare.
You say that God's dominion vast doth rise,
To places high, and armies of the skies.
His power, I tell thee, far *beyond* extends,
And infinitely all thy views transcends.
Beneath the waters ghostly giants groan,
And shades of Sheol tremble, quake and moan.
The dreadful monsters which the depths contain,
In anguish shake, and own His mighty reign.
The nether world is naked to His eyes,
And Hades gaping, wide beneath Him lies.
The vast abyss His ken doth e'er explore,
Profound destruction hath no cov'ring o'er.
And Sheol's regions, dismal, dark, and drear,
Unseen by men, before Him quake and fear.
The universe beneath his great control,
Doth fear and tremble in its inmost soul.
The North He stretcheth o'er the empty place,
And heaven's pavilioned over boundless space.
The earth unpropt, and high o'er nothing swung,
His mighty power on emptiness hath hung.
He bottleth up the waters in His clouds,
And heaven and earth in darkness deep enshrouds.
The fragile vapors hold abundant rain,
And yet the clouds unrent beneath remain.
He holdeth back his throne from mortal sight,
And spreads a cloud upon its dazzling light.

The awe and splendor of its burning face,
No human vision can survive and trace.
His vast pavilion's darkly round Him closed,
Of clouds and waters thick and black composed.
The vail sometimes He maketh frail and thin,
And shoots His glory faintly from within.
The arching bow that spans the friendly cloud,
The vivid lightnings of the thunders loud ;
Auroral morn, in purple garments dressed,
The brighter glories crimsoned in the west ;
The shooting splendors of the northern air,
And jeweled dome refulgent with its glare ;
In glory, majesty and love combined,
Are faint reflections from His throne behind.
The waters also He hath compassed round,
And clearly fixed their circumambient bound ;
To where the light with darkness gently blends,
And also till the outer darkness ends.*
The pillars rock beneath the empyreal roof,
And greatly wonder at His loud reproof.
The rugged mountains tremble in surprise,
Whose brawny backs support the vaulted skies.
The pond'rous earth vibrated when He spoke,
He touched the hills, and all did quickly smoke.

* The ancient Arabs believed the earth to be surrounded by a circum-ambient ocean ; that the earth floated in it like an egg in water ; that two concentric circles, the inner of light, and the outer of darkness, marked this ocean. Job says God drew His compass round it out to the end of light and darkness.

The sea He scourgeth by His mighty will,
And terrifieth till it lieth still.
By understanding low He smites its pride,
And lifted up, subdues the angry tide.
His spirit, too, the heavens hath garnished bright,
With constellations in the brow of night.
His hand hath formed the crooked Serpent's folds,
Or flying Dragon which the heavens patrols :
A constellation formed of eighty orbs,
Whose lazy coils the sunny sky absorbs ;
Whose brilliant windings, and whose golden loops,
Consist of stars that march in spiral troops ;
Whose convolutions all for ever roll,
In tort'ous windings round the northern pole ;
Whose head's beneath the foot of Hercules,
Whose primal coil, about seventeen degrees,
Directly north of Lyra graceful bends,
And eastwardly in easy folds extends.
His second northwardly doth then expand,
Fourteen degrees almost to Cepheus' band.
Another loop about fifteen degrees,
Below the first the nightly gazer sees.
And westward thence he throws his lessened size,
In smaller folds along the shining skies ;
Until the monster hides his tail with care,
Between the Greater, and the Lesser Bear.
These glorious orbs that decorate the sky,
And burn in splendor, countless, vast, and high ;

Shout forth the wisdom, and the power of God,
To mortals dwelling on this earthly clod.
These ways are parts that but the surface skim,
How faint's the whisper we have heard of Him ?
Behold, the thunder of His voice is grand,
But who this thunder now can understand ?
Since all we've seen, or heard of Him below,
Compared with wonders which we do not know ;
Is like a whisper indistinctly heard,
Compared with rolling thunders of His word ;
Oh ! who hath weighed the soul's immortal dower,
When it shall hear the thunder of His power !
Moreover, Job continued his discourse,
With deeply earnest, and expressive force :
As certainly as God Himself doth live,
Refuse me justice, and afflictions give ;
With deepest sorrow vexed my bitter soul,
And tried me sore beyond my own control ;
As long as breath within me here remains,
Or God's own spirit in my nostrils reigns ;
My lips shall speak no wicked, vain deceit,
No words my tongue shall utter indiscreet.
No vindication I will ever make,
Of wicked actions for the wicked's sake.
Nor sophistry, nor craft will I employ,
The truth with falsehood, smoothly to alloy.
But God forbid that I should hold you just,
Or in your falsehoods ever put my trust ;

That I should plead conviction in your sight,
 And basely own your sinking cause is right.
 Until I die will I not put from me,
 The consciousness of my integrity.
 I'll hold my righteousness for ever fast,
 Nor yet forsake it while my life shall last.
 With deep calamity afflicted sore,
 Deprived of wealth, and friends, and comfort more;
 Bereft of children, groaning ev'ry breath,
 Assailed by slander, and attacked by death;
 My heart as hollow, false, and insincere,
 Shall not reproach me while I tarry here.
 But let mine enemy, exposed to light,
 Be like the wicked in His holy sight;
 And him that doth against my soul arise,
 Be like th' unrighteous in His sacred eyes.
 No greater judgments I could wish a foe,
 Than He will yet on wicked men bestow.
 Be hence convinced I do not them defend,
 Nor doubt the mis'ry of their final end.
 For what's the hope the hypocrite displays,
 Though gains ill-gotten crown his gilded days?
 Although he weaveth till his web is done,
 And prosper greatly till his sands are run.
 When God shall take away his wretched soul,
 By death and troubles he cannot control;
 When judgments' billows roll in sorrow high,
 Will God regard his hypocritic cry?

If he detest the rod, but not the sin,
Will sweet forgiveness then his pleading win ?
Will he delight in God Almighty then ?
When all his joy has been with wicked men ?
Will he take pleasure in the law of God,
And love the chast'nings of His heavy rod ?
On God, in prayer unceasing, will he call ?
Or only when His crushing judgments fall ?
Concerning now His dispensations here,
And all His dealings, gentle and severe ;
By arguments adduced from what He's done,
And shown most clearly unto ev'ry one ;
Will I attempt the mighty truth to reach,
And unto you in love and wisdom teach.
His hand, His works, and skill will I reveal,
And what is with Him will I not conceal.
Behold your eyes have always seen it plain,
Then why are you so altogether vain ?
And why assert such false opinions here ?
And seek my soul with monstrous lies to cheer ?
Your views are false, and what you teach is vain,
For you declare that *proof of guilt is pain*.
From observations, and from maxims old,
You thus affirm in speeches fierce and bold :
Behold, the portion which a wicked man,
Receives on earth from God's eternal plan !
The dreadful end oppressors here demand,
And all obtain from God Almighty's hand !

If children multiply around his board,
It is for slaughter by the cruel sword.
In horrid war shall they be surely slain,
And none shall ever in his house remain.
His hungry offspring, starving and unfed,
Shall not be satisfied with daily bread.
His last survivors death shall bury deep,
Devoid of grief his widows ne'er shall weep.
No friends shall seek his wretched life to save,
And death alone shall dig his lonely grave.
No funeral dirge, nor wailing kin shall mourn,
When low his soul to Sheol's shades is borne.
Though piles of silver, raised like heaps of clay,
He treasure up, and safely hide away ;
Though suits of raiment, countless, rich and rare,
Like hills of dust his vaunting soul prepare :
The just shall wear them, sumptuously supplied.
The innocent his riches shall divide.
His costly changes, boundless wealth, and all,
Among the righteous, parted round, shall fall,
As moths before they leave the larva-state,
Consume the nap, and houses frail create ;
Composed of pulpy stuff, and moistened through,
With preparations made of slimy glue ;
And fixed with stakes, and slender cords enough,
To hold it down upon the fragile stuff ;
Or as the watchman builds his booth of clay,
For rest and shelter from the sultry ray ;

When, reddening vineyards, oft with shout and sling,
He tends, to scare the plund'ers of the wing ;
So he doth rear his frail and filmy nest,
In which his faint and weary limbs may rest.
The rich oppressor suddenly shall die,
And not be gathered in the grave to lie ;
Unwarned, and sudden, is his final lot,
His eyes he openeth, and behold he's not.
Ungathered and detested he shall be,
An unurned victim of hypocrisy.
His downy bed shall not be sweetly made,
In Sheol's deep, and tranquilizing shade.
Like those unburied, he shall wander round,
Devoid of rest in Hades' shadows found.
As angry floods and tumid waters flow,
And deluge suddenly the fields below ;
As robbers, unexpectedly at night,
Do come by stealth and plunder with delight ;
So terrors on him sudden hold shall take,
And violently make him fear and quake.
A dreadful tempest rageth with dismay,
And in the night, it stealeth him away.
As whirlwinds rising in the East do sweep,
Like storms that roar across the crested deep ;
Or burning blasts that in the deserts spring,
Oppressive, sultry, crisping ev'ry thing ;
Or furious tempests, driving o'er the land,
With devastation, left on ev'ry hand ;

So swept away in fury from the world,
Shall he be swiftly from his dwelling hurled :
For God His thunderbolts shall on him cast,
And rain unsparingly His dreadful blast.
Condemned, and chained by his supreme command,
He fain would flee from out His smiting hand.
And men shall clap their hands at his disgrace,
And hiss him scornfully from out his place.
Such monstrous sentiments you hold and teach,
And such results in your conclusions reach.
Your views are false, your arguments absurd,
These bald opinions many times I've heard.
The portion which you fearfully declare,
The wicked man *in ev'ry case* doth share ;
Sometimes the righteous swiftly overtake,
Sometimes the wicked marv'lously forsake.
From observations made in ev'ry age,
By hoary men, from long exper'ence sage ;
The ~~real~~ character doth not appear,
From pains, and penalties inflicted here.
Confuted, answered, silenced, and o'erthrown,
I now will turn to higher issues grown ;
And rest submissively my righteous cause,
In full dependence on His higher laws ;
Unfolded matchlessly in Wisdom's plan,
But yet unfathomed by the mind of man.
Super'or wisdom, art, and strength of will,
Hath man evinced in metallurgic skill.

For surely now for silver there's a vein,
An outlet where its precious ores remain.
By toil and cur'ous knowledge man hath found,
This hidden treasure stored within the ground ;
Has brought it forth, refined with wondrous skill,
And made the metal useful ends fulfill.
But greater wisdom man doth still unfold,
By finding out the richer beds of gold ;
By skilful methods never known before,
By which the dust is purified from ore :
For surely now the golden rock is mined,
And workshops built in which it is refined ;
And wrought in ornaments, with marv'ulous care,
Of rings and chains and jewels rich and rare.
The iron's taken from the earth in dust,
Contained in veins below the surface's crust.
Still greater skill, and labor vastly more,
Hath man expended on this stubborn ore.
The molten stone, extracted from the mine,
By glowing heat discharges copper fine.
His wisdom, skill, and penetration keen,
In ev'ry region also now is seen.
He sets an end to darkness, fear, and doubt,
And clearly searcheth all perfection out.
The darkest realms beneath the earth's domain,
He delveth through in quest of golden gain.
The stones of darkness, hidden deep in mines,
He hunteth out, and precious things refines.



NO. IX.--THE KNOWLEDGE AND SKILL OF
MAN ILLUSTRATED BY THE ART OF MINING.

Surely there is a vein for the silver, and a place
for gold where they find it. Ch. XXVIII: 1. See
explanation, page XIX.



The dreadful shade, or pitchy darkness low,
In caves and depths where daylight doth not go ;
He penetrates, with faith and skill combined,
And lights the dungeons with his glowing mind.
Far down from where his dwelling-place doth stand,
He sinks a shaft within the nether land ;
Suspends himself with cord and bucket then,
And swings himself below the sight of men.
A subterranean fountain breaketh in,
Where oft the miner digs the strata thin ;
The waters pour a swift, and drowning sheet,
Forsaken quickly by the miner's feet ;
But soon, through skill, they pump them dry again,
And drain the pit of water, from the men.
The arts of tillage skill and wisdom show,
From out the earth nutritious grain doth grow ;
The light of science on the art is shed,
And lo ! the ground doth yield abundant bread.
Beneath the furrows which the plough doth turn,
The fiery diamonds, and the rubies burn.
Within the globe there hangs a glowing dome,
Where molten lava makes its burning home ;
That spouts from craters, generates the steam,
Upheaves the earth, and rugged strata seam.
Its stones are places where the sapphire's hue,
Doth shine and sparkle with celestial blue.
The dusts of gold are mingled in the sand,
That mountain torrents wash upon the land.

The miner's winding, gloomy path below,
No flying fowl of heaven, or earth doth know.
Through dungeons deep his narrow way doth lie,
Where rav'nous birds would never dare to fly.
The vulture's eye so piercing and so keen,
His solemn passage never yet hath seen.
The lion's whelps that ev'ry danger dare,
Have never trod the miner's windings there.
His dark, sepulchral, fearful, crooked road,
The aged lion never fiercely strode.
No rav'nous bird that plies the savage wing,
Nor fearless beast that makes the desert ring ;
Would venture down, allured by scent of prey,
Where he, for gold, doth blast his dang'rous way.
With grappling toil courageously he locks,
And putteth forth his hand upon the rocks.
Intrepid, daring, onward he explores,
And hews his way through flints and sparry ores:
Behind his march the shattered rock he puts,
And overturneth mountains by the roots.
Inspired by gold he works by slow degrees,
Till ruined nature bold the victor sees.
Among the rocks where hoary fountains sleep,
He heweth drains and cutteth rivers deep.
His eye discovers ev'ry precious speck,
Within the rocks his flying pick doth peck.
With skilful art he binds the oozing streams,
That weep, and drown the shaft from open seams.

The thing that's hid, imbedded deep in night,
He searcheth out, and bringeth forth to light ;
The buried gems that in the strata shine,
He turns from darkness into uses fine.
Yet art, and science, plied with human skill,
Nowhere discover God's profounder Will.
Investigations into nature's laws,
Resolveth not the myst'ry of my cause.
The penetration of her deepest mines,
No moral wonders ever once divines.
Jehovah's laws and plans of dealing here,
In fossil strata do not thus appear.
His moral government of human souls,
No rocky volume of the earth unrolls.
His secret reasons, purposes, and plan,
Are marv'lous puzzles to the mind of man.
No delving miner yet hath found the mine,
Where these bright gems, in sparkling luster, shine.
But where doth wisdom's heavenly voice resound ?
And where's the place of understanding found ?
The price thereof no mortal man doth know,
The way thereof no miner bold can show.
Among the living none can find its course,
But higher far she has her heavenly source.
The depth declares : 'tis not indeed in me,
Nor yet in me, responds the roaring sea.
'Tis gotten neither for the finest gold,
No weight of silver tells its price untold.

Its heavenly value wondrously outshines,
The precious gold of Ophir's richest mines.
Compared, in splendor, with its dazzling shade,
The flashing sapphires, and the onyx fade.
Such marv'lous value crowns this heavenly thing,
That gold and crystal can no equal bring.
And gems pellucid, rich with sparkling zones,
Appear, in luster, like the basest stones.
Nor yet for vessels, jewels fine, and strange,
Shall ever hence be its immense exchange.
If now we prize this brightest gem of worlds,
No mention's made of corals, or of pearls.
The price of wisdom's costly merchandise,
Transcends the value that in rubies lies.
The brilliant topaz Ethiopia brings,
Cannot compare with its celestial things.
Then whence doth wisdom's heavenly voice resound?
And whence's the place of understanding found?
For close 'tis hid from ev'ry searching eye,
And secret kept from all the fowls that fly.
Inventive, bold, sagacious, searching man,
Has failed, its secrets or its depths to scan.
The miner's shaft within the earth below,
The hidden regions where his way doth go;
The rav'nous bird that sees the longest way,
The wildest beasts that hunt their trembling prey;
The precious stones that sparkle, glow, and burn,
With hoary ocean, all declare in turn;

In all our searching, and inquiring round,
This priceless treasure we have never found.
Destruction too, and Sheol's gloomy shade,
From nether regions their replies have made :
Not in these realms her heavenly seat appears,
The fame thereof we've heard within our ears.
But God alone doth understand its way,
He knoweth where its place His hand did lay.
For He doth look, with omnipresent glance,
And all things see beneath the heaven's expanse.
When He proportioned, with exact designs,
And weighed in balances the restless winds ;
When He did measure in His hollow hand,
The boundless waters of the sea and land ;
When He did make a fixed decree for rain,
And cleave a pathway for the lightning's chain ;
When worlds, from nothing, He did cause to spring,
And laws assigned to ev'ry single thing ;
Then He did see, and publish it about,
Yea, He prepared, and thoroughly searched it out.
And unto man, by revelations, oft,
By inspirations, visions, voices soft ;
He said : Behold, it is the fear of God,
In sweet submission to His blessed rod ;
And that is wisdom, giving peace within,
And understanding's to depart from sin.
But O, that now, as once in months ago,
As in the days when God preserved me so ;

My life of happiness, so unalloyed,
With all the blessings which I then enjoyed ;
Could I again recall, and live it o'er,
And have His favor as I had before ;
When by His counsel I was safely led,
And bright His candle shone upon my head ;
When in His light, like torches borne before,
The caravans that o'er the deserts pour ;
I walked through darkness, led from hour to hour,
Upheld, and guided by His heavenly power ;
As in the days of ripe, autumnal life,
Mature, perfected, free from care and strife ;
When riches, power, and honors bore me down,
As ripened fruits the trees, and vineyards crown ;
When God presided over all my tent,
And never from my private counsel went ;
But made His constant couch and cushion there,
And all His secrets trusted to my care ;
When th' Almighty then with me did dwell,
And ev'ry danger always did dispel ;
When all my children round me close did cling,
And sweetest comfort to my bosom bring ;
When superfluities did so abound,
And wealth redundant all my labors crowned ;
That I did wash my steps with butter sweet,
And streams of milk abounded round my feet ;
And rocky presses, reared by humble toil,
Did pour me rivers full of precious oil.

When through the city to the gate I went,
To hold my court within the public tent ;
And sat as judge above the low and high,
Their various causes both to hear and try ;
When I prepared within the open street,
My lofty pulpit, and judicial seat ;
The young men saw me as I passed along,
To sit in judgment on the right and wrong ;
And at my presence rev'rently withdrew,
And hid themselves from out my gracious view.
The aged men, from their profound respect,
Arose at once and stood, in awe, erect.
The princes, too, from rev'rence were restrained,
And instantly from talking all refrained.
Respect and silence moved them when they saw,
And on their mouths they laid their hands in awe.
The nobles also quickly held their peace,
They hid their voices, and from words did cease ;
Against their mouths their tongues did cleave so quick,
That all their words within their throats did stick.
The ear that heard the righteous things I said,
The richest blessings on my head did shed.
The eye that saw me, filled with wonder, hung,
In pleased amazement, on my moving tongue.
Because the poor that cried in their distress,
Whom grasping tyrants did, from greed, oppress ;
That had no counsel to espouse their cause,
And plead their case before the righteous laws ;

I heard at length, and from oppression saved,
And gave the judgment pity kindly craved ;
Because the fatherless that had no aid,
I oft delivered from the charges made ;
Because as judge I saw that right was done,
And equal justice dealt to ev'ry one.
From him, that greed, and lies, and power abused,
That stood before me falsely oft accused ;
Pursued, and hunted, worn with grief, and care,
And ready now to perish from despair ;
Unbounded blessings often on me came,
Because I sought to vindicate his name.
The widow's heart I caused to sing for joy ;
In her defense my tongue did I employ.
Unjust exactions always I repressed,
Her cruel wrongs I worthily redressed.
As magistrate I put on righteousness,
And wore it always for my daily dress.
Impartial justice, merciful, and sweet,
Completely clothed me down from head to feet.
My just decisions, famous o'er the globe,
Became my diadem, and flowing robe.
These sumpt'ous garments meekly worn, and shown,
Distinguished me, and made me always known.
And I was eyes to all the lost and blind,
Their guide, and counselor, and friend combined.
And feet was I to all the halt and lame,
For what they'd do, did I for them the same.

I counseled, and reformed the evil doer,
 And was a father also to the poor.
 I took them under my protecting care,
 And as my children gave them oft a share.
 The cause I knew not, I inquired about,
 And though unknown, I thoroughly searched it out.
 The wicked's jaws, like savage beasts of prey,
 I always broke, and took their game away.
 I crushed their grinders, and their plans did foil,
 And from their teeth did pluck their trembling spoil.
 So prosp'rous, and so settled then was I,
 I said: within this downy nest I'll die.
 This bower of bliss, so harmless, and so sweet,
 This nest of love, so quiet, and complete ;
 With friends, and family, encompassed round,
 With riches, honors, and with pleasures crowned ;
 No waste of time, nor blight of change shall know,
 But be my paradise of joy below ;
 And like the palm that lifts its aged form,
 Unchanged by time, or blasted by the storm ;
 Or as the Phœnix, free from age, and fears,
 Retains its vigor for a thousand years ;
 When lo ! a fire proceeds from out its nest,
 And burns the bird, except an egg possessed
 Of power, again from which the members grow,
 And rise to life and fairer beauty show ;
 My days, prolonged, and honored in the land,
 Shall multiply like countless grains of sand.

While others stunted, scrubby, gnarled, and dried,
In deserts grew, or on the mountain side ;
My root did spread along the vital stream,
And e'er with moisture, green and thrifty, teem.
As vegetation on the sandy plains,
Devoid of nutrient, and growing rains ;
Rejoiceth greatly when the humid dew,
Distills at night, and gently wets it through ;
Or round the pools, and in the fatt'ning mire,
The reeds and rushes grow immensely higher ;
Thus all the night, so thrifty, and so stanch,
The dews distilled, and lay upon my branch.
My glory, in me ever fresh and new,
In strength and vigor marvelously grew.
As trees are changed in size from year to year,
By making green and tender leaves appear ;
So ever drawn, throughout its twanging length,
Within my hand, my bow renewed its strength.
Astonished counselors to me gave ear,
And waited patiently my words to hear.
No interruption or reply was made,
But at my counsel ev'ry mouth was stayed.
They never dared to contradict my word,
And when I'd spoken not a tongue was stirred.
As falls the dew, and drops the vital rain,
In growing showers upon the grassy plain ;
My speech like honey from my lips distilled,
And dropped upon them, with amazement filled.

No harsh rejoinder did on me recoil,
My mouth was smother than the finest oil.
As oft the plants and tender herbs do wait,
For showers to make their roots proliferate ;
So longingly did they for me remain,
As if they waited for the early rain.
Their thirsty mouths they opened far and wide,
As if impatient for the latter tide.
They gave such heed to ev'rything I said,
They took for words the motions of my head.
In ev'ry feature of my speaking face,
They sought, my sentiments and thoughts, to trace.
Within my winking or expressive eyes,
They read conclusively my short replies.
If any policies or plans of state,
Were once proposed in council for debate ;
If on them then I laughed, or looked askance,
They dropped the matter at a single glance.
But when my countenance lit up with joy,
No words opposing did their tongues employ.
My frown or smile at ev'ry thing proposed,
The matter settled, and the subject closed.
I chose their way as pilot, head, and guide,
And on my counsel always they relied.
In ev'ry council, gathered long or brief,
I formed the head, and always sat as chief.
Addressed by all with gracious bows and stoops,
I dwelt as king above subservient troops.

The mourners too, amidst their grief and tears,
I always comforted, and charmed their fears.
But now, indeed, do those of fewer days,
Deride and scorn me, in unnumbered ways ;
Whose fathers, too, would I disdain to send,
Among the dogs that did my flocks attend.
Yea, vulgar vagrants, feeble, abject, see,
Of what avail is all their power to me ?
From whom maturity has passed away,
Emasculate, and perished by decay.
So changed, reduced, and prostrate now I lie,
That such vile outcasts taunt, and pass me by.
These homeless wretches, withered, dried, and mean,
Through want and hunger, long consumed, and lean ;
Alone, forsaken, flee, despised away,
To trackless regions, far and wide to stray ;
To wildernesses, with tumult'ous haste,
Benighted, gloomy, desolate and waste ;
And through the deserts, scamper, scour, and grub,
And gnaw the roots, and chew the bitter shrub.
They cut the mallows, famous for their cures,
Emollient, and rich with brilliant flowers ;
Or Halimus, a plant of saltish taste,
That grows abundant in the scanty waste ;
And gorge the leaves that wildly shoot and tower,
As dainty salad, pungent, raw, and sour.
They wander round among the bushes there,
And gather scantily their wretched fare.

Sometimes for change, or relish they prefer,
And cut for food the roots of juniper;
Or bitter Retem, shrubs of largest size,
That, green and thrifty, in the valleys rise.
As vagabonds, unfit for human kind,
On plunder bent, and viciously inclined;
Expelled, as nuisances, from social life,
With base propensities and habits rife;
They drove them forth in hopes of sweet relief,
And cried behind them, as behind a thief;
To dwell in cliffs of valleys deep and wide,
In caves and rocks along the mountain side;
In horrid gulphs, and glens profound and strange,
Where savage beasts in fury roar and range;
In frightful wadies, far remote from men,
Where winter torrents rave and dry again;
In gloomy caverns, humid, cold, and deep,
Where serpents hiss, and deadly vipers creep.
Among the bushes piteously they bray,
And wild and homeless in the deserts stray.
Beneath the nettles oft in crowds they meet,
And under hedges make their social seat.
As sons of fools, and imps of meanest birth,
No viler wretches ever cursed the earth;
A brood of infamy, without a name,
Like savage beasts devoid of fear or shame;
An ill-begotten, impious, bastard band,
Disowned of men, and chidden from the land.

And now alas ! am I become their song,
In jeering strains my woes they oft prolong.
So great and wretched do my suff'rings seem,
I'm now their by-word and their jesting theme.
My sorrows keen they use to point their throws,
They pith their ribaldry with all my woes.
As most abominable in their eyes,
They now abhor me, and my soul despise.
These bandits vile, degraded, and forlorn,
Expelled from men, accursed, and lowly-born ;
Disdain me now, and hate my luckless day,
And far removed betake themselves away.
Discourt'ously they heap on me disgrace,
And spare no spittle from my stricken face.
Because th' Almighty now hath loosed my cord,
Unstrung my bow, and left me so abhorred ;
Relaxed my vigor, made me desolate,
And helpless now myself to vindicate ;
Afflicted me with loss of home and friends,
And loathsome sickness sorely on me sends ;
They now unloose, and let their bridle free,
Cast off restraint, and pour contempt on me.
Indeed, upon my right, in honor's place,
This brood doth rise, a most detested race ;
Unlike the aged, noble, wise, and good,
That once before me always rose and stood ;
They push away my sore, and swollen feet,
And crowd, and jostle me along the street.

As often ramparts armies do erect,
By which themselves from danger to protect ;
While swift destruction thence they quick prepare,
And hurl it headlong through the hissing air ;
So now against me fearfully they raise,
Their hostile bulwarks, and destructive ways.
They mar my path and sorely trouble me,
And thus help forward my calamity.
Of most contempt'ous and ignoble birth,
They have no helper, and no friend on earth.
As inundations, deep, tumult'ous pour,
And breaking waters wildly rush and roar ;
Or bold irruptions of a conquering foe,
Through breaches made, in madd'ing fury go ;
So do these legions, fierce, victorious, come,
And strike my soul, in wild amazement, dumb.
Restrained before by lofty walls around,
Of rank and office, wealth, and power that frowned ;
But now completely breached, and battered low,
By woe's battalions, rushing to and fro ;
They roll themselves in desolations round,
And hurl me headlong on the groaning ground.
Against me now the grimmest terrors turn,
Malicious forces hot against me burn.
My gen'rous soul, magnanimous, and kind,
They still pursue like restless gales of wind.
Like clouds that vanish in the noonday sun,
My welfare passeth, and my race is run.

Dissolved in grief, reduced to mobile clay,
My soul, poured out, like water flows away.
Affliction's days have taken hold on me,
And grief and trouble constantly I see.
With darting pain my bones are pierced by night,
My restless sinews take no sweet delight.
The sumpt'ous garments I did once possess,
Are changed by virtue of my sore distress.
By force of sickness, void of all relief,
Unbounded pain is now my robe of grief.
The acrimonious humor of my boils,
My spotless clothing miserably soils.
The stubborn violence of my disease,
Deprives my garment of the slightest ease.
It girds me tight and close about doth wind,
As round my neck my tunic's mouth doth bind.
In mire and dirt He's cast me deep and dumb,
Till dust and ashes I am now become.
Inanimate, devoid of hope or plan,
I'm more like matter than a real man.
I cry to thee and seek to gain thy ear,
But yet my cry, alas, thou dost not hear.
I stand erect and pour my prayers to thee,
But thou regardest not my humble plea.
Unmerciful and deaf thou art become,
Remote, sublime, insensible, and dumb.
Thy dealings, too, are terribly severe,
Thy mighty power against me doth appear.

As sandy pillars which in deserts rise,
 Majestic, grand, and tow'ring to the skies ;
 Approach, retreat, gyrate, and swiftly sail,
 Before the fury of the sultry gale ;
 So thou dost lift me up before the wind,
 Of fell disease and troubles sore combined ;
 And cause me now, dissolved in terror there,
 To ride the whirlwind of supreme despair.
 I know that thou wilt bring me down to death,
 Th' appointed house for all of mortal breath.
 And he'll not stretch His powerful hand to save,
 Nor rescue mortals from the noisome grave ;
 Although they cry, and seek to Him in prayer,
 When His destruction comes to lay them there.
 Did I deserve this hard and cruel fate ?
 Was I myself so incompassionate ?
 Did I not feel, and always quickly weep,
 For one o'erwhelmed in seas of trouble deep ?
 Did I not pity ev'ry evil doer ?
 Was not my soul distressed for all the poor ?
 But when I looked for blessings rich and great,
 Then evil came and made me desolate.
 Sincere, upright, benevolent, and kind,
 I thought compassion I should surely find.
 But when I waited for abounding light,
 Then darkness came, and universal night.
 My bowels boil with raging heat and pain,
 And mental anguish constantly doth reign.

Affliction sore in unexpected ways,
Anticipates my few remaining days.
My schemes of life, and brightest hopes are fled,
And gloom, and shadows settle round my head.
Without the sun my dingy skin is tanned,
I go in mourning, broken, and unmanned ;
The acrimony of my sorrow sore,
Hath burned to blackness all my body o'er.
I stand erect, with red and swollen eyes,
And in th' assembly utter loud my cries.
I stood up once, and on my wondrous tongue,
For counsel sweet, the congregation hung.
But now I rise, and, touched with grief and woe,
In bitter anguish let my feelings flow.
My loud complaints, and frightful cries in dreams,
Resemble me to beasts that utter screams.
I'm brother now to dragons and to fowls,
A boon companion to the hooting owls.
Like horrid dragons with their heads erect,
Their jaws distended, as if to reflect,
On God their Maker, for the humble state,
In which His wisdom did themselves create ;
Or wretched jackals in the deserts drear,
With yelps and howls, producing dreadful fear ;
Devouring roots, and fruits, and carrion foul,
That round the villages at night do prowl ;
Or lonely ostriches that hideous groan,
With clam'rous voices, and with hoarser moan ;

I now assume the humblest, meanest guise,
And loud vociferate my doleful cries.
My skin is black, my bones are burnt with heat,
Incessant groaning is my only meat.
My harp is turned to strains of mourning deep,
My organ's now the voice of them that weep.
I made a solemn cov'nant with mine eyes,
That sinful wantonness they should despise.
In such a purpose firmly fixed, and staid,
How could I think upon a tempting maid ?
For what chastisement of His holy rod,
Would then be sent me from Almighty God ?
And what inheritance should I possess,
From Him who dwells in purest righteousness ?
Is not destruction to the wicked then ?
And certain punishment to godless men ?
Will not some strangeness of infliction be,
To all the workers of iniquity ?
Doth God not see, with His omniscient gaze,
The spotless purity of all my ways ?
Doth He not count the various steps I take,
And observations of my goings make ?
If I have walked with false and froward feet,
Or if my foot hath hasted to deceit ;
In all my dealings, if I've not been true,
And spoken things exactly as I knew ;
In scales of justice, pure, and even made,
And righteous balances, let me be weighed ;

That God may see how free I am from sin,
And know my great integrity within.
Or if my steps have turned from out the way,
Of holy virtue, once in vice to stray ;
And if my heart hath ever been unwise,
And walked according to my lustful eyes ;
If any blot hath cleaved unto my hands,
Through fraud, or robbery of others' lands ;
Then let me sow, in expectation sweet,
But let another all my labors eat.
Yea, let my crops that, green and thrifty, sprout,
With swift destruction, all be rooted out.
If e'er my open, and ingenuous heart,
Has been enticed by woman's charming art ;
Or if by stealth, allured, and intimate,
I have around my neighbor's door laid wait ;
To watch his absence, share his house, and joy,
Intrigue, inveigle, and his peace destroy ;
Then let my wife unto another grind,
And pleasure secretly with others find.
For this has been in ev'ry land and time,
An undisputed, and a heinous crime ;
Iniquity, enormous, undenied,
For judges to determine, and decide ;
A raging, glowing, and destructive fire,
Consuming ev'ry sweet and pure desire ;
Devouring soul and body in its blast,
Corrupting morals and the heart at last ;

An inextinguishable, wasting flame,
Destroying ev'rything of sweetest name ;
Affection, family, and children dear,
With health, and happiness, and fortune here ;
Whose blighting fury never hence would cease,
But soon would root out all mine own increase.
If I despised my servants' cause or plea,
When they contended, or complained to me ;
Then what alas ! shall I, in trouble, do,
When God Himself shall rise against me too ?
And when He visiteth, and hot doth burn,
Then what reply shall I to Him return ?
Did not that God that made me in the womb,
Make also him, and fix, with mine, his doom ?
Did not we spring from one celestial source ?
Do not we steer the same immortal course ?
If I withheld the poor from their desire,
And gave them not the bread they did require ;
Or caused the eyes of widows e'er to fail,
And not allowed their wishes to prevail ;
Or ate my morsel with myself alone,
And orphans have not eaten of my own ;
(From early youth were orphans reared with me,
As with a father, from my infancy ;
The widow also, from my mother's womb,
Have I protected in her lonely doom ;)
If any perishing, however mean,
For want of clothing I have ever seen ;

Or any poor, unsheltered round my door,
Without sufficiency of cov'ring o'er ;
Or if his loins did not confess, in sleep,
That they were warmed with fleeces of my sheep ;
Or if I lifted up my mighty hand,
Against the fatherless within the land ;
When, clothed with office, rank, and power of state,
I saw my help within the crowded gate ;
Then let my arm, for punishment, be made,
To fall and perish from the shoulder blade ;
And let the elbow, from the upper bone,
Be throughly broken, and away be thrown.
For swift destruction, vast beyond control,
Awakened terror in my trembling soul.
'Twas not the fear of man, nor inward dread,
Of broken laws, suspended o'er my head ;
Restrained, deterred, and kept me many times,
From doing these abominable crimes ;
For rank, and wealth, and power protected me,
And I could do them with impunity.
But I remembered that the eye of God,
Beheld my actions, and the ways I trod.
His majesty and highness awed me so,
In sinful paths I never dared to go.
But social duties not alone employed,
The days of happiness I then enjoyed.
For if idolatrously I did grope,
And place in gold my strong, abounding hope ;

Or Ophir's treasures made my chief defense,
And said : thou art my strongest confidence ;
If I rejoiced because my wealth was great,
Because my hand had found a vast estate ;
If I beheld the burning sun advance,
And shine in glory through the heaven's expanse ;
Or silver moon, in brightness, walking high,
Around the circuit of the evening sky ;
And secretly through heathenish device,
My foolish heart, in awe, they did entice ;
In disobedience of the Lord's command,
To worship them, and at them kiss my hand ;
This also were a bold idolatry,
To be rewarded by the judge's decree ;
As then had I through sordid, creature love,
Denied the God that rules in heaven above.
Malicious feelings also never rose,
Within my soul, at troubles of my foes.
If I rejoiced unspeakably to see,
The woes of him that deeply hated me ;
Or lifted up myself when evil found,
And hurled him headlong on the filthy ground ;
(Oh ! no, I suffered not my mouth to sin,
By wishing curses on his soul had been :)
If strangers, stopping in my tent at night,
And faring sumptuously within my sight ;
From fond remembrance did not always say,
When hunger seized them on their fainting way :

Oh ! now that we could sit once more and eat,
From off his table rich and dainty meat !
Since then our hunger hath not been supplied,
We cannot elsewhere be so satisfied ;
(The stranger lodged within the street no more,
But for the trav'ler opened I my door ;)
If I concealed my sins as Adam did,
And my transgressions in my bosom hid ;
If fear of multitudes tormented me,
In consequence of some contemned decree ;
Or scorn of families so made me fear,
Because my judgments seemed to them severe ;
That I was silent, and from words forbore,
And never ventured from my fastened door ;
(Oh ! now that one would lend a list'ning ear,
And this my speech attentively would hear ;
Behold, it is my soul's supreme desire,
That God Himself an answer would inspire ;
That mercifully He would on me look,
And that my adversary'd writt'n a book ;
A full indictment with the pleadings in,
And showing clearly what has been my sin ;
For on my shoulder I would lay it down,
And bind it on me as a royal crown ;
I'd tell my steps to Him, devoid of fear,
And as a prince to Him would I go near ;)
Or if my land against me truly cry,
Because the ground I did not justly buy ;

If all the furrows now complain and weep,
Because my guilt is so amazing deep ;
Because the labor that did turn them o'er,
Has not been throughly recompensed before ;
Or if I've eaten of its luscious fruits,
Produced by toiling of my vast recruits ;
And not rewarded amply ev'ry one,
For all the work his brawny hands have done ;
Or if through fraud, or some unrighteous strife,
I've caused the owners e'er to lose their life ;
Let thistles grow instead of wheat or corn,
Instead of barley, yield it bramble thorn.
The words of Job conclusion here do reach,
Because his friends are silenced by his speech.

CHAPTER XIX.

SPEECH OF ELIHU.

ELIHU now interposes, and takes up the controversy which had been terminated between Job and his three friends. The first six verses of his speech are prose; the remainder is poetry. Job, an eminent patriarch, a magistrate, a man of great wealth and consideration in the East, had been suddenly overwhelmed by the greatest calamities; his flocks and his herds had been plundered by robbers, and devoured by fire from heaven; his house had been blown down by a whirlwind, and his children buried beneath its ruins; his person had been covered with boils, and reduced to a mere skeleton by a most painful and loathsome disease; his friends had forsaken him; his servants had despised and insulted him; his wife had advised him to curse God and die; the meanest bands of robbers and thieves that prowled in the deserts had made him their song and their by-word; Satan had been permitted to torment him unmercifully; and God had *apparently* forsaken him, and given him up to his fearful destruction and misery. His three friends, Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar, seeing him so horribly afflicted, and believing that God punished only the wicked in this life, impelled by a rash and headlong impulse, not only by ungenerous suspicions, but by cruel criminations, had attacked him; charging him with the greatest crimes, and alleging that his sufferings were the result of his sins, and were sent upon him by a just and angry God, as a worthy and condign punishment therefor. With very slight discrimination respecting the truth, and biased by their prejudices and theological opinions in regard to the government of God; they had not replied to Job's arguments, but had unmercifully condemned him and hurled against him, not only their own bitter, and cruel words, but also the apothegms and maxims of ancient wisdom. Job had, however, by his logical, cogent, sublime, and overmastering speeches, silenced, and confounded them, but not convinced them. The last reply of Eliphaz was brief, and recitative of his former arguments, rather than the production of new, and relevant replies to Job. Bildad's last answer was limited to only six verses, in which he uttered a few general truisms, with no sort of relevancy to the argument of Job, adduced in his previous speech. He was confounded, and silenced, but not convinced. He was exhausted, as to invectives, and citations from antiquity, and simply added that God's dominion is great; heaven is high; Jehovah's armies numberless; man cannot be justified with God; the sun

and moon are not pure in his sight; and much less man. He then paused. It was now Zophar's turn to speak. But he is silent. Job then gives utterance to a lengthy and general reply to them all, which for masterly eloquence, cogency of reasoning, just discriminations, and triumphant conclusions, is unexampled. At this juncture, a youthful bystander, who had listened to the previous speeches of Job to his three friends, comes forward and utters his opinions. He was Elihu, the son of Barachel, the Buzite, of the kindred of Ram. He was a young man, having great respect for age, but with all very pompous, and self-opinionated, as young men not unfrequently are. His wrath was kindled against Job, because he justified himself, rather than God; and against his three friends because they had found no answer to Job's arguments, but had nevertheless condemned him. He says he had waited till Job had spoken because he was elder than himself, and that when he saw his three friends did not reply, his wrath was vehemently kindled. He declared he was young and they were very old; that he was consequently afraid, and durst not show his opinion; that he considered days should speak, and the multitude of years should teach wisdom; yet he believed that the inspiration of the Almighty giveth understanding to the young, as well as to the old; that great men are not always wise, nor do the aged always understand judgment; therefore he says he will show his opinion, and asks them to hearken to it. He says he anxiously, and patiently waited for their words, and gave ear to their reasons, while they searched out what to say; that none of them had convinced Job, or answered his words. Elihu then declares that the inability, on their part, to convince and answer Job, arose lest they should say: we have found out wisdom; and asserts that God alone can reply to him, and thrust him down. He says Job had not directed his words against him, and that therefore he would not answer him with their speeches; that they were amazed at Job's replies, and answered no more, but stood still. He asserts that he is full of matter, and that his spirit constrains him; that his belly is as wine that has no vent; that it is ready to burst like new bottles; and that he will open his mouth, and speak that he may be refreshed; that he will be impartial, accept no man's person, and give no flattering titles to any one. Job had often expressed a desire that God would reply to him. Elihu now declares that he is, according to his wish, in God's stead, although he is also formed out of the clay. Job had also frequently expressed a dread to come into court with his case before God, lest his dreadful majesty should overwhelm him; Elihu now assures him that *his* terror shall not make him afraid, and that *his* hand shall not be heavy upon him. He then rebukes Job for his self-righteousness, and repeats what Job says of himself; that he is clean; without transgression, and innocent; that no iniquity is in him; that God findeth occasion against him; counteth him for His enemy; putteth his feet in the stocks; and marketh all his paths. He then assures Job that in this he is not just; that he will answer him; that God is greater than man. He asks Job why he strives against God, since He gives no account of any of His matters; that He speaks oftentimes to man, and he perceives it not, in dreams, and visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed; opening their ears and sealing their instruc-

tion; that He may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from him; that He keeps back his soul from the pit, and his life from the sword; that He chasteneth him with pain upon his bed, and the multitude of his bones with deep-seated agony; so that his life abhors bread, and his soul dainty meat; that his flesh is consumed, and his bones stick out; that his soul draweth near to the grave; but that a divine messenger is with man to show him his real character, and his relation to God and his laws; to explain the nature and design of affliction; to show that it is disciplinary, as well as punitive; and that if man hears, God will be gracious, and deliver him from death; will raise him up, and cause him to live still longer upon the earth. He tells Job that, in that event, his flesh shall be fresher than a child's; that he shall pray to God; that He will be gracious to him; that he shall see His face; and receive his just deserts. He declares that God looks on man, and if he says he has sinned, and perverted what is right, and it profits him not; He will then deliver his soul from going down to the pit; and his life shall see the light. He says He worketh all these things oftentimes with man, to bring back his soul from the pit, to be enlightened with the light of life. He desires Job to mark well these considerations; to hearken unto him; to hold his peace; or if he has anything to say, to answer; for he declares he desires to justify him; if not to hold his peace, and hearken to him, and he will teach him wisdom. Elihu then conjures Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar to hear his words; let us choose to us judgment, he says, and know among ourselves what is good. He quotes Job's words with a view to answer them. He declares that Job says he is righteous; that God has taken away his judgment; that he should not lie against his right; that his wound is incurable; that he is without transgressions; he asserts that there is no man like Job that drinks up scorning like water; that indulges in such rash and irreverent language; that goes in company with the workers of iniquity, and walks with wicked men; that advocates their views, and maintains their opinions; saying that it profiteth a man nothing that he should delight himself in God. He alleges, in reply, that God cannot do wickedly, nor commit iniquity; that He will render unto every man according to his ways; that He is responsible to no one; that no one has placed Him in charge of the earth; but that He hath Himself disposed the whole world; that if He so elects, all flesh shall perish together; and man shall turn again to dust. He tells Job to hear this, if he still retains any understanding. He asks him if he that hates right shall govern; and if he will condemn him who is most just; or if it is fit to say to a king: Thou art wicked, and to princes, ye are ungodly. How much less, he asks him, is it proper to reply thus to Him who accepteth not the persons of princes, nor regardeth the rich more than the poor? That God is an absolute sovereign, and no one has any right to dictate to Him. He tells him that the rich and great die suddenly; they cannot control God; His eyes are on them; that the workers of iniquity cannot hide from Him, either in darkness, or the shadow of death; that He will not lay upon man more than is right; that He will break in pieces mighty men, and set others in their stead; that He knows their works, and will overturn them in the night; that He strikes them because they turn back from Him, and will not con-

sider His ways. When God giveth quietness, he asks, who can make trouble? And when He hideth His face, who can see Him? that this is so whether it is done against a nation, or a man only; that hypocrites reign not, lest the people be ensnared; that the end of all God's dealings with man here is to cause him to say: I have borne chastisements; I will not offend any more; that which I see not, teach Thou me; if I have done iniquity, I will do so no more; that is that His afflictions are disciplinary, as well as punitive. He asks Job if everything should be according to his mind; he assures him that God is an irresponsible sovereign; that He will recompense as He pleases, whether he refuses, or chooses; and asks him to speak what he knows; and that all wise men will say that Job has spoken without knowledge. Elihu, then, deems it necessary that Job should be punished still more; instead of consoling him, he declares that he had not had enough yet to humble him; my desire is, he alleges, that Job should be tried unto the end, because of his answers for wicked men; because he has maintained that they do not always suffer the full desert of their sins in this life and complains of God's injustice. In this Elihu was cruel, unmerciful, and inhuman. His notions of the scope and end of sufferings were partially wrong; he speaks as if they were wholly punitive and reformatory, and not developing and experimental, with a view to divine growth; to new occasions of divine knowledge and wisdom; ripper virtues; stronger faith; brighter hope; and that patience which worketh experience, which also worketh hope that maketh not ashamed. Elihu now asks Job if he thinks it is right for him to say that his righteousness is more than God's; he asserts that he had denied that any profit would arise to him if he should be cleansed from sin; that God would again cast him in the mire and dirt. He declares he will now answer both him, and his companions. He tells him to look up to the clouds, and to the heavens, and see that they are higher than he; that if he sins he cannot affect God; if he is righteous, he gives him nothing; that in no event does God receive anything from him; that his wickedness may hurt a man, and his righteousness may profit him; that oppressors make their victims cry out; but none inquire where God is, who giveth songs in the night; who teacheth us more than the beasts, and maketh us wiser than the fowls; that God will not hear vanity; that judgment is before him; that therefore Job should trust in Him; that he should confide in His inscrutable wisdom and sovereignty; that because he had not done so God had visited him in His anger; but that Job, in his great extremity, did not know this; and hence that he opened his mouth in vain, and multiplied his words without knowledge. Elihu seems, at this point, to be inspired with great self-consideration, and pomposity, and to assume to stand in God's stead. He says he will now speak on God's behalf; that he will fetch his knowledge from afar; and ascribe righteousness unto his Maker; that his words shall not be false; that he is perfect in knowledge on the subject of the controversy, and can resolve all doubts and mysteries concerning it. After this great flourish of trumpets one would expect to hear something wonderfully new, and wise; but he utters only common-place truisms, and the current theological opinions prevalent in that age, and which Job's three friends had already exhausted. He

added only one new thought to what they had advanced. He alleged that God punishes man here, not always for past sins, as Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar had asserted, but to restrain him also from the commission of sin. In this respect Elihu exceeded Job's three friends. He had a more correct comprehension of the nature and design of afflictions, although his views fell short of the whole truth. He connected, however, suffering with sin; that all who suffer are either great sinners already, or that they will be, unless they are properly chastised. In this he was partially wrong. In particular cases this may be so; but as a general and universal principle it is an erroneous hypothesis. All human experience is a mixture of happiness and misery; like day and night; summer and winter; sunshine and storm. All these experiences belong, by the will of God, to each individual soul, for his good, his development, and his daily food, just as he experiences them; they are the heaven-ordained circumstances of human growth, maturity, ripeness, completeness, and perfectibility; as much as the light and darkness; the changing degrees of weather; the sunshine and clouds; the dew and rain; the winds and calms; the lightning and thunder; the mellowness of autumn, and its biting frosts are necessary to grow, proliferate, develop, mature, and ripen to a state of divine and luscious uses, the fruits of the reddening orchard, or the purpling vineyard. These are God's natural laws. Their analogies hold good in His moral government. God is almighty, and man must submit lovingly to His divine plan. It is the wisest and best. Elihu declares that God is mighty; that He despiseth not any; that He preserveth not the life of the wicked, but giveth unto the poor; that His eyes are with the righteous, and with kings on the throne; that He establishes and exalts them; that, when they are bound in fetters, God shows them their work, and the transgressions which they have exceeded; that He opens their ears to discipline, and commands them to return from iniquity; that if they obey, and serve Him, they spend their days in prosperity, and their years in pleasures; but if they disobey, they perish by the sword, and die without knowledge; that hypocrites heap up wrath and cry not when he bindeth them; that they die in youth, and their life is among the unclean; that He delivereth the poor in his affliction, and openeth their ears in oppression; that he would thus have removed Job out of a strait into a broad place, where there is no straitness; and that his table should have been full of fatness, had he obeyed and served God; but that now he had fulfilled the judgment of the wicked; had imitated their obduracy, and coincided in their opinions; and that both judgment and justice unite in his condemnation, and punishment. He tells him that, because there is wrath, he must beware; lest God shall take him away with a stroke; that then a great ransom cannot deliver him. He asks Job if God will esteem his riches, and tells him to desire not the night of death, as he had frequently declared he did. He warns him to take heed, and regard not iniquity; he alleges he had preferred it to affliction. He asserts that God exalts by His power, and that none teacheth like Him. He asks: Who hath enjoined Him? Who can say: Thou hast wrought iniquity? He exhorts Job to magnify His works that man may see afar off, as well as near. He alleges that God is great; that we know

Him not; that the number of his years cannot be searched out; that He maketh small the drops of water which the clouds distill on man abundantly. He declares that none can understand the spreadings of His clouds, and the noise of His tabernacle; that He spreads His light upon them, and covers the bottom of the sea; that by the clouds, rain, thunders, lightnings, and tempests, He judgeth the people, and executes His mysterious purposes; that He giveth meat in abundance; that He covers the light with clouds and commands the sun not to shine upon the earth; that the noise of the lightning showeth concerning it; that His friends are spared; but that the condensation of His wrath is against the wicked. The argument deduced from all these instances of incomprehensible power is: if man cannot comprehend His wonderful works in nature, how can he expect to fathom his dealings with His creatures? Natural and moral mysteries are equally great. Man cannot understand them, but must submit to God and trust in His infinite sovereignty and goodness. Elihu still further shows the majesty and the power of God, with a view to show Job that it was his duty to submit patiently to His almighty rule. At this, Elihu says his heart trembles; he calls on Job to hear attentively the voice that goeth out of His mouth; that He directs His thunders under the whole heavens, and His lightnings to the ends of the earth; that after the lightning a voice roareth; that when the voice of His excellency thundereth He will not hold back the rain, hail, and tempest; that He doeth great things past finding out; that He saith to the snow, the small rain, and the great rain, be ye on the earth; that He sealeth, in the winter, by ice and frost, the hand, or power of man that all may see and know His works; that then the beasts go into their dens; that He bringeth whirlwinds out of the south, and cold out of the north; that He gives frost by His breath and straitens the breadth of the waters; that he wearieth the cloud by causing it to empty itself of rain, and then scattereth the bright cloud; that it is wheeled hither and thither by His counsels, and doeth whatsoever He commandeth; that He causeth the rain, the lightning, the hail, and the tempest to come, whether for correction, or His land, or for mercy, as He listeth. He then exhorts Job to hearken to this; to stand still, and consider the wonderful works of God. He then asks him if he knows when God disposed all these things, and caused the light of his cloud to shine; if he knew the balancings of His clouds, and the wonders of Him who is perfect in knowledge; how his garments are warm when He quiets the earth with the south wind; if, with Him, he has spread out the sky like a molten looking-glass. Elihu is here confounded at the majesty and greatness of God, and, as Job had often before expressed a desire to argue his cause before God, he thought most assuredly that he must know more about Him than he did; he therefore calls on him to teach him what he should say unto Him, and declares that he cannot order his speech by reason of darkness. Overawed at His glory, he asks if it shall be told Him that he was speaking about Him; he declares that if one should attempt to speak in His presence, as Job had desired to argue his cause before Him, he would be swallowed up. He asserts that men see not the bright light, or the brightness, in the clouds; that ~~is~~, that they see not the tempest that was then gathering, and

the dazzling glory that played over the face of the clouds, from behind which God was coming, in majesty and awe, to speak to Job, and close the pending controversy. He then turns to the Northern Lights, and says that fair weather, or golden splendor, cometh out of the north; that with God is terrible majesty. The whirlwind was evidently making its appearance, attended with lightning, and other natural and vivid manifestations of awe and glory, out of which the Almighty was about to address Job. Elihu therefore, overawed at its grand approach, and at the awful majesty of God, concludes his speech, by asserting that, touching the Almighty, we cannot find Him out; that He is excellent in power, and in judgment, and in plenty of justice; that He will not afflict for pleasure; that men should therefore fear Him, and confide in His infinite wisdom, goodness, and power; that He pursues His own plans and counsels independent of any human agency; that He respecteth not the wise of heart. The roar of the whirlwind now prevails. The tempest is fearful. The heavens are black with darkness, through which shine forth the light and glory of the Almighty. Overwhelmed at the dreadful grandeur, majesty, and sublimity of the approach of Jehovah to close the controversy, Elihu pauses.

So Job's three friends in speechless silence stood,
Though unconvinced that he was just and good;
Devoid of arguments to speak again,
They seemed amazed, and like confounded men.
Despite their reas'ning, cogent, long, and clear,
They made no guilt within his sight appear.
Completely silenced much against their will,
They all maintained the same opinions still.
They failed to show, in what his sin did lie,
And found at length, it did no good to try.
They ceased to answer him with vain replies,
Because they found him righteous in his eyes.
Then, kindled fierce, against the man of Uz,
The kin of Ram, Barachel's son, of Buz;
Impelled by wrath, that glowed like smothered fire,
Expressed with eagerness his pent up ire.

The name Elihu is a Hebrew term,
Expressing clearly in its primal germ ;
The pious feelings, as is often done,
His parents cherished for their sacred son.
The Hebrew meaning of it seems to be,
When rendered lit'rally, that " God is he."
Or part the word between the Hay and Yod,
And then it means " Jehovah is my God."
Barachel also doth in sense express,
The pious sentiment that " God doth bless;"
And Nahor, brother, too, of Abraham,
Was Buz's father, kin of ancient Ram.
Elihu's wrath did patient Job excite,
To flames of fierceness, kindled high and bright ;
Because the patriarch in his reply,
Above the Lord, himself did justify ;
And rash aspersions in his speeches past,
Against his Maker he did fiercely cast.
But hot his wrath against his friends did glow,
Because no answers did their speeches show ;
And yet condemned him with reproaches dread,
For words of rashness which they deemed he said.
Elihu now his painful silence broke,
For he had waited until Job had spoke.
Respect for age restrained his youthful tongue,
As they were old, and he was also young.
But when he saw they answered him no more,
His wrath was kindled brighter than before.

Barachel's son to speaking now was led,
The ardent Buzite thus replied and said :
I yet am young, and ye are very old,
Wherefore I feared, and did my words withhold.
Your heads are hoary like the virgin snow,
And mine opinion durst I not to show.
Shamefaced, bashful, timid, I declined,
And turned the subject over in my mind.
I said that days should utter first their speech,
And wisdom multitude of years should teach.
For vast advantages have they employed,
In observations longer much enjoyed.
Acquainted better with the ancient times,
Conversant longer with the fate of crimes ;
Exper'enced deeper far about His rod,
I looked to them to vindicate my God.
Supreme regard for age, with wisdom crowned,
Restrained my lips, in silence most profound.
But lo ! in man the spirit doth inspire,
And inspiration, with its heavenly fire,
From God Almighty doth to him impart,
Celestial wisdom to his inmost heart.
No rank, nor station doth this gift confine,
Within the young this heavenly fire may shine.
Super'or wisdom, blended sweet with love,
Descendeth always from the realms above.
The inner voice contains the heavenly sound,
In which the fire and power of God are found.

The inward breathing of Jehovah's breath,
Awakes to life the human soul from death.
This burning flame inspires the coldest clod,
Celestial wisdom is the gift of God.
Endowed with this, though young, and faint, and weak,
My ardent soul is now inspired to speak.
The greatest men are seldom always wise,
For wealth and rank the truth sometimes disguise.
The aged, too, with years and wisdom manned,
Not always judgment clearly understand.
The truth and right are often better learned,
Through spirit teaching inwardly discerned.
Unaided reason never far doth rise,
The spirit vision penetrates the skies.
The things divine that sages seldom know,
In babes and sucklings coruscate and glow.
And hence I answered : Harken now to me,
And mine opinion I will show to thee.
Behold, I waited all your words to hear,
And gave your reasons my attentive ear.
The understandings which you have expressed,
I've treasured up within my youthful breast.
No rude impatience did I once display,
Whilst you arranged the words you wished to say.
I sat respectful, eager, timid, mute,
And heard you try his speeches to confute.
The polished weapons which your skill displayed,
My fixed attention carefully surveyed.

The choicest arguments did you prepare,
With dextrous skilfulness, and studied care.
From observations, and from maxims brought,
From ancient sages, and in poems sought ;
With learning, age, and pompous wisdom crowned,
Prepared, united, and together bound ;
You did your best to prove the statement clear,
That wicked men are always punished here ;
That God doth always, with especial care,
The righteous man, from ev'ry sorrow spare ;
That sore calamities, have always been,
Undoubtedly the strongest proofs of sin ;
That this is hence Jehovah's righteous plan,
And therefore Job's a monstrous wicked man.
I paid attention unto all you said,
And saw the end to which your answers led.
Behold no one of you, in speeches long,
By answering Job convinced him he was wrong.
You wholly failed to give the least relief,
Or answer worthily his words of grief.
To all he said against Jehovah's ways,
Not one objection did your speeches raise.
Confounded, silenced, and confuted sore,
You ceased to speak, and arguments forbore.
This end was ordered, lest ye now should say,
Elate with pride : We've found out wisdom's way.
This heavenly knowledge comes from God alone,
By only Him can Job be overthrown.

Unaided wisdom in the effort fails,
His strong positions none of you assails.
Yet God shall thrust him down, and not a man,
From heavenly wisdom comes the mighty plan.
But now against me he hath not addressed,
His words complaining, nor his grief expressed.
Thus unprovoked, dispassionate I rise,
Devoid of prejudice in my replies ;
Nor with your speeches, bitter, rash, and dread,
Will I respond to all the words he said.
Amazed they stood, and answered him no more,
They left off speaking as they'd done before.
When I had waited, for they did not speak,
But stood confounded, motionless, and meek ;
My part, I said, shall be declared by me,
And mine opinion I will show to thee.
For I am full, and words, in fountains, flow,
My inmost spirit doth constrain me so.
Not observations made through hoary years,
Nor apothegms derived from ancient seers ;
Nor grand results of long exper'ence gained,
Through age and trial painfully obtained ;
Nor old traditions cited oft before,
Nor maxims terse contained in ancient lore ;
Supply the matter which inspires my soul,
But inspiration holds supreme control.
Behold my bowels are distended wide,
With words and arguments, by God supplied.

Like wine fermenting which has found no vent,
My heart is bursting with divine intent ;
Or leather vessels, unemployed before,
To bottle up the new and juicy store ;
My bosom, swelling with emotion first,
Oppressed within, is ready now to burst.
I now will speak and free my lab'ring mind,
And easier breathing, and refreshment find.
My lips responding I will open wide,
My gushing answers shall be multiplied.
And may my words, through no design or plan,
Accept the person of a single man.
Nor let my speech on any one bestow,
The flatt'ring titles that deceive him so.
No rank, nor age, nor wealth, nor friendship dear,
Shall hinder me from speaking boldly here.
Impartial truth, unswerved by fear or force,
Shall mark the character of my discourse.
But flatt'ring names I know not how to give,
Nor shall I know while on the earth I live.
My Maker soon will take me hence away,
Unvarnished truth shall therefore have its sway.
And, wherefore, Job, I pray thee hear my speech,
And let my words your inmost hearing reach.
Behold, my mouth I now have opened wide,
My tongue has moved, and in my throat replied.
My words ingenuous, and free from art,
Shall flow sincerely from an upright heart.

Devoid of prejudice, or passion's sway,
Conviction deep shall teach me what to say ;
My lips constrained by deep and holy fear,
Shall heavenly knowledge utter full and clear.
The true solution shall my answer find,
Of all the myst'ries which perplex thy mind.
The quick'ning, animating power of God,
Hath made me also from the plastic clod ;
The lifeless clay confessed His great control,
And by His breath became a living soul.
His vital Spirit in my nostrils breathed,
And life immortal unto me bequeathed.
If thou wouldst answer me, or fain wouldst try,
Then calmly set before me thy reply.
Unless convinced, but not against thy will,
Maintain, with zeal, the same opinions still.
How oft before, when stricken by His rod,
Hast thou desired to reason with thy God ?
To turn from earth, denounced and scorned away,
Thy sore complaints before Himself to lay ?
Where cruel friends for ever cease to rail,
But truth, and righteousness and love prevail.
Behold, as oft thy former speeches said,
I now appear in God Almighty's stead.
I stand before thee, as Himself the same,
And speak to thee, and answer in His name.
As His ambassador I represent,
His plans, His government, and His intent.

How often, too, didst thou with fear express,
The disadvantage which thou wouldst possess ;
Because from yesterday thy life began,
While God's throughout eternal ages ran ;
Thyself so feeble, faint, and desolate,
And God Almighty so supremely great.
How oft His majesty, and wrath severe,
With consternation made thee shake and fear ?
And how unequally it seemed to thee,
Wouldst thou before Him make thy humble plea ?
How often terror stalked before thy eyes,
Lest power almighty should against thee rise ?
Or glory terrible should overawe,
Amidst the thunders of His dreadful law ?
But though I come to speak in place of God,
I'm formed, like thee, from out the plastic clod.
As potters cut the soft and kneaded earth,
And give to vessels gilded form and birth ;
So God did cut me from the signet clay,
And brightly on me His impression lay.
Behold, my terror, veiled in frailty here,
Shall never fill thee with distressing fear ;
Nor heavy on thee shall my hand be laid,
Unawed by majesty, and power displayed.
Most surely thou hast spoken in mine ear,
And I thy voice and words did clearly hear ;
Declaring often with emphatic stress,
And vainly saying, with self-righteousness :

I now am clean, from ev'ry base intent,
Protected, covered, pure, and innocent.
No foul iniquity is in my hands,
Nor violations of his just commands.
From deep afflictions I am never free,
He holds me back, and sore restraineth me.
He finds occasions, oft against me sought,
For alienation, seemingly for nought ;
With accusations He afflicteth me,
And counteth me his bitter enemy.
My feet He putteth in the cruel stocks,
In wooden frames my wrists and ankles locks ;
With eyes of jealousy, and kindled wrath,
He marketh narrowly my daily path.
Behold, O Job, in this thou art unjust,
In God Almighty to repose no trust.
Such rash reflections on His dealings here,
Are monstrous, bold, and wickedly severe.
Such bitter language never can be right,
In God thy Maker's pure and holy sight.
It cannot be that He employs His mind,
In seeking sinfulness in thee to find ;
That He delights to be the foe of man,
And punish cruelly whene'er He can.
In this respect I now will answer thee,
For God is greater than a man can be ;
Because afflictions have a good design,
From base alloy the spirit to refine ;

To teach, develop, and unfold the soul,
And higher destinies on earth unroll.
Then why dost thou contend against thy God?
And strive against His sore and chast'ning rod?
Or call in question His undoubted right,
To do what seemeth good within His sight?
For lo! He never answers any man,
Concerning matters which compose His plan.
The reasons why He tries His children here,
He never tells in language plain and clear.
As earthly parents oftentimes do see,
The highest reasons for severity;
Although their children loudly may exclaim,
And high vociferate against the same;
So God in wisdom doeth all things well,
Although His creatures oftentimes rebel.
He speaketh once, yea, twice His voice resounds,
Yet man perceiveth not its warning sounds.
In dreams, and visions through the drowsy night,
When heavy sleep precedes the dawning light;
In balmy slumb'rings on the downy bed,
When men resemble most the silent dead;
Then God unstops the deafest ears of men,
And their instruction sealeth up again.
He terrifies the guilty, stupid soul,
And future punishments doth oft unroll;
In deep despair, affliction and distress,
He shadows forth the coming of success.

Encouragements, and warnings thus are given,
Through inspirations flowing down from heaven.
As sacred letters, sent for private ends,
Are sealed, and forwarded to distant friends ;
Unknown, unread, and filled with counsel dear,
The lonely heart to warn, inform, or cheer ;
So God Himself, with solemn, secret speech,
The ign'rant souls of slumb'ring men doth teach ;
And seal the message, filled with counsel true,
And sweet instruction, spread before their view ;
From others' knowledge, cur'ous eyes, or gleams,
In private visions, seen alone in dreams ;
That He may thus anticipate the law,
And from his purpose sinful man withdraw ;
And arrogance, with vaunting, haughty pride,
Concerning God, from mortals thoroughly hide ;
That He may check them through alarm and fear,
And thus restrain them from their mad career.
He keepeth back, and seeketh thus to save,
The wicked doer from an early grave.
By premonitions which his dreams afford,
His life He spareth from the thirsty sword.
But when the nights, with dreams and visions, fail,
O'er wicked man, in warning, to prevail ;
He seeks again his froward heart to win,
From guilty pleasures, wickedness and sin.
He chastens him upon his weary bed,
With pain tormenting his distracted head ;

His aching bones, in multitude, complain,
In deadly agony of stronger pain.
His appetite for ev'ry thing is fled,
His ebbing life abhorreth daily bread.
No precious morsel tempts him now to eat,
His loathing soul despiseth dainty meat.
His pleasure, relish, and desire for food,
Succumb together to his wretched mood.
His flesh progressively, by night and day,
Is soon consumed, and wasted all away ;
Devoured, reduced, with collops lank and lean,
It cannot now upon his frame be seen.
His bones are rotten which were once so stout,
And, bare and naked, all of them stick out ;
His healthy, vig'rous, and abundant flesh,
That once was rosy, beautiful, and fresh ;
His rounded muscle, and his handsome points,
Have disappeared from off his grinning joints.
Indeed his body draweth near the grave,
The fell destroyers scarce his life do save.
Thus God, according to His righteous plan,
With sore affliction tries the froward man ;
Developing a better change within,
And holding back his tempted soul from sin ;
Refining oft through trial's burning fire,
And purifying every base desire ;
From no hostility against his soul,
Nor yet because injustice holds control ;

From no delight in suff'rings, pain, and strife,
Nor yet to terminate his wretched life ;
But more to teach him by affliction's rod,
Super'or knowledge of Almighty God ;
His laws, and attributes, His ways, and plan,
And all His dealings with His creature man ;
To fructify and grow his opening mind,
In truth and wisdom, love and good combined ;
To wean from earth, awaken, and inspire,
Immortal hung'rings after blessings higher ;
To cause his soul through heavenly knowledge deep,
The narrow way of innocence to keep ;
To learn Jehovah's highest, grandest laws,
And, in submission, trust to Him his cause.
But if to him, afflicted, sore, and dumb,
A heavenly messenger, at length, shall come ;
And weary, tossing on his humble cot,
Shall enter into his afflicted lot ;
A blessed angel, on celestial wings,
Unfolding, teaching, showing heavenly things ;
Resolving doubts, and vindicating God,
And giving reasons for His dreadful rod ;
The understanding opening to behold,
The wonders which no angel yet hath told ;
A true interpreter from God above,
Explaining all the myst'ries of His love ;
Not learned from apothegms of hoary men,
Nor ancient maxims cited o'er again ;

Not telling merely what he may have heard,
Nor dark'ning counsel by his subtle word ;
But sent from God, inspired, with power complete,
A heavenly comforter, and paraclete ;
With love and wisdom, truth and knowledge crowned,
And skilled in heavenly mysteries profound ;
Of God and man, His government severe,
And all His dealings with His creatures here ;
Endowed with inspiration in his soul,
And utt'ring words that from the spirit roll ;
As one amongst a thousand, in God's stead,
And settling every question, doubt, or dread ;
The suff'rer showing in the clearest light,
Why God afflicts him with so much delight ;
Explaining fully His almighty reign,
And solving wherefore He inflicteth pain ;
Declaring too in words of gracious cheer,
How God's uprightness unto man is clear ;
And if the suff'rer hear the message sent,
And acquiesce, and humbly doth repent ;
Then God is gracious unto him indeed,
From all his trials he is quickly freed.
The object's gained for which the sickness came,
And hence Jehovah doth His love proclaim.
In gracious accents God Almighty saith :
Deliver him from going down to death ;
For lo ! with satisfaction, most profound,
Have I for him a mighty ransom found ;

A worthy reason why I now defer,
The further trial of the sufferer ;
A change of mind, beneath the smiting rod,
And sweet submission to the ways of God ;
Repentance meek, with faith and prayers oft,
Forgiveness large, with heart subdued and soft ;
Exper'ence, knowledge, graces, sweet, divine,
And fresh renewed, with feelings pure and fine ;
A better, truer, nobler, happier man,
Proclaims the wisdom of the heavenly plan.
Restored to health, his vig'rous, rosy flesh,
Than childhood fairer, shall return afresh.
His days of youth, devoid of ev'ry lack,
Like vernal buds, shall all again come back.
Instructed, pensive, filled with love and praise,
His happy prayers to God his soul shall raise ;
Abounding favor God to him shall show,
His smiling face, with joy, his soul shall know.
With peace and comfort he shall lift his eyes,
To home and happiness beyond the skies ;
For God shall render, by His heavenly plan,
His daily righteousness to ev'ry man.
Although afflicted, if his heart be right,
He ne'er shall perish in His gracious sight.
With songs of gladness, singing day by day,
His happy soul shall look on men and say :
My views were false, His dealings all are kind,
'Twas gloomy error darkened thus my mind.

Behold I've sinned before His holy sight,
Maintained the wrong, and oft perverted right.
Unreconciled, complaining, and severe,
Repining often at injustice here ;
Morose and gloomy I have lived for pelf,
But lo ! it brought no profit to myself.
My false opinions, and my greed of gain,
Were fruitful causes of my dreadful pain.
But now my soul, exultant, joyous, free,
Hath He restored, and given back to me.
His mighty power hath surely rescued it,
From going swiftly to the lowest pit.
My life restored shall see the glorious light,
And I shall dwell within His gracious sight.
Lo ! all these things, by His mysterious plan,
Jehovah worketh oftentimes with man ;
To bring his soul from pits of death and strife,
To be enlightened with the light of life.
He warns, reproves, and oft encourages,
By voices kind, and heavenly ministries ;
By dreams and visions of the stilly night,
To cease from sin, and practise what is right ;
By deep afflictions, sickness sore, and pain,
That haughty man from pride He may restrain ;
By chosen men, interpreting His rod,
That chastened man may be restored to God.
Mark well, O Job, and hearken still to me,
Restrain thy words, and I will speak to thee.

If thou hast aught to answer and deny,
Then speak : for thee I wish to justify.
If not, then hearken, and withhold thy speech,
And heavenly wisdom unto thee I'll teach.
Elihu paused for Job his turn to take,
And fit responses to his answer make.
But though he waited, and from words did cease,
In solemn silence, Job maintained his peace.
Then, furthermore, Elihu spoke again :
Observe my words, ye wise and aged men ;
Ye sages, deep in sacred knowledge versed,
Consider well his errors now rehearsed.
For as the palate tasteth dainty meats,
And thus discerns the wholesome food it eats ;
So also words the hearing ear doth try,
And weigh the sense that in them deep doth lie.
Then let us take no specious words on trust,
But choose the judgment which is truly just ;
And let us know, with clearness understood,
Whatever thing, among ourselves, is good.
For Job hath said, with rashness most unwise,
Behold, I'm righteous in my holy eyes ;
For God, in wrath, hath overwhelmed my day,
And all my judgment sorely tak'n away.
Should I dissemble in His holy sight ?
And basely lie against my sacred right ?
With no transgressions resting on my head,
My wound is now incurable, and dread.

A mortal arrow pierces deep within,
Although my life is free from ev'ry sin.
Should I mendaciously conceal my case ?
And falsify before His holy face ?
Should all my friends regard me as untrue,
And speak as if my monstrous guilt they knew ?
Or God, with punishments so long applied,
Declare to all that I have basely lied ?
Consider now if in the earth around,
A man like Job can anywhere be found ;
That drinketh scorning with his might and main,
As greedily as he would drink the rain ;
That freely quaffs the language of reproach,
And on Jehovah boldly doth encroach ;
Indulging speeches, with rebellious nod,
And rash irreverence against his God ;
That goeth forth in friendly company,
With all the workers of iniquity ;
That walketh boldly in the paths again,
Of wicked, guilty, and ungodly men ;
Possessing also their rebellious will,
And advocating their opinions still ;
Maintaining views, congenial with their own,
Of God, His government, and sovereign throne.
For in his speeches he hath boldly said,
With haughty, vaunting, and audacious head ;
It profits nothing in his mortal sight,
That man in God should seek to take delight ;

There's no advantage in this world of strife,
Of leading here a strictly pious life.
Ye men of understanding clearly see,
And hearken now attentively to me.
And be it far from God Almighty too,
That any wickedness His hands should do.
Profane, abhorrent, let the notion be,
That God can patronize iniquity.
For He shall render, by His heavenly plan,
Impartial justice unto ev'ry man ;
And cause His creatures, one and all to find,
According also as their ways shall wind :
For surely God will not the right desert,
Nor righteous judgment will the Lord pervert ;
And no opinion which this fact denies,
Is ever, profitable, true, or wise.
But let this truth be ever borne in mind,
And sweet contentment ev'ry heart will find.
Remember God can do no moral wrong,
Then suffering man becomes divinely strong.
This heavenly thought contains the power to cheer,
The stricken spirit in its grief severe.
It is the bow that spans the blackest sky,
And bids the weary cease to faint and sigh.
When sorrow's gloom the troubled soul enshrouds,
It weaves a lining round the darkest clouds.
Though *why* the stroke no mortal tongue may tell,
A voice replies ; He doeth all things well.

His independence who can ever doubt?
Or who hath found His secret wisdom out?
What power above Him rules His mighty soul?
Who placed the earth beneath His vast control?
Whose skill and wisdom, ev'rywhere displayed,
The universe so orderly arrayed?
His power is boundless, independent, free,
An absolute, eternal sovereignty.
If He should fix attention on mankind,
And gather to Himself the human mind;
Inhaling back the spirit and the breath,
All flesh together would expire in death;
All men would perish, as their bodies must,
And turn again to inorganic dust.
If God should choose to extirpate the race,
This right His sovereignty would sure embrace.
The lives He gave subservient to His law,
Jehovah surely may again withdraw.
Then why should man of losses here complain?
Or God Almighty, as unjust, arraign?
If now, O Job, attentive on thy part,
Within thee beat an understanding heart;
Consider this, and hearken to my speech,
And let my voice your inmost spirit reach.
Shall even He that hateth truth and right,
Control the universe with sovereign might?
This cannot be, for all His works declare,
That truth and justice reign triumphant there.

Wilt thou condemn a ruler that is just ?
Doth wisdom lie in such profound distrust ?
Or is it proper to address a king :
Lo ! thou art wicked, and an impious thing ?
And say to princes, clothed with power and trust,
Ye too are godless, cruel, and unjust ?
Is not such language impudent and crank ?
Respect is due to office, power, and rank.
Their plans and policies are often dark,
Hence none can judge them or their wisdom mark.
Then how much less to Him who rules the world,
Should such rash words imprudently be hurled !
That ne'er accepteth, for a single hour,
The rank of princes, wealth, or earthly power ;
Nor rich regardeth more than all the poor,
Or spares him sooner when an evil doer ;
That deals impartially with ev'ry one,
And sees that justice unto all is done :
For each alike before His presence stands,
And all are works of His almighty hands.
Alike they suddenly by sickness die,
And all together in the grave do lie.
He makes no difference in this respect,
From certain death His power doth not protect.
The rich, the great, the beautiful, and fair,
Alike He causeth crawling worms to share.
Impartial justice doth in this appear,
And mark His conduct with His creatures here.

At midnight too the people often dread,
Impending danger, falling on their head ;
Alarmed, and troubled at destruction near,
With consternation oft they shake and fear.
Like sudden earthquakes causing dreadful fright,
And burying thousands in a single night ;
Or bands of robbers, unexpected, bold,
That prowl and plunder suddenly for gold ;
Shall death arrest them ere the dawning day,
And suddenly remove them far away.
The mighty also by a signal blow,
Shall suddenly in death be leveled low.
Without the use of human aid or hand,
Shall they expire, and perish from the land.
A word, a blow, an agency unseen,
Alike removes them with the poor, and mean.
His eyes are always on the ways of man,
His goings also He doth daily scan.
No darkness hides, nor deadly shadows steal,
Where bold transgressors may themselves conceal.
In suff'rings sore He taketh no delight,
He lays on man no more than what is right ;
Lest he should charge injustice on His rod,
And into judgment enter with His God.
No long inquiries need Jehovah make,
Before He knows what judgment He should take.
With but a glance He seeth ev'ry man,
And all his actions narrowly doth scan.

The mighty man in pieces He doth break,
No wealth, nor power doth make Him fear and quake.
With no delay to search their actions dread,
He sets up others quickly in their stead.
Because He knows, and brings their works to light,
He overturneth them, with horrid night.
Adversity and ruin He employs,
By which their lives He suddenly destroys.
He striketh them, as wicked, with His blight,
And overthrows them in the public sight.
Calamities He maketh them to know,
In sight of others gazing on their woe ;
Because from Him they turned their backs astray,
And never pondered on His holy way.
They cause the poor to raise their plaintive sigh,
To Him that heareth the afflicted cry.
They rob and plunder, and the weak oppress,
And give the poor and needy no redress.
But God doth hear their lamentations then,
And bring destruction on these wicked men.
But when Jehovah giveth heavenly peace,
Then who can sorrow or distress increase ?
When God attempts to soothe the stricken soul,
Then who can waves of trouble o'er it roll ?
If He the cause of any undertakes,
Who then condemns, and guilt, or trouble makes ?
If He attempt to vindicate a name,
No human calumnies can then defame.

But when He hideth His averted face,
Then who can see Him, or His footsteps trace ?
What cheering, elevating views of God,
Bring consolations with His chast'ning rod ?
The consequence in ev'ry case is one,
Though 'gainst a nation, or a man 'tis done.
The laws that peace and happiness embrace,
Remain the same concerning either case.
For both alike on Him alone depend,
For inward quiet, and a happy end.
The prince and king are in the hands of God,
He holds above them His chastising rod ;
That bold oppressors He may thus restrain,
And cruel hypocrites may never reign ;
Lest tyrant-monarchs, filled with selfish care,
Their plundered subjects often may ensnare.
He thrusts them down, and of their power despoils,
Lest they, like beasts, should take them in their toils.
It surely must be meet and right indeed,
To say to God in ev'ry time of need ;
I bear chastisement, heavy, deep, and sore,
And I will therefore now offend no more.
Upright, sincere, and truthful in thy sight,
I always seek to know and do the right ;
Inscrutable thy dealings seem to be,
But yet I know that right controlleth thee.
That which I see not, teach thou now to me,
And let my soul instruction find in thee ;

If I have sinned, and wandered far away,
In foreign paths with froward feet to stray ;
Or in my heart have e'er forgotten thee,
And ignorant have done iniquity ;
With humble earnestness I now implore,
That I may go and sin again no more.
And now, O Job, to God be hence resigned,
For should it be according to thy mind ?
He recompenseth in His sovereign way,
Whatever words thy froward heart may say.
If thou refuse the suff'rings which he sends,
Thy insubmission nothing then suspends ;
If thou shouldst choose thy heart's supreme delight,
He still will treat thee as He deems it right.
'Tis not myself that fixeth now thy fate,
But God Almighty in His wisdom great.
His righteous plans no meddling can derange,
His fixed decree no human will can change.
If this, O Job, is not precisely so,
Then speak and tell us what thyself doth know.
Let men of understanding also tell,
And sages hear, and mark my answer well.
For Job hath spoken vain and senseless things,
His foolish language no solution brings.
I now desire that Job be tried again,
Because of answers made for wicked men ;
That 'greater suff'ring God would now impart,
To soften down his hard, rebellious heart ;

Because he said, with language most severe,
That wicked men are not rewarded here.
He adds rebellion unto all his sin,
He claps his hands with such triumphant grin.
He treats the subject with such disrespect,
Contempt and ridicule he doth elect.
He scorns the chast'nings of Jehovah's rod,
And multiplieth words against his God.
In further answer by the subject led,
Elihu spake, moreover, thus and said :
Believest thou with deep, serene delight,
That this assertion is exactly right ?
Which thou didst make substantially before,
In speeches which this meaning plainly bore ?
My righteousness is vastly more than God's,
My stricter justice makes the mighty odds.
He sendeth woes my crimes do not deserve,
No human creature I'd so cruel serve.
And what advantage will it be to me,
If all my life from ev'ry sin is free ?
Or what's the profit I shall ever gain,
If I be cleansed from ev'ry moral stain ?
I now will answer, as it seems to me,
And thy companions too along with thee.
My chief design is now in brief to show,
That these assertions never can be so ;
For human conduct cannot profit God,
No selfish motive hence controls His rod.

No benefit is rendered Him by man,
No harm against Him can he ever plan.
No motive therefore can there ever be,
To treat him other than impartially.
'Tis sweet submission, with supreme delight,
That hence declares : He doeth all things right.
Exalt thine eyes to heaven's refulgent dome,
Where solemn stars in burning circuits roam ;
Behold the clouds that high in grandeur spread,
Transcendently above thy tow'ring head ;
The gilded hangings of ethereal rooms,
Composed of weavings of celestial looms.
How high and wide the vast pavilion towers !
How far beyond extendeth heavenly powers !
Immensely higher than thy mortal eyes,
These grand displays of God Almighty rise.
Yet on these riches sits the great Supreme,
Exalted higher than His wonders seem.
So lofty, grand, sublime, and wondrous great,
He dwells above thee, in celestial state ;
That no dependence doth He place on thee,
To make His happiness or misery.
If thou shouldst sin supremely ev'ry hour,
What doest thou against His mighty power ?
Should thy transgressions be in number more,
Than sands uncounted on the ocean's shore ;
Dost thou perform against Him any ill ?
Or plans of mischief wickedly fulfill ?

If thou art righteous, what dost thou bestow ?
From out thy hand what good to Him doth flow ?
Thy wickedness may hurt a man like thee,
Thy righteousness may profit one like me.
But so exalted is Almighty God,
So independent of a vital clod ;
That human conduct never can avail,
Himself to injure, or His rights assail.
No sweet revenge can ever hence control,
The secret motions of His mighty soul.
His independence and His love displayed,
In all the wonders which His hands have made ;
Extinguish instantly the impious thought;
That God on man retaliates for nought.
No motive therefore can there ever be,
Why He should treat His creatures partially.
'Tis more consistent therefore to suppose,
That other causes multiply thy woes ;
Than hence conclude that He who reigns above,
Is monstrous, cruel, and devoid of love.
This principle applies to others too,
Oppressed by wrongs that wicked tyrants do.
Uncounted numbers, overwhelmed with care,
Reduced by want and hunger, to despair ;
Enslaved by monsters, cruel and unkind,
By poverty and ignorance combined ;
In low conditions, trodden down by men,
And wicked rulers crushing them again ;

Beneath their burdens peeled, and groaning lie,
 And utter loud their deep and piteous cry.
 Divine compassion interposeth not,
 To rescue them from their afflicted lot ;
 Because, alas ! they never one and all,
 On God their Maker earnestly do call ;
 Who giveth songs in sorrow's darkest night,
 And tempers trouble with serene delight ;
 Imparting comfort in afflictions deep,
 And giving joy to all that mourn and weep ;
 Removing darkness, sorrow, grief, and doubt,
 And kindly searching ev'ry sufferer out ;
 Precipitating nothing ere its prime,
 But waiting patiently the proper time.
 The world irrational with instinct crowned,
 Is placed by God in humbler states around.
 The beasts that roam and crop the fatt'ning earth,
 Are prone and thoughtless from their very birth.
 The nature, use, and final, great design,
 Of all their suff'rings they do not divine ;
 Subjected oft to hardships and to toil,
 Subsisting scanty from the chase or soil ;
 They bear their trials, suffer pain, and die,
 And never know, nor ask the reason why.
 But God doth teach us more of truth and love,
 Than beasts of earth, or flying fowls above.
 He makes us wise, intelligent, erect,
 And claims from us a more profound respect.

He gives us reason, lit with heavenly fire,
And intromits us into regions higher.
He bids us search and understand His laws,
And trace His wonders to their primal cause ;
To keep the same, and thus to do His will,
That we may know His higher doctrine still ;
To look through nature up to nature's God,
And understand the reasons of His rod ;
To come to Him, for knowledge, light, and love,
And inspiration from the spheres above ;
That we may see the wisdom of His plan,
Unfolding marv'lously concerning man ;
The reason why afflictions now appear,
And acquiesce in all His dealings here.
If therefore men, devoid of all relief,
Do suffer dreadfully, from woe and grief ;
In ev'ry case, it is, no doubt, because,
They fight against His government and laws.
Afflicted, gloomy, filled with fell despair,
Distrustful, blinded, and restraining prayer ;
Censor'ous, rash, unreconciled to God,
They rise rebelliously against His rod.
They murmur sore, repine, and loud complain,
In bitter language, vehement and vain.
Distressed and wretched there they raise their cries,
But no one answering giveth them replies.
Because of pride, so haughty in its sway,
These evil men in sorrow never pray ;

Or if they pray, 'tis not from love of God,
But slavish fear of His avenging rod.
And surely God above will never hear,
Petitions heartless, vain, and insincere.
And no attention will th' Almighty pay,
To hollow-hearted hypocrites that pray.
Although thou saidst His face I cannot see,
Invisible, His form eludeth me ;
Yet righteous judgment dwelleth in His sight,
And He will do whatever thing is right.
Although Jehovah nowhere thou dost see,
Yet still His eyes are always fixed on thee.
Impartial justice holds the balance-scales,
And nought with Him but righteousness prevails.
And hence in Him, so righteous and so just,
Repose thy confidence, and patient trust.
Submissive, steadfast, hopeful, and sublime,
Await triumphantly His chosen time.
But now because it is not so with thee,
This deep and sore affliction thou dost see.
Jehovah's anger hot against thee burns,
And far away His face from thee He turns.
Yet Job this truth, from blindness, cannot see,
And knows it not in his extremity.
With empty words his mouth doth hence complain,
And foolish answers multiply in vain.
Elihu still by inspiration led,
Proceeding further answered thus and said ;

But suffer me, and I will now explain,
How words unspoken yet for God remain.
I'll fetch my knowledge from a distant source,
No common themes shall burden my discourse.
Profound reflections newly shall be sought,
Beyond the range of ordinary thought.
The tendency of my concluding speech,
Shall be the righteousness of God to teach.
Impartial justice, free from fear or bribe,
To God Almighty I will now ascribe.
My words shall not be false, unsound and vain,
Nor captious views, nor sophistry contain ;
For he possesses who is now with thee,
A perfect knowledge of the mystery.
Behold the Lord is mighty, great, and wise,
Nor any creature doth His heart despise.
The poor and humble He doth e'er respect,
Nor pass them by, in bitter, cold neglect.
In strength and wisdom He is mighty too,
His head directeth what His hands shall do.
He knows the wants of all the human race,
And how to manage ev'ry single case ;
And He preserveth not the evil doer,
But giveth justice unto all the poor.
From all the righteous, keeping strict His law,
His gracious eyes He never doth withdraw.
He dwells with kings upon the royal throne,
And never leaves them with themselves alone.

Protected by His ever watchful eye,
They reign in peace, and are exalted high.
Established and defended by His might,
They prosper permanently in His sight.
Or if the godly, fettered hands and feet,
Are thrown in prisons, destitute of meat ;
Or holden down on weary beds of pain,
By sickness, sorrow, and affliction's chain ;
Then God doth show them ev'ry wicked deed,
And their transgressions which they did exceed ;
Their ears He op'neth unto discipline,
And thus commandeth to return from sin.
By holy messengers and angels sent,
To labor with them with divine intent ;
By dreams and visions on the slumb'ring bed,
When inspirations o'er them deep are shed ;
By sweet influxes from the spheres above,
Or inward breathings of the Holy Dove ;
He counsels, comforts, warneth oft, and strives,
And shows them clearly all their former lives.
If they obey, and walk in all His ways,
In great prosperity they spend their days.
Their years in pleasures they do oft prolong,
And peace and happiness compose their song.
But if they disobey, they perish by the sword,
And die unwisely, chastened, and deplored.
Complaining, murmuring against their God,
They never see the reasons of His rod.

Affliction sore, correction, discipline,
Are sent on man to chasten him for sin ;
To teach him wisdom, knowledge, truth and love,
Subdue his pride, and fix his thoughts above ;
Refine his soul from ev'ry base alloy,
And tune its harp to notes of higher joy.
But hypocrites no benefits derive,
From plans of love Jehovah doth contrive.
Incorrigible, obdurately more,
Affliction makes them harder than before.
Composed of dross infusible, and vile,
No gold is melted from the flinty pile.
When trials come, rebellious they repine,
And never know affliction's sweet design.
Unprofitd, impenitent, and hard,
They fear not man, nor yet their God regard.
They walk perverse in ev'ry froward path,
And in rebellion heap up future wrath.
They never cry in penitence and prayer,
When God Almighty binds them in despair.
They die in youth, degraded, vile, and mean,
Their life is spent among the most unclean.
But God deliv'reth each afflicted soul,
When waves of trouble deeply o'er it roll.
In tribulations heavy, and severe,
When clouds are dark, and friends are insincere ;
His ears He op'neth by His power divine,
To understand affliction's great design.

E'en so, O Job, if pensive on thy part,
With patient, broken, meek, and contrite heart ;
To God repenting thou hadst but applied,
And on His love submissively relied ;
Had He removed thee from thy pent-up, strait,
And troubled way, to places broad, and great ;
From emptiness, and straitness always free,
But wide, and ample with prosperity ;
And on thy table what should hence be brought,
Would be with marrow and with fatness fraught.
But thou hast now erroneously maintained,
Profane opinions from the wicked gained ;
And coincided with the monstrous speech,
That vile transgressors falsely hold and teach ;
Fulfilled the judgment of the wicked man,
Against the justice of Jehovah's plan ;
At all His dealings murmured, and repined,
And talked like men of bold, ungodly, mind.
This judgment now with which thou dost accord,
Is followed closely by its own reward.
The retribution which is to it due,
With sore afflictions, doth thee now pursue.
Because there's wrath, be fearful of its day,
Lest He shall take thee with His stroke away ;
For then no ransom can deliver thee,
From swift destruction by His just decree ;
Not wealth, nor rank, nor hoary age shall save,
Thy life unpardoned from the noisome grave.

When He comes forth to terminate thy strife,
Will He esteem thy riches more than life ?
No gold shall then redeem thee from that hour,
Nor all the forces of thy mighty power ;
Possessions, wisdom, rank, authority,
That once magnificent did render thee.
Rebellious, vile, and insubmissive then,
He'll cut thee down like other wicked men.
How oft hast thou desired to end thy woes,
In shades of Sheol, and its deep repose ?
But pant no more for that terrific night,
When death's cold damp shall settle on thy sight.
In which the people pass from earth away,
To shadows deep beneath the realms of day.
Be cautious now and take thee timely heed,
Regard not evil in the words you plead.
Express no thoughts, nor sentiments again,
That coincide with those of wicked men.
Complain no more against Almighty God,
His dealings, government, or chast'ning rod.
For this immensely thou hast chosen more,
Than retribution, or afflictions sore.
Behold thy God, how vast His wonders tower !
How high exalted is Jehovah's power !
What proofs of wisdom, power, and boundless skill,
Are manifest by God's omnific will ?
His greatness, majesty, and might combined,
Who teacheth man like His almighty mind ?

What deep designs, contrivances, and plan,
His works display before the eyes of man ?
What science, lore, philosophy, or arts,
Contain the knowledge which His mind imparts ?
What human volume ever hath displayed,
The matchless wonders which His hands have made ?
Who teacheth wisdom, couched in prose or verse,
Like God Almighty in His universe ?
Or shows Himself, in glory to surpass,
Like God within this molten looking glass ?
Translucently it makes His wisdom shine,
And shows to man His attributes divine.
The best conception of its primal cause,
He mirrors forth within His works and laws.
His independence who doth now dispute ?
Or matchless sovereignty in words refute ?
What puny arm hath stayed His mighty sway ?
Or who hath once enjoined Him in His way ?
Who now can say ; injustice marketh thee,
For thou hast wrought supreme iniquity ?
Consider therefore with immense delight,
That God Almighty doeth all things right.
When doubt concerning Him within thee lurks,
Remember then to magnify His works ;
And judge Him not by narrow views again,
So oft expressed by vain and wicked men.
When sore afflictions make thee desolate,
Remember then that God is just and great.

These truths mankind may ev'rywhere behold,
In all His works the mighty story's told.
Afar and near His glor'ous wonders rise,
Adorn the earth, and gild the shining skies.
Profoundest wisdom to them all belongs,
And men should celebrate them in their songs.
The whole creation from the senseless clod,
Proclaims aloud the mighty power of God ;
And ev'ry man may see the clearest proof,
In earth and air and heaven's resplendent roof.
His eye may turn to sun, and moon, and star,
That burn, and twinkle in the dome afar ;
Or see the storm, and tempest raging wild,
Or weather fair, salubrious, and mild ;
The rain, and lightning, and the thunder loud,
That pours, and gleams, and bellows from the cloud ;
May look at night through telescopic lens,
And count the stars till ev'ry number ends ;
Or let his penetrating vision pass,
In wonder through the microscopic glass ;
And see the world of moving, teeming life,
With which the boundless universe is rife ;
Or lost in awe, may think of time and space,
And seek, confounded, either end to trace.
Behold, thy God is grand, sublime, and great,
We know but nought of his immense estate.
His years confound the reckoning power of man,
No number tells us when they first began.

He maketh small the waters' misty drops,
And hangs the clouds upon the mountain tops ;
They pour the rain from out the cloudy skies,
According also as the vapors rise ;
Distilling drops upon the thirsty ground,
For man and beast abundantly around.
From vegetation wasting in decay,
And liberating gases day by day ;
The oxygen and hydrogen ascend,
And in the air explosive mixtures blend ;
The lurid lightning uttering its roar,
Unites the gases decomposed before ;
In misty globules infinitely small,
In drops of rain upon the earth to fall.
The air salubrious again becomes,
And joyous nature gladsome music hums.
But who, alas ! can fully understand,
His spreading clouds above the sea and land ?
The laws by which the slender misty shrouds,
Composed of particles that form the clouds ;
Unfold themselves beneath the arching sky,
And hang suspended in the air so high ?
Or roll, and gyrate swift before the gale,
And scatter showers of frozen, rattling hail ?
Where oft He maketh dark His secret place,
And spreads a vail before His shining face ;
Pavilioned round with pitchy folds of night,
And waters dark suspended in His sight :

Who understands when rolling thunder shakes,
The dreadful noise His tabernacle makes ?
Or once explains, when heaven in sunder's rent,
The fearful thund'rings of His cloudy tent ?
Behold, He spreads it with His forky light,
Of darting flashes, terrible and bright.
The roots of ocean, hoary, huge, profound,
Composed of solemn mountains ranging round ;
Of valleys, gulfs, and chasms deep and wide,
That hold the springs that feed the briny tide ;
He cov'reth deep, and seaeth up from sight,
With boundless waters, and eternal night.
These elements compose His shafts of death,
As well as good to every mortal breath.
His clouds and dew, His thunderbolt and rain,
His storm and tempest sweeping o'er the plain ;
His lightning-strokes, His oceans do His will,
And all His plans and purposes fulfill.
By these He speaketh oftentimes again,
And judgeth suddenly ungodly men.
By dews and rains, by clouds and showers sweet,
He makes the earth produce abundant meat.
He holds the lightning in His mighty hands,
And giveth to it His supreme commands ;
Directs its course, and headlong, swiftly throws,
And tells it when and where to strike its blows.
The noise thereof proclaims its presence near,
He tells it also where His friends appear.

Its blasting point condensed to burning wrath,
Destroys the wicked in its awful path.
At this my heart doth palpitate and quake,
It trembleth greatly and with fear doth shake ;
With paleness pictured in my frightened face,
'Tis moved from out its proper resting-place.
But hear, oh, hear the thunder of His voice,
Behold, the elements aloud rejoice ;
A noisy sound is going from His mouth,
His rolling thunder shakes the torrid south.
He sends it forth beneath the heaven's expanse,
Where lurid lightnings wildly flame and glance ;
From middle regions where it takes its birth,
To tips of wings of the resounding earth.
Behind the flash the noisy torrents pour,
A voice tremendous uttereth its roar.
He thund'reth greatly through the trembling skies,
His voice of ex'llency aloud replies.
The air reverberating wildly shakes,
His vast pavilion from the center quakes.
The rain, and hail, and lightning flash and pour,
When once His voice of majesty doth roar.
He stays them not when loud the thunder's heard,
And vast creation from its depths is stirred.
Jehovah thund'reth with His marv'lous voice,
And all things vocal do aloud rejoice.
The earth doth rock beneath the deep'ning roar
The bick'ring flames in lurid vengeance gore.

Behold He cometh, clothed in matchless awe,
To speak to thee, and vindicate His law.
He doeth wonders which our thoughts transcend,
And which we cannot fully comprehend.
His greatness, majesty, and wisdom too,
Are further seen in what His counsels do.
From out His mouth sublime the words do flow,
When He commandeth thus the crystal snow ;
Receive from me your white and fleecy birth;
And be at once upon the naked earth ;
And likewise thus to smaller drops of rain,
In gentle dews descend upon the plain ;
But unto greater rain, in torrents pour,
Till copious rivers to the ocean roar.
He sealeth up in winter, by His plan,
The brawny hand of ev'ry toiling man.
By ice and snow, in houses, cave, and den,
He shuts up beasts, as well as lab'ring men ;
That ev'ry man his weakness may confess,
And own that God doth reign in righteousness ;
That rest from toil, with contemplation sweet,
In cozy dwellings, filled with dainty meat ;
May furnish man, forgetful of the clod,
With holy time for worshiping his God ;
And teach his soul that God Almighty here,
Controls the seasons of the rolling year :
Then torpid beasts withdraw to chosen dens,
And burrow snugly in their rocky pens ;

Devoid of hunger, locked in dozy mood,
When buried nature takes away their food ;
Displaying proofs of sup'intending care,
And sweet compassion reigning ev'rywhere.
The whirlwind cometh from the heated South,
Its fiery breath is from its burning mouth.
The scatt'ring winds that spread the snow and hail,
From out the North in chilliness prevail.
The breath of God congeals the sparkling frost,
In which the dew, in crystal gems, is lost.
He breathes at night the little misty sprays,
That freeze and glisten in the morning rays.
By cold the water's frozen into ice,
Compressed and straitened by His own device.
The golden splendor scattereth the cloud,
That oft the skies in gloominess doth shroud.
Within the haziness appears His light,
Whose rosy brightness puts the clouds to flight.
As helmsmen steer the swift and flying ship,
That fleet before the rising gale doth skip ;
So all the clouds that in the heavens abound,
Do roll themselves, by His direction, round.
Their movements, therefore, never do depend,
On accident, capricious in its end ;
But whatsoever He commandeth them,
They never once rebelliously condemn ;
But wheel and fold, and fly, and tumble round,
By laws unchanging, useful, and profound.

Their countless motions purposes fulfil,
Ordained at first by His almighty will.
The rain He causeth thus on earth to fall,
With merciful designs concerning all;
For just correction, punishment of sin,
As oftentimes destructive floods have been.
Or else refreshment sweet *His* thirsty land,
From timely waters, doth from Him demand;
To fructify the parched and barren ground,
And cause proliferation to abound.
Or else for mercy sweet, benignant, kind,
He sendeth forth the gentle rainy wind;
To fill the streams, and make the desert sing,
Refresh the earth, and nourish ev'rything.
To this, O Job, attentively give ear,
In rev'rent posture this instruction hear.
Although afflicted by Jehovah's rod,
Consider well the wondrous works of God.
Let contemplation hold thee in control,
And holy rev'rence fill thy thoughtful soul.
Art thou acquainted with the primal time,
When God disposed the winds and clouds sublime?
The dew and rain, the snow, the frost and cold,
And when the sky His wisdom did unfold?
Hast thou discovered how the lightning loud,
Doth shine from out His mutt'ring thunder-cloud?
The laws by which the vapors dense and dark,
Conceal within the latent, lurid spark?

And how it leapeth forth and darts its train,
Producing thunder, and the pouring rain?
Canst thou explain the laws by which the clouds,
That move and roll in dark, successive crowds;
Are poised and balanced up so wondrous high,
And hang suspended in the stormy sky?
Or full of water, why they do not fall,
In lakes and rivers, overwhelming all?
Dost thou perceive in all their laws displayed,
The wondrous works His mighty hands have made?
Whose boundless knowledge, perfect ev'rywhere,
The whole creation doth aloud declare?
Canst thou explain in philosophic form,
The reason why thy garments oft are warm?
What causes cold when northern winds arise,
Or sultry heat beneath the torrid skies?
How southern breezes take their wondrous birth,
By means of which He quieteth the earth?
Hast thou, with Him, unrolled the solid sky,
In spheres concentric, polished, strong, and high?
Supported, too, by nobler pipes than brass,
Translucent as a molten looking-glass?
Behold, O Job, these mysteries profound,
Throughout the universe alike abound.
They prove that God, although in nature shown,
Cannot by searching ever hence be known.
Such power and knowledge should in thee instill,
Profound submission to His holy will.

Inscrutable is His mysterious plan,
Unfathomed also by the mind of man.
No righteous judgment thou canst hence command,
Against a God thou dost not understand ;
His ways are dark, His dealings seem severe,
But know the issue doth not yet appear ;
His wisdom, power, and goodness are supreme,
The darkest cloud contains the brightest beam.
The latent spark within the fleecy shroud,
When He commandeth bursts the blackest cloud.
In awe and rev'rence, pensive, meek, and dumb,
Submit to God, and wait till help shall come.
In words of rashness once thou didst declare;
When crushed with grief, and filled with fell despair :
Oh ! that I knew where Him my soul could meet !
That I might now approach His heavenly seat !
Before Him there I'd order all my cause,
And plead my innocence before His laws.
Then teach us now the words a senseless clod,
Shall utter boldly to Almighty God !
For we, alas ! His presence dare not reach,
We know not how to order this our speech.
Our minds are dark, His wisdom's so profound,
Our knowledge nought, and His doth so abound ;
Our presence mean, while His doth overawe,
And crush us down before His holy law.
Then how could we before His presence plead,
In expectation we should then succeed ?

Or once with hope arraign Almighty God,
About the dealings of His chast'ning rod ?
When here we do not fully understand,
The simplest works of His Almighty hand ?
Abashed, confounded on that dreadful day,
We should not know the words we ought to say.
Shall He be told that now of Him I speak ?
And explanations of His dealings seek ?
O'erwhelmed with awe, and rev'rence most profound,
I dare not venture on such holy ground ;
For if a man shall dare with Him contend,
Dispute His justice, or His dealings mend ;
His soul shall drink Jehovah's bitter cup,
And by His anger shall be swallowed up.
I dare not longer by my speech encroach,
Behold the whirlwind's terrible approach !
For now we cannot steadfastly behold,
The azure skies in majesty untold ;
The dazzling luster of Jehovah's light,
Confounds and blinds our unprotected sight.
His clouds are bright and roll in mountains high,
His noisy thunder rocks the lurid sky.
But lo ! the winds disperse and cleanse them wide,
A dazzling glory now the folds divide.
Behold the gorg'ous op'ning how it clears !
The glor'ous symbol of His throne appears !
But lo ! He holdeth back its awful place,
And spreads a cloud upon its burning face.

A stream of splendor shooteth bright and high,
And fluid gold o'erspreads the northern sky.
How terrible His majesty appears !
No tongue can tell the number of His years.
How great in power, let ev'ry mouth confess !
How vast in justice, and in righteousness !
Although His laws are holy, just, and strict,
By sore oppression He will not afflict ;
And therefore men His Holy name should fear,
With pious rev'rence, and with love sincere.
The meek and simple He will not despise,
Nor yet respecteth He the proud or wise.

CHAPTER XX.

THE LORD'S ANSWER TO JOB FROM THE WHIRLWIND.

THE previous Chapter closes with a description of the Almighty's approach in a whirlwind, by Elihu, to answer Job, and close the controversy. Elihu is overwhelmed by the bright light he sees in the clouds; the fluid gold which appeared to be poured out over the azure sky; the vivid lightnings playing in wild and terrific awe; the thunders rolling; the clouds parting, and opening a passage of ineffable brightness for the appearance of the Almighty; the roar and trembling of Jehovah's tabernacle; and the great and terrible majesty of God. Under the trepidation of the moment he ceases his speech in an abrupt and hurried manner. Elihu's discourse had prepared the way for the Almighty. He had maintained, in justification of his own speech, that inspiration was superior to age, and that God, through it, giveth understanding to man. Job had on several occasions expressed a wish that God would answer him. All the speakers, no doubt, felt the need of some more authoritative and satisfactory solution of the nature and design of human suffering, and the divine dealings, and government of God over the world. Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar had argued, with vehemence, censoriousness, and great severity, that God punished only the wicked in this life, and that according to their sins, while he signally spared the righteous; that consequently Job, being so extraordinarily afflicted, must be a very great sinner, suddenly and justly overtaken by divine vengeance therefor. They were all silenced by Job, but not convinced. They advanced all their arguments, elaborately prepared, tersely expressed, and skillfully leveled against the patriarch, in a series of three speeches each, except Zophar, who spoke but twice; Elihu, however, supplied his place, speaking four times. The last time round the speakers were well nigh confounded. Eliphaz is briefer, and apparently less hopeful than before. Bildad's last speech is only six verses in length. It is irrelevant to the controversy, betrays confusion, and a full conviction of inability to reply to Job. Zophar declined to speak at all. All the speakers had said many rash and intemperate things, and had indulged in cruel reflections upon Job; while he had, in several instances, given utterance to complaints and murmurings against God that were unjustifiable and irreverent. At this stage of the controversy Elihu comes forward, and with great assurance announces his ability to unravel the mystery of Job's sufferings, reconcile God's dealings with

His creatures here, with strict justice, and also with benevolence and love. Although he took higher ground than Job's three friends, yet he did not by any means do what he expressed his ability to perform. He alleged that calamities and afflictions are disciplinary to the extent of deterring man from the commission of future sin, and also of causing man to renounce a wicked life, and turn to God. He argued that God accomplished this in three ways: by dreams; by inspired messengers or teachers; and by sickness and pain. He held that God was so great that man ought to believe Him to be just and righteous. He did not, like the others, hold that these afflictions necessarily proved the victim of them to be wicked. However, in the application of his argument to Job, he took it for granted that he was an unjust and wicked man; and that, softened by sorrow, he should repent and trust in God, as the only hope of deliverance from his horrible sufferings. But still his speech did not reach the case. Job maintained that he was not insincere, nor unjust; that he was both perfect and upright; that his trials and sufferings were therefore disproportioned to his character and life, and hence were cruel and unjust. Up to this time no satisfactory reply had been made to Job. It was necessary, therefore, for more light to be shed on the dark subject. The Almighty now comes forward, in a terrible tempest, and addresses Job. The first design of His reply appears to be to reprove him for his rash and presumptuous murmurings against Himself; his reflections upon His government and dealings with man; and to produce in him a proper spirit of penitence, humiliation, and profound submission to Him, in view of His infinite greatness and wisdom. He implies the utter inability of Job to understand His ways, and that hence he ought not to judge Him. At the close of His answer He accepts Job, because, in the main he had spoken the thing that was right concerning Him, and generally had a true spirit of sincerity, uprightness, and piety. He restores him to health, and reduplicates all his former possessions. But it is not a little remarkable that the Almighty does not attempt to solve the mystery of His ways. What Job desired to know was why, being so sincere and upright as he felt and knew himself to be, he was yet horribly afflicted, even beyond the vilest of the vile. This precise difficulty was not met. The Almighty does not tell Job that His afflictions were chastisements for his sins; nor that they are to restrain him from sin; nor that they are to be rewarded in another world. Neither does He inform him why there is such obvious inequality between the temporal prosperity and adversity of the righteous and wicked in this life; nor reconcile his apparent condemnation of the righteous here from their afflictions, with His approbation of their righteous character; nor his seeming satisfaction with the wicked from their prosperity, with His detestation of their character, and His exact justice. He makes no reference to the retributions of a future state as a place of final adjustment of all their inequalities. This obviously shows that the knowledge of God has been *progressively* revealed to mankind. *Gradual development* is one of the most signal characteristics of the Almighty, both in nature and revelation. In Job's day scarcely anything was known about a future state. His highest dream of happiness hereafter was rest in the shades of Sheol—a region of quiet darkness beyond

the grave. The chief object of this discourse of the Almighty appears to be to appeal to His incomprehensible wisdom and power, as displayed in His works, as evidences of the folly of man in attempting to sit in judgment on His moral government, and arraign Him for His dealings with His creatures here. The whole burden of the answer, therefore, of the Lord to Job is first a wonderfully interesting and conclusive demonstration of the infinite power and wisdom of God in His works; and secondly, a corollary or legitimate inference therefrom, *that one who had shown himself to be so incomprehensibly great and wise should receive the entire submission and homage of all His creatures; that His power is too great to be resisted; His providential care too universal not to be trusted, and that man must submit to the will of God; not because he sees all the reasons for doing so; not because he is to be rewarded for it; not because clouds and darkness are not about His throne; but simply because He is God, independent, sovereign, absolute, infinite in power, wisdom, goodness, love, justice, knowledge, as well as omnipresent and eternal. Submission to God's will, therefore, as such, or contentment with, and resignation to one's condition and treatment in this life, is the great doctrine taught by the Almighty's address to Job.* This is one of the greatest truths ever made known to man in the economy of God. It is the secret of a happy and prosperous life. As soon as Job found out this secret his possessions were doubled, his health restored, and his happiness greater than before. To see God through the cloud; to feel that He is Almighty to save; infinitely wise to instruct; just to right all wrongs; good to secure to each soul the highest amount of happiness; merciful to pity and relieve; and to know, without a doubt, that He doeth all things right, and just, and true, and good, for all His creatures, for time and eternity, produces in the soul such resignation, contentment, reconciliation, peace, assurance, confidence, exultation, and victory, *as only those who have experienced these deep things of the Kingdom understand and enjoy. Deep afflictions brought Job into this happy condition;* and he who has seen little or no trouble in this life is but half born. We see God with the eye of curiosity and philosophy in His works; through suffering we *feel* Him revealed within, and gain an inwrought, vivid consciousness of His Almighty power, infinite wisdom, goodness, love, justice, omnipresence, eternity, and truth. Then only are we prepared to see God in nature. The one is body divinity, the other soul divinity. The one is outward and objective, the other inward and subjective. The one the letter, the other the spirit and the life. The two together make the full-grown, perfect man. To see God in his works, and to have a capacity, developed through suffering, to receive and incarnate Him within, and thus to feel and realize Him interiorly and consciously through the quickened and unfolded spiritual senses, whereby He becomes a living, present reality, is to know him as He is, and to inhale from Him that inwardly vitalizing inspiration which giveth eternal life and divine understanding. Then sufferings are sweet. Afflictions are heavenly. Trials are glorious. Reproaches, contumely, slander, contempt, and hatred by the world, and by little souls, are accepted contentedly, submissively, and patiently. They become tokens of an incarnate Deity, and the all-healing medicine of a present and conscious

immortality. How few, who are the loudest in preaching God, really know anything about Him! Reader, are you in deep trouble? Then God is not far off. Are your afflictions greater than ever before? Then He is nearer to you than He is wont to have been. Do not complain. Murmur not. Judge him not. Open wide the door of your heart and let Him come in. Lift up the petals of your soul to him, and receive therein the sweet dews and waters of eternal life. In demonstrating to Job His great power and wisdom, with a view to gain his dumb submission to His moral government, He appeals to the creation of the earth; to the laying its foundations; its measures and the stretching of His line upon it; its fastenings and its corner-stone; when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy; to the sea, with its doors, when it brake forth and issued from out the womb; with the cloud for its garment, and thick darkness for its swaddling band; with its decreed place, set with bars and doors, bounding its billows and staying its proud waves; to the formation of light and its distribution over the earth; causing the day spring to know its place and to take hold on the ends of the earth; revealing the face of all nature, in the morning, as the seal reveals its image on the signet clay; to the springs of the sea and the deep caverns of the ocean; to the unfathomable depths of the regions of death, with the doors of its ghastly shadow; to the breadth of the earth, and its boundaries; to the sources of light and darkness, their places, and bounds, and paths; to the formation of snow and hail, with their treasures, reserved against trouble, and battle, and war; to the lightning, the storm, and the showers of rain, with all the little canals cut from the clouds to the earth for the separate streams and drops to glide through; with the paths cleft in the clouds for the lightning of thunder to run; and the grateful showers on the uninhabited wilderness, to satisfy the desert, and cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth; to the paternity of the rain and the little drops of dew; to the gendering of the ice and the hoary frost of heaven, whereby the water is hid in stones, and the face of the deep is congealed; to the rising and setting of the stars and their influence over the world, with the sweet influxes of the spring constellation, Pleiades; the warlike girdle of the storm king, Orion, or the winter constellation; the twelve signs of the Zodiac, or Mazzaroth; and Arcturus, with his grisly sons, patrolling the north pole; to the ordinances or planetary laws of the heavens, and their astrological dominion on the earth; to the inability of man to lift his voice to the clouds and bring down water, or to launch the lightnings; to the wisdom and understanding which He has given to man in his inward parts; to the clouds, with the innumerable misty particles that compose them; to man's inability to empty them, and make their leather bottles lie down; to the instincts of animals and the laws that control them, as the lion hunting his prey, couching in his den, abiding in the covert to lie in wait; and the ravens croaking unto God for meat.

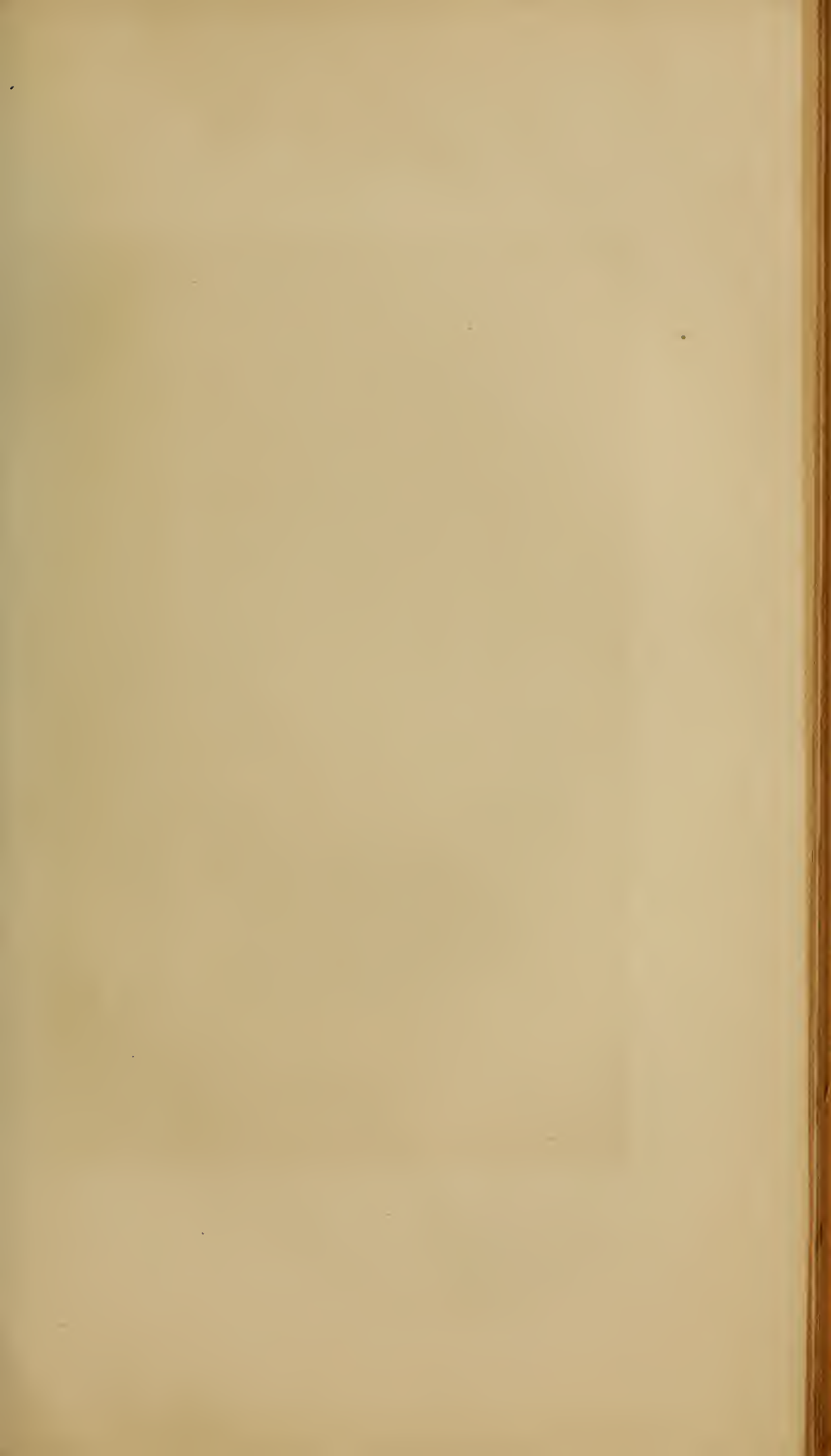
In further demonstration of His infinite power, wisdom, goodness, justice, skill, benevolence, and love, displayed in His works, for the purpose of humbling Job, and causing him, in dumb silence, to submit to Him, and confide unmurmuringly in His almighty attributes for final deliver-

ance, justification, and glorification; He still appeals to his greatness and wisdom as further seen in the instincts and habits of the brutes, and the powers and beautiful adaptations which they exhibit. He appeals to the wild goats of the rocks, and the hinds, and to the paternal care and tenderness He has manifested towards them; knowing the time when they bring forth their young, and marking the period when the hinds calve; numbering even their allotted months; to the wild ass, free and exultant; his bonds of restraint loosened, having his house in the desert, and his dwelling in the barren land; scorning the multitude of the city, and regarding not the cry of the driver; ranging the mountains for pasture and searching after every green thing; to the unicorn and his wonderful strength, surpassing that of man; undomesticated like other animals; untamable and unsubservient to uses of agriculture; unwilling to serve man, or to abide by his crib; unbound with his band in the furrows; refusing to harrow his valleys; untrustworthy by reason of his great strength; to the goodly wings of the peacock, the stork, and the ostrich; especially to the extraordinary laws in reference to her instincts and habits concerning her young; so wonderful and unlike all other animals; leaving her eggs in the earth; warming them in the dust; forgetting that the foot may crush them, or the wild beast may break them; hardened against her young, as though they were not hers; deprived of wisdom and understanding; lifting herself on high; scorning the horse and his rider; also to the horse, his prowess, majesty, courage, pride, and impetuosity in battle; leaping like the locust; with terrible glory in his nostrils; pawing in the valley; rejoicing in his strength; going on to meet the armed men; mocking at fear; not affrighted; turning not back from the sword, the rattling quiver, the glittering spear, and the shield; swallowing the ground with fierceness and rage; restless for the combat; believing not in danger; standing not still when the trumpet soundeth; saying among the trumpeters that he hears the call; smelling the battle from afar; the war cry of princes, and the battle shout; likewise to the hawk, displaying the most astonishing wisdom in her instincts; knowing when and where to fly; stretching her wings towards the south; migratory by intuition; to the proud eagle, king of birds, mounting up at God's command, and making her nest on high; abiding on the crag of the rock; from thence seeking her prey, and darting her eyes afar off; her young ones sucking blood and snuffing the slain. The Almighty now rebukes Job for contending with Him, reproving Him, and attempting to instruct Him, and calls on him to answer Him. Job, who had often before desired to come into court with God, and argue his cause before him; feeling able to convince Him of his innocence, and God's injustice in afflicting him; and who had diligently hunted in every point of the compass to find Him for this purpose; now, overpowered by the majesty of God, and the unanswerable argument He had adduced, is speechless. He cannot argue, when God calls on him to stand up and plead his cause. He confesses his guilt for the first time. He says he is vile, and that he can answer nothing, but will lay his hand upon his mouth. The Lord speaks again from the whirlwind. He tells him that He will now submit some

questions to him, and demands that he shall try to answer them; He calls on him to this end, to gird up his loins, like a man; to prepare himself for the highest effort that could be made; to put forth all his strength, and explain to Him what He should now say. He then proceeds and completes the argument in proof of His great power and majesty. He asks Job if he will disannul His judgment, and condemn Him that he may be righteous. He inquires of him if he has an arm like God, or His voice of thunder. He tells him, sarcastically, to deck himself with majesty, and array himself with glory and beauty, and cast off the rage of his wrath, and abase the proud by a look, and tread down the wicked; bind their faces, and hide them in the dust; and then He will confess that he can save himself by his own right hand. He then appeals to the Behemoth as another illustration of his own majesty, wisdom, and power; eating grass like the ox, with strength in his loins, and force in his navel, moving his tail like a cedar, the sinews of his haunches wrapped together, constituting his terror; his bones like pipes of brass, and bars of iron; the chief of God's ways; browsing his food upon the mountains; lying under the shady trees in coverts of reeds and fens; covered with the shadow of thickets; compassed about with the willows of the brooks; drinking up a river; fleeing not; drawing up Jordan into his mouth; not taken by the hunter when seen; and when caught in snares none could bore his nose. The Almighty finally appeals to the Leviathan, or crocodile, with his scaly rind, as another illustration of His power and wisdom and skill in creation; to confound and humble Job, and make him feel his own insignificance; asking him if he could draw him out with a hook; or extract his tongue with a cord; or put a hook in his nose, or bore his jaw with a thorn. He inquires of him if he will make supplications to him, or speak soft words to him; or make a covenant with him; or if he will take him for his servant; or play with him as a bird; or bind him as a toy for his maidens; or if his companions shall make a banquet of him, and part him round among the merchants; or if he can fill his skin with barbed irons, and his head with fish-spears. He tells him to lay his hand upon him, and remember the battle; that the hope of taking him is vain; that one who sees him will be instantly terrified and cast down; that the fiercest dare not stir him; and asks him then who is able to stand before Him who made him. He asks him, if he cannot subdue this monster, how he can compel the Creator of him to be tributary to him, and grant him what he may demand. He then enters upon a more detailed description of the Leviathan, in order to impress Job still more wonderfully with a sense of His incomprehensible power, wisdom, and glory, and compel speechless submission to His will. He asks him who can strip off his skin, and discover the face of his garment; or who dare approach his double row of teeth; or open the doors of his face; that his teeth are terrible; his scales are his pride, shut up together like a close seal; so near that no air can come between; so joined one to another, and stuck together, that they cannot be sundered; that by his neesings a light doth shine; that his eyes are like the eyelids of the morning; that burning lamps, and sparks of fire leap out of his mouth; that smoke goeth out of his nostrils, as out of a seething pot, or caldron; that his breath kindleth coals, and flames burst

forth from his mouth; that in his neck remaineth strength, and sorrow is turned into joy before him; that terror dances in his presence; that the flakes of his flesh are immovably joined together; his heart is firm as a stone; as hard as the nether mill-stone; that when he raiseth himself up the mighty are afraid; that they lose themselves from terror; that the harpoon cannot penetrate and hold in his skin; nor yet the spear, the dart, nor the lance; that he esteemeth iron as straw, and brass as rotten wood; that the arrow cannot make him flee; that with him slingstones are turned into stubble; that darts are counted as straw; that he laugheth at the shaking of the spear; that scales, like sharp stones, are under him; that he spreadeth these sharp, cutting lances on the mire: that he maketh the deep to boil like a pot; that the sea around him foams like ointment; that a path shines after him; that the deep is hoary by his motions; that his like is not on the earth; that he is made without fear; that he looks down on all things as inferior to him; that he is king over all the children of pride, or fierce animals. From all these considerations the impression which the Almighty designed to make upon the mind of Job was that He was infinitely and incomprehensibly great; that He was past finding out; that His power, wisdom, majesty, and glory challenged his instant submission to Him as a Being that was able and willing to do the wisest and best thing for each creature He had made; that His doings could not be mended; and that He could not be instructed nor reproofed; and that His will was absolute law, and should be yielded to without a murmur; although the reasons for so doing might not be understood; and that blind faith in the power, justice, wisdom, and goodness of God was demanded by the Creator and Proprietor of all things. At the close of this address of the Almighty, Job makes a humble confession of his errors. He acknowledges that God can do all things; that no thought can be withheld from Him; that He is therefore both omnipotent and omniscient. Job confesses that he had been presumptuous; that he had undertaken to judge of Jehovah's purposes without knowledge, and had uttered what he did not understand; that he had pronounced opinions on subjects which were too wonderful for him. He now employs the language of humble submission, and begs that God will hear him. He declares that he will now ask for light, and implores that God will teach him. He alleges that heretofore his views of the Almighty had been imperfect; that he had only *heard* of Him; that he had known nothing *certain* concerning Him; but that he had now *seen Him for himself, and heard from His own mouth* in relation to His power, wisdom, and majesty; by which his views and opinions were greatly changed. Wherefore he declares that now he abhors himself, and repents in dust and ashes; that his spirit had oftentimes, under severe afflictions and suffering, been rash, complaining, and irreverent; that his language of self-vindication had been improper; and that, in comparison of a pure and holy God, he was loathsome and vile. The Lord then condemned Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar, and asserted that his wrath was kindled against them, because they had not spoken of him the thing that was right, *as Job had*. They had uttered false sentiments respecting God, and severe and cruel words concerning Job. Besides, what they said was unprovoked. They could

not plead, as Job could, that they were suffering severely under great afflictions, and had been falsely charged with notorious crimes, in the language of bitter invective and acrimonious reproach. Job had indulged in many improper remarks; but it must be borne in mind that his general argument was sound; that his views of God were exalted; that his faith and confidence in Him were unshaken; that his position was correct, and was finally honored by the Almighty in His acceptance. The few impatient and rash expressions of Job, therefore, may be attributed more to the *circumstances* under which he spoke, than to intentional irreverence and real impiety. He was afflicted with the most horrible sufferings for no great crimes which he felt himself to be guilty of; while his friends were very caustic and severe in their reproaches and falseheartedness. The Almighty evidently took this view of the case in acquitting him of guilt, and accepting him, and publicly pronouncing in his favor. The method of dealing out impartial justice to each of the parties, which the Almighty adopted, is very touching and beautiful. He declared that Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar were guilty of folly and falsehood concerning Him; but that He would forgive them on condition that they should take seven bullocks and seven rams, and *go to Job*, and offer for themselves a burnt offering, and that *Job*, accepted and honored of God, should *pray for them*. They had injured and reviled him, and charged him wrongfully with crime and impiety. Job was now to be the *officiating priest*, adding his *interceding prayers*, at the public ceremony of their confession, humiliation, and forgiveness. This is a beautiful example of the value of intercession, of the humiliation of false teachers and calumniators; and also of the sweet and heavenly spirit of a holy man who could pray for his wicked accusers. They severally went and did as the Lord commanded them, and the Lord accepted Job. He turned his captivity *when he prayed for his friends*. And the Lord gave him twice as much as he had before. This was not all done at once, but gradually; for his seven sons and three daughters were born after this, in the ordinary course of time. His friends had all forsaken him in his afflictions, as is usually the case. They now returned to him, with many expressions of bemoaning and comfort over the evil that the Lord had brought upon him; and every one gave him a piece of money and an ear-ring of gold. Such friends, it may be observed, however, are of very little consequence. They are like birds of passage. When winter sets in they leave for a warmer and more congenial climate; but when the spring returns they come back just as quickly and much more joyously than they went away. Treachery and hypocrisy in friendship are two great weaknesses of human nature which have prevailed in all ages. As the air, in the fall and spring, is full of birds of passage, following their natural instincts, and bent solely on their own pleasure, so the world has ever been, as it now is, full of fair weather friends, mere soldiers of fortune, passing and repassing between the victims of prosperity and adversity, selfishly and meanly bent on their own pleasure, and following the ignoble tendencies of a degraded nature. More despicable specimens of humanity, than false friends, do not reproach religion and morals, and every sentiment of an honorable and noble manhood. When prosperity returns, they generally come back with "a piece





No. X.

Then the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind, and said : Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge? Ch. XXXIII : 1, 2. See explanation, page XXI.

of money," or "an ear-ring of gold," or some other price of restored confidence and friendship. But the heart that has been wounded and crushed, when in trouble, and needing true friends, if ever, is required by no Christian principle, to barter again its abused confidence and friendship for "a piece of money" or "an ear-ring of gold." *The only atonement is genuine repentance, humble confession, and an effectual reformation of conduct.* So the Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning; and in all the land were no women found so fair and beautiful as his daughters. And after this Job lived a hundred and forty years, and died, being old and full of days.

In awful majesty, sublime and dread,
 The Lord to Job from out the tempest said :
 Who now is this, by arguments absurd,
 That darkeneth counsel by his hasty word ?
 Devoid of knowledge, weary, sore, and faint,
 Repining, murm'ring, oft with rash complaint ;
 That makes my government unjust appear,
 And all my dealings cruel and severe ?
 Gird up thy loins, and prove thyself a man,
 Explain my answers if thy wisdom can.
 Let strength and vigor exercise control,
 Display the highest efforts of thy soul.
 Presumpt'ous, rash, irreverent before,
 Attempting oft my counsels to explore ;
 Accept anew courageously the task,
 And answer me the questions I shall ask.
 Sagacious, skillful, prove thy wondrous claims,
 To solve my plans, my purposes, and aims.
 Explain the universe, with all its facts,
 Before you seek to criticise my acts.
 For now, indeed, will I demand of thee,
 And strict require that thou shalt answer me.

I'll test thy knowledge of affliction's cause,
By explanations of my natural laws ;
And see how far thy matchless wisdom goes,
By some inquiries which I'll now propose.
For where wast thou, and whither didst thou stray,
When earth's foundations I did firmly lay ?
If thou dost know from whence its matter sprung,
Declare the same with thy prolific tongue ;
Or how the building, fitly framed, appeared,
When this terraqueous edifice was reared ;
Its motions, laws, and mysteries profound,
That rise concerning both the sea and ground.
Who laid the measures where the bound'ries go ?
Explain to me : for thou dost surely know ;
Or stretched the line with skill from pole to pole,
And hewed the caverns where the oceans roll ?
On what do its foundations firmly rest,
Like seals upon the molten wax impressed ?
Or who within the deep and solid clay,
The corner-stone thereof did firmly lay ?
Or law of gravitation did prepare,
By which it hangs suspended in the air ?
When matin stars their harps did all employ,
And sons of God did shout aloud for joy ?
When hosts angelic did their chorus raise,
In celebration of Jehovah's praise ?
Because they saw another world arise,
In matchless glory to adorn the skies.

Or who the sea with briny salt did mix,
And limits also to its billows fix ?
Who caused its noisy and eternal roars,
And shut it up within its folding doors ?
When first it burst from earth's interior tomb,
And issued forth from out its nether womb ?
When clouds for garments I did first command,
And darkness thick did make its swaddling-band ?
And wrapped it up, like infants newly-born,
In swathing mists, protected from the morn ?
When I surrounded it with rugged shores,
And set about it rocky bars and doors ?
And said : thus far thy billows high may roll,
But further progress shall the land control ;
My great decree shall ever be obeyed,
And here thy waves shall in their pride be stayed.
Advance exultant, crested, haughty, fleet,
And then lie prostrate, foaming at my feet.
Hast thou commanded, since thy infant days,
The rosy morning's bright and golden rays ?
Or chased the night from nature's somber face,
And caused the day-spring to observe its place ?
In different seasons of the rolling year,
In new positions made it to appear ?
Yet caused it e'er, with wisdom most divine,
To know the place it always ought to shine ?
That fair Aurora, at its golden birth,
Might gild the wings, and light the distant earth ;

That wicked men who rob and steal by night,
Might fear and fly before the morning light.
As rounded seals are rolled on yielding clay,
And images, and pictures thus portray ;
So when the dawn across the earth doth roll,
The night doth vanish by its sweet control ;
The face of nature ev'rywhere is seen,
Arrayed in gorgeous robes of living green ;
The sea and land, with hills and cities rise,
In forms of beauty to the wond'ring eyes ;
Aurora touches nature's shapeless face,
And pictures spring, adorned with matchless grace.
The fields and mountains, trees, and flowers, and streams,
Arise beneath the morning's golden beams.
From wicked men the light is all withheld,
Concealed in darkness, by their fears compelled.
Subdued and broken is their plund'ring arm,
Through coward dread, and guilty, sore alarm.
Hast thou descended far beneath with me,
And seen the springs that feed the hoary sea ?
Or hast thou walked in search of caverns deep,
That down below the ocean's bottom sleep ?
Have Sheol's gates, and all that in them lies,
Been opened wide before thy wond'ring eyes ?
Or Hades' doors where ghastly death parades,
In gloomy realms, his dark and dismal shades ?
Hast thou perceived, with vision short and small,
The mighty breadth of this terraqueous ball ?

If thou dost know concerning all these themes,
Declare and tell me how the matter seems.
If not, behold the myst'ry of thy cause,
My plans, and purposes, and moral laws !
How rash, and hasty now thy words appear,
Complaining often of my dealings here !
But where's the way to light's supernal home ?
Withdrawn at evening, whither doth it roam ?
From whence again doth it return at morn ?
And peer in glory, as if newly born ?
Or who doth know where dwells the fountain bright,
Whence dart the rays of warm, magnetic light ?
Of light itself beholdest thou the cause ?
Its nature, motions, mysteries, and laws ?
And as for darkness where doth it reside ?
And whither doth it in the morning stride ?
From whence return its dusky hues at night ?
To swathe the earth for balmy sleep's delight ?
Art thou so well acquainted with their track,
That thou couldst take them, and conduct them back ?
Art thou familiar with the paths that lead,
To where their homes have been, by me, decreed ?
And understandest thou this knowledge so,
Because begotten ages long ago ?
Hast thou observed their paths I did create,
Because the number of thy years is great ?
The treasures also of the crystal snow,
Hast thou so entered as to clearly know ?

Its beautiful phenomena explain ?
About the freezing of the smaller rain ?
The vapors chilled in multitud'nous forms,
Of crystal flakes, that fall in fleecy storms ?
Presenting endless sorts of shape and size,
Consummate, fine, and charming to the eyes ?
Their sides and angles, beautiful and rare,
Hast thou examined with especial care ?
Triangular, hexagonal, and more,
In number than the sands upon the shore ?
With diamonds, stars, and spangles, pure and white,
Inspiring wonder, rapture, and delight ?
And understandest thou from whence they came ?
From boundless treasures always just the same ?
Canst thou explain the secret, silent force,
By which the forming crystals shape their course ?
Hast thou considered their profusion vast,
From storms abundant from the northern blast ?
Hast thou observed the treasures of the hail ?
With all the mysteries which they entail ?
And which I keep against the day of war,
Of troublous times, and battles waited for ?
Whose icy drops consist of frozen rain,
Congealed where colder strata high remain ?
Some perfect ice, some soft like frozen snow,
And all peculiar, wondrous figures show ?
Some angular, and others smoothly round,
Some pyramidal, others flattened found ?



No. XI.—CRYSTAL SNOW-FLAKES.

Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow? Ch. XXVIII: 21. See explanation, page XXII.

Some snowy crystals, to the curious eye,
 And constellated with six radii ?
 With spongy kernel, in the center found,
 Encased by harder icy crusts around ?
 Canst thou explain the secret, subtle laws,
 By which these great phenomena I cause ?
 Declare the way the morning light doth part,
 And from the center to circumference dart ;
 At first collected in the early dawn,
 From whence its rays diffusively are drawn.
 Explain the law by which the beams divide,
 From out the sun, and through the world do stride ;
 Expanding, darting, lighting, cheering all,
 Prolificating this terraqueous ball.
 What makes it light, instead of dark and dense ?
 What gives it heat, instead of cold intense ?
 From whence ariseth its immense supply ?
 How long before its sources all will dry ?
 If thou dost know the things I thus propose,
 Thy wondrous knowledge unto me disclose.
 Demonstrate now by explanations clear,
 Thy right to sit in judgment on me here ;
 To criticise my government and plan,
 And all my dealings with my creature man.
 Or knowest thou the way the eastern wind,
 Is scattered forth o'er sea and land combined ?
 What power propels it, swift in fury hurled,
 From one direction, blowing through the world ?

Or who cut out the little channels small,
 Through which the waters from the clouds do fall ?
 In slender streams, divided, separate,
 Instead of pouring down in fountains great ?
 Or cleaved, along the cloud, the zigzag path,
 For roaring lightning, darting in its wrath ?
 To cause the rain upon the distant ground,
 Where human kind hath never yet been found ?
 To satisfy the waste and des'late earth,
 And give the bud of tender herbs its birth ?
 In this the mighty power of God is felt,
 Because 'tis done where man hath never dwelt.
 The pathless desert, and the prairie wide,
 Are decked with beauty, fruitfulness, and pride ;
 The herbage springs, the opening flowers expand,
 The blossoms breathe, beneath His fost'ring hand.
 Behold the rain, hath it a father too ?
 That makes it thus His marv'lous bidding do ?
 If not, then who did cause this fluid life,
 With which the boundless universe is rife ?
 From whence the showers that give the deserts mirth,
 And fall around to fructify the earth ?
 Or who's begotten all the drops of dew,
 That fall at night and wet the herbage through ?
 Descending opportunely on the ground,
 Beneath the torrid skies and night profound ?
 From out whose womb, translucent in device,
 Was born on earth, the pure and crystal ice ?

Or who hath gendered copiously, or given,
The hoary frost that seems to come from heaven ?
The liquid waters often are concealed,
By crystal ice upon their face congealed ;
It rests upon them like a molten stone,
And ocean's frozen as a solid bone.
Canst thou explain the laws by which 'tis done,
And make them simple unto ev'ry one ?
Or girdle Pleiades' delightful band,
And bring its bright influxes on the land ?
When spring succeeds to winter's cheerless gloom,
And vernal nature decks herself in bloom ?
Canst thou unloose Orion's stormy bands,
That scatter polar winds to milder lands ?
That chill the air, the earth, and latter rains,
And bind all nature in their frozen chains ?
Canst thou disarm this giant, fierce and bold ?
Unloose his girdle, and his power withhold ?
Control the seasons of the rolling year,
And bid them come, agreeable, or drear ?
Or Mazzaroth, in proper time, bring back,
The signs celestial of the Zodiac ?
Or guide Arcturus in his high patrol,
Attended by his sons around the pole ?
Or knowest thou the laws, through endless years,
That hold the planets in their lofty spheres ?
And heavenly bodies quietly control,
That high, majestic in their orbits roll ?

That make their movements easy, sure, and grand,
 And show the power of God Almighty's hand ?
 Canst thou establish, or produce the birth
 Of their dominion over all the earth ?
 And cause the tides and seasons all to roll,
 Beneath the majesty of their control ?
 Canst thou, with lifted voice, o'er land and main,
 Command the clouds to give abundant rain ?
 Are storms and tempests that above thee roll,
 Within the limits of thy vast control ?
 Canst thou despatch the lurid lightnings' glare,
 Through heaven and earth to rive, and blast, and tear ?
 That they may dart, with instant speed, afar,
 And, at thy bidding, tell thee : Here we are ?
 This latent fire that slumbers in the skies,
 Canst thou, for vengeance, ever subsidize ?
 Subject its wrath to thy unbounded sway,
 And make its flashes thy commands obey ?
 By subtle laws their mastery obtain,
 And subjugate them to thy vast domain ?
 By force of skill their burning flames employ,
 Among mankind, as engines to destroy ?
 Or who's put wisdom in the inward parts,
 And understanding into human hearts ?
 Or placed intelligence within thy mind,
 To comprehend the wonders thus designed ?
 With obvious wisdom also hath endowed,
 The lightning, tempest, and the thunder-cloud ?

By which they all do marv'lously combine,
 To show to man contrivance and design ?
 Display intelligence, arrangement, skill,
 And mighty plans, and purposes fulfill ?
 Proclaim in symbols, tokens, omens plain,
 The potency of God's almighty reign ?
 Or who can throughly all the clouds explore,
 And by his wisdom count their number o'er ?
 And tell the particles of floating mist,
 Of which they all collectively consist ?
 Or who can stay the bottles of the sky,
 And stop their mouths with mandates loud and high ?
 Or pour them out in floods of drenching rain,
 And make them empty on their sides remain ?
 When moistened dust is turned to drowning mire,
 And grows to hardness by the solar fire ;
 And plastic clay, beneath the thrifty grass,
 Dissolved by rain, becomes a molten mass ;
 That cleaveth fast, in texture hard and one,
 When dried and baked beneath the broiling sun.
 Canst thou devise a more successful mood,
 For ravenous beasts to pounce upon their food ?
 Canst thou endow them with super'or skill,
 Their ways of life to follow and fulfill ?
 Canst thou instruct them in the scent and chase,
 The lieing wait, the spring, and death embrace ?
 Canst thou suggest improvements of their lot,
 By skill and instincts better than they've got ?

Wouldst thou supply the rav'nous lion's need,
And ev'ry day his monstrous hunger feed ?
Canst thou relieve his present toil and strife,
And fit him better for his mode of life ?
Or fill the appetites of hungry whelps,
By higher instincts and diviner helps ?
Than when they crouch in dens of thickets deep,
And seize their prey with one unerring leap ?
Or sly abide in coverts long and late,
For ranging animals to lie in wait ?
Have other creatures arts and instincts less,
Than what from thee they all might now possess ?
For tender ravens, who provides supply ?
When wand'ring forth, as soon as they can fly,
They're left alone, devoid of food to eat,
And croak aloud, and cry to God for meat ?
The brute creation ev'rywhere displays,
Instinctive fitness for their sev'ral ways.
And adaptations in them all appear,
Contrived exactly for their low career.
If all this knowledge, might, and wisdom grand,
Transcend the power of man to understand ;
How vain the effort then to comprehend,
My hidden counsels, and their secret end ?
To solve the myst'ry of each private cause,
That now resulteth from my moral laws ?
How foolish, vain, irrev'rent, and unwise,
Against my dealings thus to make replies ?

Submission, confidence, and sweet repose,
 Alone can tend to mollify thy woes.
 Canst thou not trust the power and love displayed,
 In all the wonders which my hands have made ?
 And feel that truth and justice will be done,
 Impartially to each and ev'ry one ?
 That all my laws are righteous, just, and true,
 And keep the good of ev'ry one in view ?
 Then let thy lips the wondrous story tell,
 Behold, Jehovah doeth all things well.
 Divine attention also hast thou paid,
 To all the creatures which my hands have made ?
 Doth care paternal always kindly lead,
 Thy mind to know the seasons when they breed ?
 The savage, timid, helpless, fierce, and wild,
 As well as tame, domestic, weak, and mild ?
 To feel solicitude for all that roam,
 Beyond the bounds where man hath fixed his home ?
 To act as shepherd, herdsman, round among,
 The mountain goats when they produce their young ?
 That fear and fly, as if from danger near,
 When human beings in their sight appear ?
 But who my nursing, and compassion share,
 And strong become beneath my fost'ring care ?
 Or markest thou with kind, paternal mind,
 When claves the harmless, inoffensive hind ?
 Afar in deserts, and in thickets strayed,
 And destitute of ev'ry human aid ?

And inaccessible on cliffs of rocks,
In wild and fearful, unprotected flocks;
Canst thou approach them, and their habits learn,
And all their hist'ry carefully discern?
Or count the months they secretly fulfill,
In strict obedience to their Maker's will?
And tell the time, by wisdom deep decreed,
When they produce their young and timid breed?
In pains and perils critical and hard,
Remote from shepherds, then their lives to guard;
In chosen places, slyly searched about,
They bow themselves, and cast their sorrows out.
But then invisible, unheard, unknown,
I never leave them in their woes alone;
For there my tender and paternal care,
Doth watch and guard them and from danger spare.
Their young, robust, in comeliness, are born,
And grow, and fatten upon native corn;
In fields and wildernesses growing wild,
Where scanty nature hath, in places, smiled.
They sally forth, like older ones before,
To hunt their forage, and return no more.
While other young, by wisdom's secret plan,
Require the long and tender care of man;
And aged dams, congenially inclined,
Are always friendly, provident, and kind;
These little calves of mountain goats and deers,
Are left alone, abandoned to their fears.

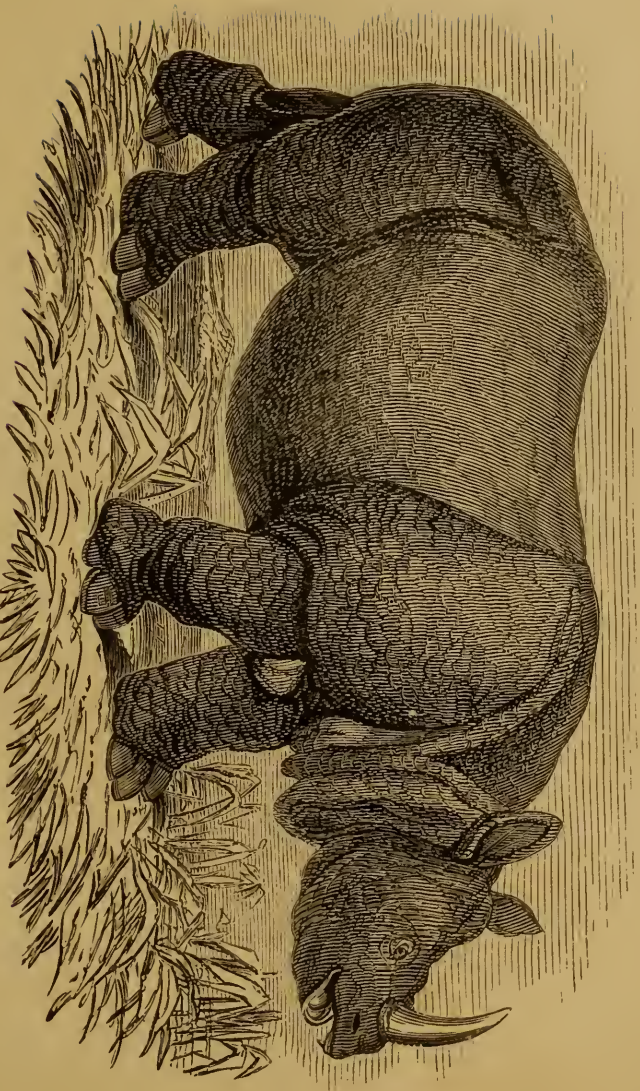


No. XII.—THE WILD ASS.

Who hath sent out the wild ass free! Ch. XXXIX: 5. See explanation, page XXIII.

The eagle, falcon, wolf, and dog, and stag,
Rapacious hunt them from their native crag.
But instincts wonderful these lacks supply,
They know so well the way to hide and fly.
Or who's sent forth the wild, and lawless ass,
To crop exultantly the mountain grass?
In troops immense, disorderly inclined,
With fleetness swifter than the agile wind;
Untamed, unbroken, migratory, bold,
To warmer regions fleeing from the cold;
Exhilarated, unrestrained, and free,
Eluding man and his captivity;
Whose house the wilderness my hands have made,
And fixed his dwelling on the mountain glade;
In desert wastes, and barren, howling lands,
Where scanty herbage, dry and withered, stands;
Who scorneth multitudes of hunting men,
That dwell in cities with their bits and pen;
Nor yet regardeth in his freedom fleet,
The crying driver in the noisy street;
But rangeth mountains for his pastures lean,
And searcheth round for ev'rything that's green.
Canst thou arrest him on his barren lands?
Hast thou unloosed his fetters and his bands?
Canst thou subdue him, and his wildness tame?
And make him answer to his chosen name?
Didst thou ordain this law that doth control,
The scornful freedom of his sullen soul?

Or bid him pasture over regions strange,
And independent, thus exult and range ?
Behold the unicorn, of boundless nerve,
Will he be willing for thyself to serve ?
Will he abide around thy sumptuous cribs,
And fat the leanness of his monstrous ribs ?
Like ox or camel will he long remain ?
And wear the yoke, and drag the iron chain ?
Canst thou secure him fast with mighty bands,
And make him plough the furrows of thy lands ?
Canst thou subdue him in his wildness free,
And make him harrow valleys after thee ?
Because, indeed, his strength is so immense,
Wilt thou confide in him with confidence ?
Because the horn that grows upon his snout,
Appears so long, so solid, sharp, and stout ;
His monstrous frame's so mighty, huge, and long,
His muscles so tremendous large and strong ;
His naked skin with knots doth so abound,
And roll so loose, in heavy folds around ;
So tough, and so impervious withal,
To sword, or dart, or e'en the iron ball ;
Because his legs are very short and thick,
His courage's boundless, and his step is quick ;
Wilt thou consider these the reasons why,
Unshaken trust should in this creature lie ?
Canst thou domesticate and tame his wrath,
And make him follow in thy beaten path ?



No. XIII.—THE UNICORN.

Will the Unicorn be willing to serve thee, or abide by thy crib? Ch. XXXIX : 9. See explanation, page XXIV.

Will he become so faithful unto thee,
That thou canst trust in his fidelity ?
That thou canst leave the products of thy toil,
Within his reach, secure from harm and spoil ?
Wilt thou believe him that he'll never roam,
But bring thy crops in perfect safety home ?
Canst thou explain the reasons why this brute,
Thy right to govern him doth thus dispute ?
But wisdom, power, and providence alone,
Are not by quadrupeds exclusive shown.
The feathered tribes that in the deserts range,
Possessed of habits and of instincts strange ;
Remote from all the care and art of man,
Display diversity of skill and plan ;
Designs, contrivances, and therefore hence,
Super'or wisdom, power and providence.
For gavest thou the peacock's goodly wings ?
That stridulous and screaming music sings ?
Behold, a wing of joyous cry is there,
Exultant, proud, uplifted, soft and fair ;
Her wing and plumage, and her voices heard,
Appear as if it were that pious bird,
The sacred stork ; whose praise is often sung,
Because she loves so tenderly her young.
But no, 'tis not the stork, nor falcon, hawk,
Nor other fowl that seems her voice to mock.
But lo ! the ostrich, feathers, speed, and size,
With other signs, cannot deceive my eyes.

Her voice doth vibrate, quiver, shake, and trill,
 And utter sounds of lamentation shrill ;
 She sendeth forth a shouting, joyful cry,
 And tremulous vociferates it high.

Her wing is made to aid her feet in flight,
 And not to soar, and scale the azure height ;
 'Tis soft and downy, bearded long with hair,
 Or filaments, without consistence, rare ;
 Unlike the feathers which compose the wings,
 Of other birds that scorn terraqueous things ;
 That have their webs so very long and wide,
 And broader far, on one partic'lar side ;
 And hooked together, cur'ously, with care,
 To catch, resist, and row against the air ;
 The scanty plumage of the camel-bird,
 With softer filaments of hair is furred ;
 Unhooked, and downy, long, and wide betwixt,
 With shaft exactly in the middle fixed.

The ostrich's wing is made precisely right,
 To aid the creature in its rapid flight ;
 To balance, oar, and guide its monstrous form,
 In movements fleeter than the swiftest storm.
 'Tis haughty, proud, exultant in its might,
 Triumphant, joyful in its lightning flight ;
 Uplifted, bold, vibrating o'er the ground,
 With scornful, rapid, and a whirring sound.
 She's made to live in deserts wild and waste,
 And fly pursuers with unrivaled haste.



No. XIV.—THE OSTRICH.

Gravest thou . . . wings and feathers into the ostrich? Ch. XXIX: 13. See explanation, page XXV.



She's shy and tim'rous, trusting to her heels,
Avoiding man, and cultivated fields ;
With stomach huge, and fitted for her fare,
Voracious, glutt'nous, destitute of care ;
Devouring shrubs, and tufts of coarser grass,
With stones and iron, hair, and broken glass.
Her head and bill, with her peculiar cluck,
Resemble much the small, domestic duck.
Her neck, in shape, is like the graceful swan,
But yet, in length, immensely longer drawn.
Her legs and thighs are fleshy, large, and then,
In looks and form, are like the common hen.
Her foot is cloven, tipped with double toes,
That, swift, in running, stones and gravel throws.
Her height's enormous, oft from head to ground,
The feet when measured, six or seven are found.
The distance also, from the head to tail,
The same in length, doth oftentimes prevail ;
Her body's pond'rous, and in weight abounds,
From seventy-five to more than eighty pounds.
She far outstrips the fleetest creature known,
And fears no running swifter than her own.
Resembling much the camel in its sprawl,
She towers beside him frequently as tall.
She struts a bird in gen'ral form and wings,
But yet's a quadruped in many things.
The largest specimen of feathered tribes,
No flying fowl her properties describes ;

No human being ever can dispute,
That she's a link, connecting fowl and brute.
Alone she dwells, in habits, instincts, race,
And holds on earth an interblending place.
She builds no nests upon the trees, or land,
But leaves her eggs within the torrid sand.
Some forty, fifty, often many more,
Compose the number of her yearly store.
In inches through they measure five or six,
And mottled colors on the surface mix.
The larger number oft aside are flung,
To feed the cravings of her hungry young.
To incubation seldom doth she trust,
But warms them oft'ner in the glowing dust;
Forgetting also that the foot may break,
And savage beasts her eggs, for food, may take.
Her heart is hard against her tender young,
As if her offspring never from her sprung.
If any noise is heard, or creature stirs,
She flies as though the eggs were never hers.
Without affections which in others yearn,
She seldom ever ventures to return.
Her little ones, like pullets partly grown,
With hunger starved, are left alone to moan;
Like orphans, crying round on ev'ry hand,
For mothers, absent in a distant land.
No apprehension fills her with despair,
She knoweth nought of providential care.

In vain her travail happeneth to her lot,
Unfeeling, cruel, she regards it not.
Devoid of fear, anxiety, or care,
She leaves her young to glean their scanty fare.
Because Jehovah hath deprived her heart,
Of love and wisdom, in the inward part.
A mongrel creature, 'twixt the brute and bird, •
No understanding was on her conferred.
But power and wisdom have this fowl endowed,
With other properties amazing proud ;
With lofty carriage, rapid flight, and scorn,
With which she flies before the noblest born ;
Eluding oft the swiftest courser's speed,
With haughty air, and tow'ring, scornful heed.
For when she lifteth up herself on high,
A fire transcendent flashes in her eye.
She whips and lashes with her flapping wings,
And bids defiance with her wondrous springs.
The horse and rider haughtily she mocks,
And swift, exultant, onwardly she stalks ;
Abandons thus herself to speed and flight,
With joyful courage, and supreme delight ;
Proceeds along with whirring, arrow-sound,
And never seems, at all, to touch the ground ;
Expands her wings to catch, and row the wind,
And leaves her foe immensely far behind.
Explain, O Job, with rev'rent voice and word,
The hidden myst'ries of this wondrous bird ;

The secret purposes she doth fulfill,
By virtue also of my sovereign will.
If not, submit, and silence hence maintain,
Concerning things you cannot now explain.
Confess the works of my almighty hand,
And trust the power you cannot understand.
Behold the horse! caparisoned for war!
For clash of arms, and battles waited for!
His eyes are lightnings, darting flames of fire,
His voice is thunder, roaring loud with ire;
His floating mane, with pomp majestic spread,
Is black with fury, rolling round his head;
His ears vibrate to ev'ry martial sound,
His ringing hoofs tear up the trembling ground.
His monstrous muscles rise like iron bars,
His restless limbs are gleaming bright with stars.
His gait's majestic, terrible, and proud,
Like fury, marching on the tempest-cloud.
His courage, terror, majesty, and might,
In awe, and wonder, petrify the sight.
With power and wisdom gavest thou, at length,
This noble animal his mighty strength?
Hast thou his soul, with exultation crowned,
And clothed his neck with thunder's noisy sound?
Or made his face, with quaking flashes gleam,
And flames of fire, from out his nostrils stream?
Didst thou, with pomp, his graceful motions deck,
And bend the bow that crowns his royal neck?



No. XV.—THE WAR HORSE.

Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?...the glory of his nostrils is terrible....he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting. Ch. XXXIX : 19-25. See explanation, page XXVII.

Canst thou alarm him by some horror near,
Or terrify him with devouring fear?
And like the locust, make him swiftly leap,
The fields, and fences, and the valleys deep?
Behold the glory of his nostrils wide,
As forth he prances, snorting in his pride!
Dilating, fierce, how terribly they puff,
And, proud, the air, in haughty fury, snuff?
To urge the coals that glow within his breast,
And shoot the flames, from out his pipes expressed.
He paweth fiercely in the valley so,
When he doth foam, and, headlong, pant to go.
His fiery orbs revolve with awful wrath,
And dancing terrors tremble in his path.
His anger burns, and towers, until, at length,
He feels exultingly his awful strength.
With marv'lous neighing, terrible, profound,
His thund'ring hoofs, in martial pride, resound.
His monstrous grinders, firm and strong, are fixed,
His bit is crushed, within his teeth, betwixt.
He goeth on with vengeance, rage, and heat,
The armed battalions fur'ously to meet.
His noisy mouth, with dreadful thunder quakes,
His body vibrates, and with neighing shakes.
He scorns exultingly the gleaming spear,
And mocks triumphantly at death and fear.
He's not affrighted at the horrid fray,
But laughs at danger in his onward way.

From brandished swords, he never turneth back,
But bold, victoriously, he clears the track.
With ears erect, he drinks the awful roar,
Of war's loud thunder, happier than before.
The quiver rattleth loud against his frame,
But on he goes, courageously the same.
He scorneth danger in his wild advance,
Against the sharpness of the glittering lance.
With twanging vengeance, hard against the shields,
He strikes his feet, and kicks his pond'rous heels.
With leaps of fierceness, and tremendous rage,
The serried hosts he boldly doth engage.
His conquering power he never doth distrust,
But beats his feet and raises clouds of dust.
The earth reverberates beneath the sound,
And lo! it seems he swalloweth the ground.
He standeth not, but leaps, and rears, and bounds,
When loud he hears the trumpet's noisy sounds.
The martial clangor makes him so rejoice,
He hears no more the rider's powerless voice.
In ev'ry vein he foams, and pants to go,
With charging footsteps on the haughty foe.
With learing ears, and horrid, open jaws,
The swaying ranks he fiercely bites, and chaws.
Among the trumpets, sounding loud to all,
With joy, he saith he hears the battle-call.
Impatient, neighing, careless of alarms,
He longs to rush amidst the clash of arms ;

He smells the slaughter and the war afar,
And tears along the warlike, bloody car.
He hears the thunder of the captains' voice,
And makes the charge as if it were his choice.
He snuffs the vict'ry, and the deadly rout,
The cry of princes, and the battle-shout.
Behold the wisdom and the power of God !
And noblest brute that on the earth hath trod !
In lofty majesty, and stately pride,
With which no animal hath ever vied ;
In docile temper, strength, and beauty fine,
In fearless courage, pomp, and use divine ;
Behold his glory, and his worth endorse,
And read my greatness in the martial horse.
Consider now the fleet and nimble hawk,
A name, *generic*, as the sages talk ;
Including species of the falcon tribe,
Which ancient records of the earth describe ;
That boast of fleetness on the airy wing,
Beyond the speed of any other thing ;
Embracing also in its wider range,
The migratory fowls, of habits strange ;
Renowned for rapid flight, at certain times,
From colder realms, to more congenial climes ;
Subjected thus by law, and love combined,
To higher instincts than the common kind.
Doth she ascend the lofty, azure sky,
And, by thy wisdom, long and rapid fly ?

Or turn her knowing head and longing mouth,
And stretch her wings towards the sunny south?
Didst thou endow these cur'ous creatures too,
Such wondrous things, unprompted, thus to do?
Or doth the eagle scorn the lower land,
And mount aloft at thy divine command?
Didst thou direct her bold and lofty flight,
Beyond the boundaries of mortal sight?
With speed transcending any other bird,
Of which thine ears have ever truly heard?
Didst thou instruct her how to soar and fly,
And build her nest ingen'ously on high?
On inaccessible, outcropping rocks,
Where storms and tempests breed the thunder-shocks?
Or teach her how to make her cozy nest,
Within the fissures of the crag compressed?
Of lengthy, pliant twigs, inwrought across,
With reeds and rushes, heath, or softer moss?
And glue it up, away from pois'nous fangs,
Beneath some jutting crag that overhangs?
To furnish shelter from the rain and sleet,
And sweet protection from the broiling heat?
Behold, she dwelleth, and abideth there,
On lofty summits, peering in the air!
Sublime, exalted in her tidy booth,
Suspended firmly on the rocky tooth.
From thence unseen, secure, and far away,
From ev'ry eye, she seeketh all her prey.



No. XVI.—THE EAGLE.

Both the eagle mount up at the command and make her nest on high ? Ch. XXXIX : 27. See explanation, page XXVIII.



With great acuteness, from so vast a height,
 She darts her clear, and penetrating sight ;
 And marks the smallest thing that moves, or lies,
 Upon the earth, with quickest, keenest eyes.
 Her tender young their instincts too display,
 When they devour their portion of the prey.
 Like infant life, new born, and far too weak,
 The solid substances, for food, to seek ;
 They never touch the harder, gory, fresh,
 And indigestible repast of flesh ;
 But suck voraciously the oozing blood,
 That flows in veins, and streams a crimson flood ;
 And where the slain repose upon the ground,
 There she is always, in a moment, found.
 'Tis thus the goats, the ass, and unicorn,
 The ostrich, horse, with hawk, and eagle-born ;
 By habits, instincts, laws, and striking things,
 Pertaining both to quadrupeds, and wings ;
 The proofs of wisdom, goodness, love, and care,
 And power of God, thus marv'lously declare.
 Canst thou explain them all, the hows, and whys ?
 If so, then utter thy profound replies.
 If not, be careful how thy wondrous cause,
 Attempts to criticise my moral laws.
 As night, with darkness, on the earth doth lie,
 And hide its beauties from the anxious eye ;
 Produce confusion, mysteries, and doubt,
 Perplexities, no human tongue can count ;

So now do vails of darkness hence appear,
To cloud my dealings with my creatures here.
But still beneath do hidden beauties lie,
That yet with rapture shall delight the eye ;
When rosy morn, on bright, heraldic wings,
Shall rise resplendent on created things.
To Job convinced, and to repentance led,
Moreover answered thus the Lord, and said :
Shall he that with Jehovah doth contend,
And seek His plans of government to mend ;
Instruct th' Almighty in the proper laws,
That ought to govern ev'ry human cause ?
How oft hast thou expressed a great desire,
To carry up thy cause and pleadings higher ?
Condemned by friends, and smitten by my rod,
To turn from them, and go direct to God ?
Where truth and argument will never fail,
But right and justice will, at once, prevail ?
How oft thou wished to argue then the case,
And plead thyself the facts before my face ?
Believing that in my exalted court,
The circumstances thou couldst so report ;
Present, explain, defend, and prove the cause,
And set before me arguments and laws ;
So clear, and cogent, free from stain, or pelf,
That thou wouldst gain a verdict for thyself ;
As if to teach me, bring the truth to light,
And move me then to do the thing that's right.

Behold, O Job, beneath my heavy rod,
Desiring often to reprove thy God ;
To argue down, confute, and show me why,
Affliction deep should not upon thee lie ;
The present time courageously embrace,
And free thy mind before my gracious face.
Attempt an answer, or my words deny,
I pause in silence for thy free reply.
Then Job responded to the Lord, and said ;
I cannot raise my sore, confounded head ;
Behold, I'm vile, and I can make no plea,
For what, alas ! can I reply to thee ?
Before thee once my cause I wished to lay,
But now I'm guilty and have nought to say ;
And, on my mouth, I'll lay my stricken hand,
And *dumb, submissive*, in thy presence stand.
I've spoken once, irrev'rently, and dread,
I'll not repeat again the words I said.
Yea, twice I spoke in a complaining strain,
And uttered speeches altogether vain ;
Deliberation thus appeared within,
And caused an aggravation of my sin ;
And hence no further I will now proceed,
But let my silence and submission plead.
From out the tempest, fearful, dark, and dread,
The Lord then answered unto Job, and said :
Gird up thy loins, and prove thyself a man,
Prepare thyself, and do the best you can.

Put forth thy strength, and ev'ry effort strain,
And what I say endeavor to explain.
I'll now submit some questions unto thee,
And thou declare, and answer them to me.
In this, O Job, art thou unwise and dull,
For this my judgment wilt thou disannul ?
Wilt thou condemn me and my dealings here,
That thou may'st righteous in thine eyes appear ?
Wilt thou attempt to prove that I am wrong,
And show that justice doth to thee belong ?
To set aside the judgments I've decreed,
And others better in their places plead ?
To change the treatment I bestow on man,
And substitute a diff'rent, wiser plan ?
Do proofs of wisdom from thy works proclaim,
The greatness, and the glory of thy name ?
That thou shouldst seek to litigate thy cause,
And prove the error of my holy laws ?
Hast thou an arm that high above doth tower ?
In potency like God Almighty's power ?
Or canst thou thunder with His marv'lous voice ?
And with His majesty aloud rejoice ?
Bedeck thyself with excellence divine,
In pomp of rank, and power, and riches shine ;
Array thyself with beauty fine, and fair,
With majesty and glory rich and rare ;
Display the symbols of the great Supreme,
And tokens worthy which to all shall seem.

Unfold abroad thy fearful, raging wrath,
And let red vengeance mark thy onward path.
Show forth the proofs that thou art now a God,
And wave around His sore, and smiting rod.
Behold the proud, and haughty of the race,
And by a word their insolence abase.
Upon the arrogant thy looks bestow,
And bring the vain and supercilious low.
The ostentatious humble in disgrace,
And trample down the wicked in their place.
Destroy the idols which they make their trust,
And hide them all beneath the lowly dust.
Subject them instantly to sorrows fell,
And bind their faces in a secret cell.
Demonstrate clearly by a look or nod,
That thou art now a true, and real God ;
And then, indeed, will I confess to thee,
That thou dost need no further aid from Me ;
That thou art mighty, fearful, wise, and brave,
And now thyself thy matchless hand can save ;
That worthy also thou dost hence appear,
To judge my counsels, and my dealings here ;
To rule the universe, and bear its cares,
And manage wisely its immense affairs.
But now the captain of the creatures see,
Behemoth, mighty, which I made with thee.
In flow'ry pastures, fat with fragrant locks,
He eateth grass beside the docile ox.

Lo now, his strength from out his loins doth rise,
His force tremendous in his navel lies.
Like some strong cedar, bending in the gale,
He moves, at will, his short and pliant tail.
The monstrous sinews of his haunches vast,
Are wrapped together, solid, firm, and fast.
Like pipes of brass his bones are firm and strong,
And bars of iron compose each mighty prong.
Of all Jehovah's marv'lous works and ways,
The greatest strength this valiant chief displays.
And He that made him did the brute afford,
His monstrous teeth, and sharp, avenging sword.
The lofty mountains bring him forth his food,
Where playful beasts rejoice in merry mood.
He lies beneath the trees, and shady dens,
Concealed in coverts, made of reeds and fens.
The shady branches cover o'er his bed,
The thrifty willows compass round his head.
In mouths of gullies, dry and thick with trees,
In lazy posture oft he takes his ease.
He drinketh up a river in his need,
And hasteth not, to satisfy his greed.
He trusteth he can suck unmeasured sips,
And draw up Jordan to his thirsty lips.
So huge in size, and valiant in his might,
Can any take him in his wary sight?
Or seize the creature by his monstrous chin,
And bore his nostrils with the cruel gin?



No. XVII.—THE BEHEMOTH.

Behold now behemoth, which I made with thee ; he eateth grass as an ox. Ch. XL : 15. See explanation, page XXIX.

Behold the ends of my almighty will,
 This king of beasts doth on the earth fulfill !
 Explain the laws, and instincts that control,
 The ways, and motions of his mighty soul.
 Behold the power, skill, and wisdom great,
 That did this animal, with ease, create !
 With hook and line, by craft, or artful plan,
 Canst thou draw out the huge leviathan ?
 With cunning artifice canst thou beguile,
 The strong, untamed, and monstrous crocodile ?
 Ungovernable, fierce, with flaming eyes,
 In aspect terrible, and vast in size ;
 His mouth distended, opening far and wide,
 With dreadful armor, sumpt'ously supplied ;
 Equipped with formidable, sharpened teeth,
 The upper circle matched with one beneath ;
 Arrayed in carved and cur'ous coat of mail,
 Composed of sets of overlapping scale ;
 Canst thou with cords, below the water flung,
 Extract the roots of his tremendous tongue ?
 And press it down, with twisted cable tight,
 In tame subjection to thy wondrous might ?
 Canst thou this monster peaceably dispose ?
 Or put a hook in his prodigious nose ?
 Or cord, composed of rushes twisted round,
 And lead the creature, tractable, and bound ?
 Canst thou, with rings, his mighty jaws adorn,
 Transpierced with metal, sharpened like a thorn ?

As those that angle in the sacred Nile,
Preserve their finny beauties fresh awhile ?
Alive, and plunging headlong, swiftly round,
In perfect safety, firmly held and bound ?
With iron ringlets in the snouts they bore,
And strings attached, and tied upon the shore ?
Like humble captives, begging for their lives,
With many earnest supplications strives
This monstrous creature, piteously with thee,
Imploring oft that thou wilt set him free ?
Will he beseech of thee in tender tones ?
With soft and gentle words, and plaintive moans ?
Will he submit himself to thy control,
And yield the mast'ry of his mighty soul ?
Or make a covenant to live with thee,
In vile, unmerciful captivity ?
Canst thou enslave him to thy constant will,
And always make him thy behests fulfill ?
His stubborn instincts ever tame and guide,
By skill, and training carefully applied ?
Wilt thou amuse thyself, with sports and words,
And play with him, as with canary birds ?
Or bind and cage him, with sufficient aids,
And tame him also to delight thy maids ?
Shall boon companions lay their crafty snares,
And circumvent the monster unawares ?
Or fishing partners, by devices take,
And sumpt'ous banquets of his body make ?

Among the merchants shall they part him round,
 And cut him up, and sell him by the pound ?
 Shall traffickers expose his stubborn flesh,
 In market-places, tender, sweet, and fresh ?
 His thick, and tough, impenetrable skin,
 Canst thou transpierce, and thrust the lances in ?
 With irons barbed, and hurled with mighty will,
 His scaly rind canst thou completely fill ?
 With ringing, clanging, metal, fishing spears,
 Canst thou affect his scaly head and ears ?
 Can fleets and navies ever once prevail,
 To carry off the skin upon his tail ?
 Or take his head besmeared with bloody marks,
 Aboard of one of all their fishing-barks ?
 Upon this monster only lay thy hands,
 And then remember what the war demands ;
 For soon thou'lt give the mighty battle o'er,
 And never wish to undertake it more.
 Behold the hope of taking him is vain,
 The effort fruitless must, with thee, remain.
 So formidable is his very sight,
 No one can see him, and enjoy delight.
 His looks appear so horrid, and so dread,
 That one that sees him humbles low his head.
 There's none so fierce, as dares to stir his wrath,
 Provoke his anger, or invade his path.
 Then who is able to contend with me ?
 To stand up boldly and pronounce his plea ?

If such a creature thou wilt not attack,
Then how canst thou expect to hurl me back ?
Disarmed of courage, trembling with alarm,
Subdued by fear, and fleeing from his harm ;
What hope remains that thou, a mortal clod,
Couldst argue down, and overcome thy God ?
Or who is able suddenly to seize,
And take me, off my guard, when he may please ?
Anticipate my watchfulness and might,
Against the foes that venture in my sight ?
To overmaster me, and lay demands,
For largesses, and favors, at my hands ?
What human skill can lay and spring his snares,
And take me suddenly, when unawares ?
If man cannot subdue, nor skill beguile,
The fierce, untamed, and monstrous crocodile ;
Control his instincts, and enslave his will,
And make him faithfully his laws fulfill ;
How rash, adventurous, unwise, and vain,
To try the great Creator to constrain ?
To make Him tributary to himself,
In favors, services, or paltry pelf ?
What obligations also on me lie,
To mortal man that I should once reply ?
All things created by my power divine,
Through space unbounded is for ever mine.
No one can claim them, by his just demands,
No one can rescue, from my sovereign hands.



No. XVIII.—THE LEVIATHAN.

Canst thou draw out Leviathan with a hook? or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down?
Ch. XLI: 1. See explanation, page XXX.

'Tis therefore right and best for ev'ry man,
 To yield submission to Jehovah's plan ;
 To magnify His power, and love displayed,
 In all the wonders which His hands have made ;
 Receive with gratitude what He may give,
 And kiss the rod that even lets him live.
 But now that I may unto thee disclose,
 My power and wisdom further, I propose ;
 No more his parts and functions to conceal,
 But his proportions fully to reveal.
 His mouth, his teeth, his scales, and eyelids bright,
 His nostrils, neck, and heart shall claim their right.
 The matchless grace his armature displays,
 Shall now receive a fitting meed of praise.
 Behold, the face his scaly garment wears !
 And who that garment from the monster tears ?
 'Tis hard and rough, with mottled carvings wrought,
 Transcending far the greatest artist's thought ;
 Like coat of mail, it firmly girds him round,
 And wraps him up, impenetrably bound.
 What power can strip him of this monstrous dress,
 And gain to him a more direct access ?
 Disrobe his body and expose his back,
 With easy vengeance, to the spear's attack ?
 His double bridle, who doth near it dare,
 And tremble not with horror, and despair ?
 Or who that sees him ever calmly draws,
 With fearless courage, nigh his double jaws ?

The awful doors that do his face divide,
Declare and tell me who can open wide ?
His teeth are terrible in rows about,
And stand in sets, enormous, sharp, and stout.
His grinning jaws display some thirty each,
That alternate, and close together reach.
Of these, a part, projecting further out,
Appear to be amazing firm and stout.
Another portion, grinding for his maw,
Are notched, and sharpened like a double saw.
The rest are slender, like a common comb,
That match together, when they're driven home.
His grasp is terrible, tenacious, fierce,
When all his teeth his victims throughly pierce.
His scales are shields that constitute his pride,
Compact, and fitted closely side by side;
Enclosed together, like a seal impressed,
In layers, lapping each the other's breast.
So near is one to ev'ry other fixed,
No air can ever circulate betwixt.
Each man's a brother, and a mated shield,
Like battle-comrades on the martial field.
Together sealed in joints that cannot start,
No mortal power can sunder them apart.
And by his neesings shines a glist'ning light,
Like phosphorescence, glowing in the night.
Amphibious, and holding long his breath,
Beneath the waters, in the realms of death ;

He sneezes loudly afterwards, and throws,
The pent up air so swiftly through his nose ;
That brushes luminous appear to glow,
In shooting columns, when he thus doth blow.
His eyes are small, but fiery, piercing bright,
And like the eyelids of the morning light ;
Because, when he doth rise from out the deep,
Their brilliant looks are first to peer, and peep ;
Like rosy dawn, before the day doth rise,
In matchless glory in the eastern skies.
When on the land he fiercely hunts his prey,
And strideth forth, majestic in his sway ;
His open mouth emitteth lamps of flame,
And sparks of fire are leaping from the same.
His jaws distended, horrid to behold,
His gait determined, powerful, and bold ;
His breath ejected, vehement, and dread,
His blood inflamed, and rushing to his head ;
His awful form inflated, high and rare,
His tail erect, and swinging through the air ;
He foams and tears with unexampled ire,
And snorts profusely rushing streams of fire.
From out his nostrils, pitchy smoke proceeds,
As from a caldron, kindled by some reeds ;
With rolling thunder, noisy in its birth,
That vibrates loud, and rocks the very earth.
His lurid breath, in glowing fierceness, rolls,
Inflames around, and kindleth burning coals.

A solid flame proceedeth from his mouth,
Like billows raging in a time of drouth.
Within his neck unbounded strength remains,
Its mighty force it constantly retains.
Before his course alarm and terror dance,
And where he goes they leap, and skip, and prance.
No fleshy collops vibrate on his flanks,
Nor flabby dewlaps tremble in his pranks ;
Devoid of pendulous, and falling rolls,
Of softer flesh, that hangs in heavy folds ;
About the neck, and sides, and underneath,
And which no strength do ever hence bequeath,
To common animals ; leviathan,
Is formed upon a tot'ly diff'rent plan.
His flakes of flesh are joined together strong,
Compactness doth to ev'ry part belong.
Within themselves they're solid, firm, and hard,
They cannot hence be either moved, or marred.
'Tis thus that ev'ry part of him, at length,
Contributes to his vast, amazing strength.
His heart is firm, and callous as a bone,
Indeed, as hard's a nether milling-stone.
When he doth rouse himself to make attack,
The mighty their accustomed courage lack.
Their strength is gone, and feeble is their arm,
They lose themselves from terror and alarm.
So tough, and hard, and scaly is his skin,
That no harpoon can be injected in.

The sharpest instrument, with barb and point,
Cannot transpierce the indurated joint.
The hardest steel, employed by hunters bold,
Within his rind doth never stick, and hold.
The spear, and javelin, and hissing dart,
Make no impression on his vital part.
When he displays his vast, prodigious might,
He counteth iron as straw before his sight.
Whenever bold his mighty power's withstood,
He looks on brass as if 'twere rotten wood.
The whizzing arrow cannot make him flee,
He never turns his coward back to thee.
By him these weapons all alike are spurned,
And hissing slingstones are to stubble turned.
The hardest clubs, applied with valiant might,
Are counted worthless in his scornful sight.
He laugheth greatly at the shaking spear,
And never feels the least tormenting fear.
His scales, with sharpness, underneath compare,
With broken pieces made of earthenware.
They're rough, and ragged, sharp, and pointed long,
And stud his belly, wondrous hard and strong.
He spreadeth them, in multitud'nous ranks,
And harrows mire along the slimy banks.
The deep he maketh, like a seething pot,
To roll with billows, as if boiling hot.
He makes the sea, with lashings often heard,
Like pots of ointment, from the bottom stirred.

Behind him shines a phosphorescent path,
And hoary ocean foams beneath his wrath.
On all the earth there doth not yet appear,
A monster made so destitute of fear.
For courage, strength, ferocity, and skin,
For teeth and size his like has never been.
His looks are scornful, haughty, tow'ring high,
Above all things, contained in earth or sky.
He reigns a king, o'er children filled with pride,
Or animals that roam creation wide.
No savage beast was ever like him made,
Of all combined he never feels afraid.
No snares successful can they for him lay,
Nor altogether take him for their prey.
Behold the power and wisdom thus displayed,
In nat'ral objects which my hands have made !
How vastly far my power transcendeth thine !
How infinitely doth my wisdom shine !
Remember also that a finite mind,
Can never fathom all that I've designed.
Because their comprehension is in vain,
Shouldst thou repine, and murmur, and complain ?
My works my boundless attributes declare,
With love and reverence unto them repair.
I reign by laws unchanging, and supreme,
Organic structures richly with them teem.
Design, contrivances, with power and skill,
In all my works my purposes fulfill.

Examine, study, search, and deep explore,
The laws, and wonders of creation's store.
Submission dumb becomes a mortal clod,
To power and wisdom of Almighty God.
His secret counsels do not yet appear,
In all His dealings with His creatures here.
When troubles come, with murm'ring and distrust,
Remember then that God is great and just.

CHAPTER XXI.

JOB'S CONFESSION, ACCEPTANCE, AND PROSPERITY.

JOB is convinced, by the speech of the Almighty, of His infinite power, wisdom, and majesty. He acknowledges that he has hid His counsel in his unwise speeches; that he has attempted to debate questions which were too wonderful for him, and of which he knew nothing. He now submissively and penitently begs of the Almighty to instruct him. His views and feelings are entirely changed. He no longer desires to come into court with his case, and argue it before so exalted, wise, and powerful a Being, as he now sees God to be. He declares that hitherto he had only *heard* of Him, by the hearing of the ear; but that now his eyes behold Him; that heretofore his views of God had been dark and obscure; but that now his apprehensions of Him were clearer, and more overwhelming. Desire to contend with God in debate is now changed into profound humiliation, self-abasement, submission, docility, and reverence. He declares that, in comparison with God, he is vile, and that he abhors himself, and repents in dust and ashes. He now sees that he had uttered many hasty and irreverent expressions, and, instead of submitting, uncomplainingly, to His dealings, he had rebelled against them, and desired to have them changed; that, in this, he had put himself in the attitude of an instructor, and counselor to Jehovah; and sought to have Him change His plans, purposes, and designs, at his dictation; that he had treated God, in this respect, more as an equal, than as the almighty, and infinitely wise and just Jehovah. His general spirit was, however, pious, and faultless. He vindicated, most eloquently, the character, and government of God. He bore his afflictions with great fortitude, and resignation, as a general thing; and never lost his confidence in his Maker. His heart was right, and he was truly a sincere, and good man. The Almighty now accepts Job, and condemns his three friends. He vindicated the integrity and general positions of the patient, and faithful sufferer, and reproved the unkind, and bitter spirit of his three pretended comforters. He also declared that His wrath was kindled against them, because they had not spoken concerning Him the thing that was right, as Job had. Job's positions were, in the main, correct. Theirs were chiefly erroneous. Human sufferings, in this life, do not determine human guilt. Through sacrifices, and intercessions by Job, his three friends are spared from punishment. This is a beautiful instance of a holy man praying for and forgiving his

slanderers, and false accusers. They had wrongfully charged him with great sins, and asserted that his extraordinary sufferings proved him to be a bad man. Now it turns out that they are the guilty ones, and are delivered from a just retribution through his holy prayers. He no doubt acted, at the offering of the appeasing sacrifices, as an officiating priest. The Lord now turned his captivity, and restored him to health and prosperity. His possessions were doubled, and the same number of children were born to him as he had before his calamities came upon him. These children were undoubtedly by a second wife. The first had proved herself so unworthy of a man, so exalted and noble, that it is not likely she was permitted, *in his restoration to all things new*, to be the mother of his new offspring. His three daughters were very beautiful, and had names appropriated to them expressive of their leading peculiarities. He made them equal heirs, with his sons, of his estate. This was not common with the Hebrews, nor with the great men of the East. His former friends returned to him again. He lived one hundred and forty years afterwards in peace, and domestic happiness; saw the fourth generation of his descendants flourishing in the land; and died in a serene old age, full of days, and loaded with honors.

Then Job convinced, and pensively inclined,
 In answer spoke, and thus expressed his mind :
 I know that both, in earth, and o'er it too,
 Thy power almighty ev'rything can do ;
 That thy omnipotence, in wisdom's plan,
 Demands submission of thy creature man ;
 That wisdom, majesty, and might supreme,
 From all thy works in matchless glory beam ;
 That no intent can be from thee withheld,
 Or from thy mind, by human power, dispelled ;
 That love and wisdom, infinite, and clear,
 In all thy ways transcendently appear ;
 That no design, intention, scheme, or plan,
 That thou dost form concerning mortal man,
 Can be prevented, hindered, or restrained,
 But will be executed, and maintained.

And who is he that hideth, by his speech,
 Eternal counsel, and doth falsehood teach ?
 That dark'neth knowledge by his hasty word,
 And utters things imprudent, and absurd ?
 I do not now deny the monstrous fact,
 That I am guilty of this wicked act.
 I've spoken things, with high, uplifted hand,
 My hasty spirit did not understand ;
 Pronounced opinions foolish, and unsound,
 On subjects altogether too profound ;
 And uttered many words concerning thee,
 Too mighty, deep, and wonderful for me.
 But led away, by suff'rings great and strong,
 I used expressions vehement, and wrong ;
 Respecting things I did not comprehend,
 And which alas ! I never can defend.
 Submissive, docile, penitent, and meek,
 Oh, hear, I pray thee, and I now will speak.
 Divine instruction I will ask of thee,
 With holy rev'rence and humility.
 With no desire to controvert thy plans,
 Debate with thee, or break thy just commands ;
 Declare to me thy wise, and sovereign mind,
 And teach me truth, for I am now resigned.
 My views of Thee have heretofore been dark,
 And idle *hearsay*, dropped in false remark ;
 Of ages past, blasphemous of their God,
 His laws, and government, and chast'ning rod.

I've *heard* of Thee, with reverential fear,
But only by the hearing of the ear.
 My knowledge, second-hand, was loose and old,
 And only such as others vaguely told ;
 Indefinite, obscure, unsettled, vain,
 And such as idle rumors oft obtain.
 Traditions, fables, glosses vain and dim,
 With speculating, philosophic whim ;
 Supplied my only theologic store,
 Of views and notions entertained before.
 But lo ! a sudden change is wrought in me,
 For now mine eye itself discerneth Thee.
 Afflictions grievous, and repeated oft,
 Have touched my heart, and made it meek, and soft ;
 Removed the scales from off my blinded eyes,
 And shown me now thy deeper mysteries ;
 Embalmed Thee consciously within my heart,
 Incarnate, glor'ous in my inward part.
 My inner senses, spirit-born, and clear,
 Perceive and feel thy gracious presence near.
 My apprehensions now are sweet, and bright,
 Because supplied by inward, conscious sight.
 My quickened soul, thy glor'ous voice doth hear,
 Not through the outward, but the inward ear.
 My contrite spirit bows beneath Thy rod,
 And feels the presence of an inward God.
 Thy wisdom infinite, and power displayed,
 In all the wonders which Thy hands have made ;

Unfolding marv'lously still more and more,
 I see yet clearer than I did before ;
 Myself perceive, and all my sins abhor,
 In dust and ashes I repent therefor.
 No more exalted with my righteousness,
 My great unworthiness I now confess.
 Afflicted sore, reproached by cruel friends,
 With views obscure concerning sorrow's ends ;
 I oft indulged in language rash and vain,
 Complained, and murmured in a bitter strain ;
 Declared myself from ev'ry error free,
 And urged my goodness and integrity.
 But now, alas ! I also clearly see,
 I'm vile, and loathsome as compared with Thee.
 This truth, by me, is pensively confessed,
 I now condemn the spirit I possessed ;
 The vindication also which I made,
 Of my self-righteousness I now upbraid.
 The careless way in which I spoke of God,
 I sore lament, and justify His rod.
 With pensive symbols of repentance worn,
 I loathe myself, and low, before Thee, mourn.
 My inward sorrow, most profound, and dread,
 Shall be expressed, with ashes on my head.
 I thought I once was righteous in Thy sight,
 But now I see my views were far from right.
 The holiness, and purity of God,
 Reveal in me the vileness of the clod.

Although Eliphaz, Bildad, Zophar, too,
This mighty work could not by speeches do ;
But with their argument, and caustic word,
The spirit of contention in me stirred ;
With bold denunciations, so unwise,
Awakened in me only sharp replies ;
Yet when Jehovah from the tempest speaks,
And explanations of His wonders seeks ;
And shows His power and majesty supreme,
More glor'ously than they before did seem ;
Contrition, speechless, deep, and unexpressed,
In dumb submission, melts my stubborn breast.
Such glor'ous visions burst upon my sight,
With wonder, rapture, and immense delight ;
Of God, and nature, wrought with marv'lous skill,
His sovereign counsels only to fulfill ;
Of all His dealings, mixed, paternal, kind,
In love and wisdom, infinite, designed ;
Incomprehensible, sublime, and grand,
Beyond the power of man to understand ;
That now I see, devoid of all distrust,
That God Almighty is both great and just ;
That what I know not of His dealings here,
Will yet, in wisdom, unto me appear ;
And ev'ry trial, in its final end,
Will prove at last to be my dearest friend.
Thus Job, o'erwhelmed with sorrow, guilt, and pain,
Condemned by friends, from speaking did refrain.

Jehovah now the controversy ends,
 And to Eliphaz, with his other friends,
 With words of truth, and righteousness unspared,
 This solemn judgment publicly declared :
 My wrath is kindled, ardent, deep, and bright,
 Against you all, arraigned before my sight.
 For ye've not said, as Job, my servant's done,
 The thing that's right, concerning any one.
 The chief opinions he did oft express,
 Were just and righteous, which I now confess.
 His gen'ral arguments, replete and great,
 My holy character did vindicate.
 My government, and purposes, and laws,
 His words upheld in pleading bold his cause.
 In mental agony, and suff'rings sore,
 Provoked by charges which your speeches bore ;
 Improper sentiments were sometimes flung,
 Irrev'rently from off his hasty tongue ;
 Yet just, sincere, his honest heart was right,
 Within my righteous and impartial sight.
 Repentant, meek, submissive, too, he stands,
 And seeks forgiveness at my gracious hands.
 But what in all your lengthy speeches ran,
 About my laws, and government, and plan ;
 That in my dealings with my creatures here,
 The character doth always sure appear ;
 That pain is proof of monstrous guilt and sin,
 And freedom from it, righteousness within ;

Is false and cruel, both to God, and man,
And makes no part of my diviner plan.
Besides you uttered these opinions vain,
When free from suff'rings, and distressing pain.
Unjustly you accused him many times,
Of bold hypocrisy, and heinous crimes.
When pity, friendship, and compassion sweet,
Demanded words, with sympathy replete ;
With loud reproaches, bitter words, and sore,
You made his suff'rings greater than before.
Devoid of love, unmerciful, severe,
You said his sins did from his pain appear.
This monstrous lie would evermore proclaim,
Eternal infamy upon my name :
For human suff'rings have a higher end,
Than pain and mis'ry on a righteous friend.
Now therefore take some bullocks, and some rams,
And go to Job, with fatlings, and with lambs ;
With slaughtered victims, deep atonement make,
And all your sins repentantly forsake.
Of either kind let seven the number be,
That perfect penitence my eyes may see.
My servant Job, with mighty faith increased,
Shall pray for you, and act as holy priest :
For his integrity, in grief, he's kept,
And him will I, thus publicly accept.
His prayers, perfumed with justice, faith, and right,
Shall be accepted in my holy sight.

Although his feelings have been wounded deep,
By words your speeches did upon him heap ;
Yet sweet forgiveness with his spirit blends,
And he shall pray for his repenting friends ;
Lest I shall deal for all your folly done,
The fearful judgment due to ev'ry one ;
Because, of Me, ye've not declared the right,
Like Job, my servant, in My righteous sight.
Eliphaz, then, so haughty oft before,
With Bildad cruel and reproachful more ;
And Zophar caustic, bitter, and severe,
Now all confounded, pensive, and sincere ;
To Job, with victims, went their humble way,
And did according as the Lord did say.
With smoking rites, the prayer of Job ascends,
And God accepted his repenting friends.
But when he'd prayed, and victims ceased to burn,
Then Job's captivity the Lord did turn.
He also added to his former store,
And gave him double what he had before.
Then came his brethren their respects to pay,
That had before been put so far away ;
And all his sisters who did flee in scorn,
When deep affliction first defiled his horn ;
Returned again, as fortune on him smiled,
By pomp of circumstances quick beguiled ;
With all his old acquaintances before,
That thronged his rich, and hospitable door ;

And troops of kinsfolk, with the odds and ends,
 Of sycophantic, and familiar friends ;
 In heartless swarms, by selfish motives led,
 His house frequented, and devoured his bread.
 The rising sun unnumbered hosts revealed,
 That previous darkness had so long concealed.
 With deep hypocrisy did they bemoan,
 And comfort him they did before disown ;
 Concerning evil which the Lord had brought,
 Upon his fortunes, thus reduced to nought.
 When grief and trouble had his mind deranged,
 These swallow friends were all at once estranged.
 When sore misfortunes did his life assail,
 These boon companions mis'rably did fail.
 When overwhelmed with poverty and woe,
 No longer did they his acquaintance know.
 But now restored, and rich, and great again,
 Behold what crowds of women, and of men !
 With condolence, and deep affection shown,
 Expressed in words of patronizing tone ;
 Did ev'ry man a piece of money bring,
 And ev'ry one a pure, and golden ring.
 And thus the Lord, his latter end did bless,
 With doubly more than he did first possess :
 For now did he in grassy pastures keep,
 Some fourteen thousand in his flocks of sheep :
 Six thousand camels drudged about his lands,
 In tame subjection to his mighty hands.

A thousand oxen in his service broke,
Rejoiced together in the lab'ring yoke.
One thousand asses of the female kind,
In toil, and service, were to him resigned ;
And household troops, with husbandry immense,
Enlarged the greatness of his recompense.
As vernal buds returning spring renews,
To deck the land, and bloom with pearly dews ;
Domestic comforts cheered again his heart,
And happy children made the sweeter part.
A second marriage then renewed his life,
And gave him back a true, and nobler wife.
Seven sons, in order, unto him were born,
Three daughters also did his house adorn.
Their names a hidden meaning also wore,
And represent the characters they bore.
The first, Jemima, signifies a day,
And symbolizes beauty's golden ray.
It indicated also something more,
And meant that night and sorrow now were o'er ;
That light again upon his house did dawn,
And gloom and darkness were for ever gone.
The second, Kezia, doth represent,
A precious bark, of aromatic scent.
Her soul appeared so beautiful and sweet,
With fragrant spirit always so replete ;
This name was chosen therefore to express,
Her most extraordinary preciousness.

The third is Keren-Happuck, and implies,
A dye to tinge the lashes of the eyes ;
An ornament, of beauty, rich and rare,
That eastern ladies used upon their hair ;
With borders black around the eyelids clear,
To make the eye a larger orb appear.
It symbolized the beauty, and the grace,
That beamed angelic from her charming face.
In all the land, no women could compare,
With Job's three daughters, handsome, rich, and fair.
His love for all his children was so great,
He made them equal heirs of his estate.
And after this, from Scripture, it appears,
Job lived a hundred, and some forty years ;
And saw his sons, and sons of sons abound,
To four gen'rations in the land around.
So Job expired, renowned for godly ways,
Advanced in age, and full of honored days.

CHAPTER XXII.

CONCLUDING REFLECTIONS.

Behold, O Muse ! my ard'ous task is done,
My course is finished, and my race is run.
Inspired by thee, this book, sublime, and grand,
So hard, and difficult to understand ;
I've gone, at length, with care, and patience through,
Its sense explained, and added much that's new.
This mite of sorrow, sprinkled oft with tears,
I now present, with mingled hopes, and fears.
O thou, whose breathing did my soul inspire,
With glowing flames of bright, celestial fire ;
To touch the strings of my resounding lute,
And utter strains its ancient lines to suit ;
Thy light divine, to ev'ry mind, dispense,
To see the truth, and comprehend its sense ;
To overlook, with kind, indulgent eyes,
The imperfections which will often rise ;
To see how men, sagacious, learned, and great,
About Jehovah, reason and debate ;
How little light is shed upon His ways,
By all the reasoning which the mind displays ;

How Job was tried, with grief, and pain severe,
By loss of wealth, and home, and children dear ;
By dreadful sorrow, loathsome, fell, disease,
And mental anguish, destitute of ease ;
By sore afflictions in his middle life,
And irreligion of his hasty wife ;
By sad estrangement of surviving friends,
Through sordid, selfish, and degraded ends ;
By comforters that did no zeal remit,
To prove himself a monstrous hypocrite ;
That said, in speeches, o'er and o'er again,
He justly shared the fate of wicked men ;
How hard he struggled, taunted, scorned, and slurred,
With crafty arguments, and cruel word ;
Embarrassed often, by sophistic lies,
And sore perplexed, by their unjust replies ;
Tormented keenly by his cruel friends,
Without perceiving his affliction's ends ;
How oft, confounded by their stunning blows,
And overwhelmed by dread, successive woes ;
Although upright, and perfectly sincere,
Yet chastened sore, with sufferings severe ;
With views obscure about the ways of God,
His secret counsels, and His frowning rod ;
Irrev'rently, with speeches often vain,
Did he sometimes impatiently complain ;
Reflecting rashly on Jehovah's laws,
In oft attempts to vindicate his cause ;

Yet how himself did he, in dust, abhor,
And low, in ashes, deep repent therefor ;
And, afterwards, through all his trials sore,
Come forth still brighter than he was before ;
Restored, and vindicated, free from guile,
Although afflicted, and condemned as vile ;
How God, at length, did kindly interpose,
The controversy finally to close ;
Condemned his friends for what they did declare,
And saved them only through his mighty prayer ;
Accepted him, before His holy sight,
Because he'd said the thing, so just and right ;
Approved his pensive and religious soul,
Because submissive to His high control ;
Restored his body firm again to health,
Prolonged his days, and doubled all his wealth ;
The cruel treatment of his kindred changed,
United brothers until now estranged ;
Brought back his sisters who had fled away,
When grief and trouble overwhelmed his day ;
With condolence, bemoaning, and amends,
And troops of old congratulating friends ;
Supplied him also with a loving wife,
With mated sympathies to cheer his life ;
Renewed his years with sons and daughters fair,
Endowed with virtues and with beauty rare ;
Surrounded him with wealth, and power, and mirth,
And made him great and honored in the earth ;

*Through dreadful trials, grew his spirit tall,
And gave him wisdom to enjoy them all.*
Thou stricken soul that now in grief doth pine,
Behold, in this, a lesson most divine !
Repose thy faith and confidence in God,
And yield submission to His chast'ning rod.
This faith beholds Him in the things He's made,
In power, and wisdom, and in love, displayed.
In vast designs, contrivances, and skill,
It recognises His almighty will.
Organic matter doth aloud proclaim,
The majesty of his stupendous name.
Its collocations, infinite, and grand,
Profoundest rev'rence from thy soul demand ;
Reveal the great Contriver, in His might,
And love and wisdom clearly bring to light.
They demonstrate His attributes divine,
And make them all in heavenly glory shine.
The order, beauty, harmony complete,
That ev'rywhere the student's eye doth meet ;
Proclaim to all in earth, or heaven above,
That He that made them is a God of love ;
That goodness, infinite, eternal reigns,
And ev'rywhere supremacy maintains ;
That evil, fixed, organic, 's nowhere found,
In all the universe of God around ;
That laws harmonic, changeless, and divine,
Ineffably in ev'rything do shine ;

As proofs and pledges, infinite and strong,
That nothing hence shall ever issue wrong ;
And hence that happiness, unmixed, divine,
For ev'ry one is God's supreme design.
Abundant proofs of this belief appear,
Analogies of nature make it clear.
We see Him there, incarnate, as He is,
And know the features and the form are His.
How good it is to trust in such a God !
And even feel the chast'nings of His rod ?
This view of Him supplies a solid base,
On which thy faith and confidence to place,
To feel His power is pledged to make thee strong,
His wisdom too to teach the right from wrong ;
His goodness ev'ry danger to repel,
His love to say : He doeth all things well ;
Is vict'ry, faith, and confidence in God,
And sweet submission to His blessed rod.
Then storms may fall, and selfish friends may fly,
As birds of passage nimble wings do ply ;
Reproach may blast thy fair and noble fame,
And foul suspicions rest upon thy name ;
Thy life be weary, lonely, and forlorn,
And sharp the goring, agonizing thorn ;
The sympathies of kindred be denied,
And bitter enemies be multiplied ;
Thy wife may bid thee curse thy God and die,
And slanders on thy reputation lie ;

Affliction's waves may heavy o'er thee roll,
And grief and sorrow waste thy righteous soul ;
Unbottled fury may its vengeance pour,
And each attack be heavier than before ;
Disease and suff'ring may reduce thy frame,
And worthless imps may trifle with thy name ;
Marauders bold may plunder all thy flocks,
Or heaven may blast them with its thunder-shocks ;
The fearful whirlwind from the woods may blow,
And house, and children swiftly overthrow ;
Thy former friends, in such disastrous times,
May charge thee wantonly with monstrous crimes ;
With want of prayer, and faith, and love sincere,
And make thy guilt stupendously appear ;
And weary years may slowly roll away,
Before the dawn of any brighter day ;
But rest assured, sincere, upright, and dumb,
The happy change at last will surely come.
Be patient, silent : 'tis not all in vain,
Repine no more, nor bitterly complain ;
Reproach not God, nor deem thy lot severe,
Nor blame Him rashly for His dealings here ;
But magnify His marv'lous works and ways,
And let thy soul be filled with holy praise.
He loves thee now amidst these sorrows sore,
With greater love than ever felt before ;
The trial's hard, the clouds are dark and thick,
Incessant storms are falling fierce and quick ;

Great drops of blood thy face is sweating fast,
Increasing troubles all thy prospects blast ;
The hallowed garden echoes to thy groan,
And God and angels are with thee alone.
The cup is bitter, and thy soul doth say :
Oh, let these dregs but pass from me away.
But not my will, exclaim, thou suff'ring one,
But thine, O God, in me, be thoroughly done.
In resignation drink the bitter cup,
Let all its dregs be fully swallowed up ;
They'll do thee good, rebuke thy fell disease,
Renew thy health, and give thee tranquil ease.
'Tis not for sin the dreadful trial came,
'Tis no chastisement for pretended blame.
'Tis kind, paternal, merciful, and sweet,
Like heavenly harbinger, and paraclete.
'Tis autumn blasts, and biting frosts to suit,
The reddening vineyards, and the ripening fruit ;
To grow, proliferate, and feed thy soul,
Expand its buds, and fragrant leaves unroll ;
Enlarge, develop, and increase its powers,
Until, with nobler growths, it vastly towers,
In rich exper'ence, wisdom, knowledge high,
And seeth God with unobstructed eye ;
'Tis trav'ling pains, by which the soul's unfurled,
And intromitted to a higher world,
Of clear perception, consciously revealed,
By which the inner senses are unsealed ;

The eye, unscaled, with vision more acute,
To understand divinely, and minute ;
The ear, unstopped, supplied with nicer drum,
And finer sounding, spirit tympanum ;
To hear melodious accents, falling round,
And angel voices, in communion, sound ;
The smell, unfolded, sweetly to inhale,
Celestial fragrance, wafted on the gale ;
From aromatic trees, and blossoms rare,
That rich perfume, and load the spirit air ;
The taste exquisite, and divinely grown,
To relish food the world hath never known ;
The feelings also now awakened, keen,
To sense the world that's hidden, and unseen ;
By which the soul's perceptions now are clear,
And heavenly things in brighter light appear ;
Diviner views of God are entertained,
And higher altitudes of wisdom gained.
'Tis now that God from out the storm appears,
No more the source of dread, tormenting fears ;
'Tis now His glory fills the earth and skies,
Not to the mortal, but the spirit eyes ;
And what He is, becomes divinely learned,
Through spirit teaching, inwardly discerned.
'Tis now Eliphaz, Bildad, Zophar fierce,
So cruel once thy suff'ring soul to pierce ;
With zeal for sect, tradition, fable, trash,
So prone, and savage, with the gory lash ;

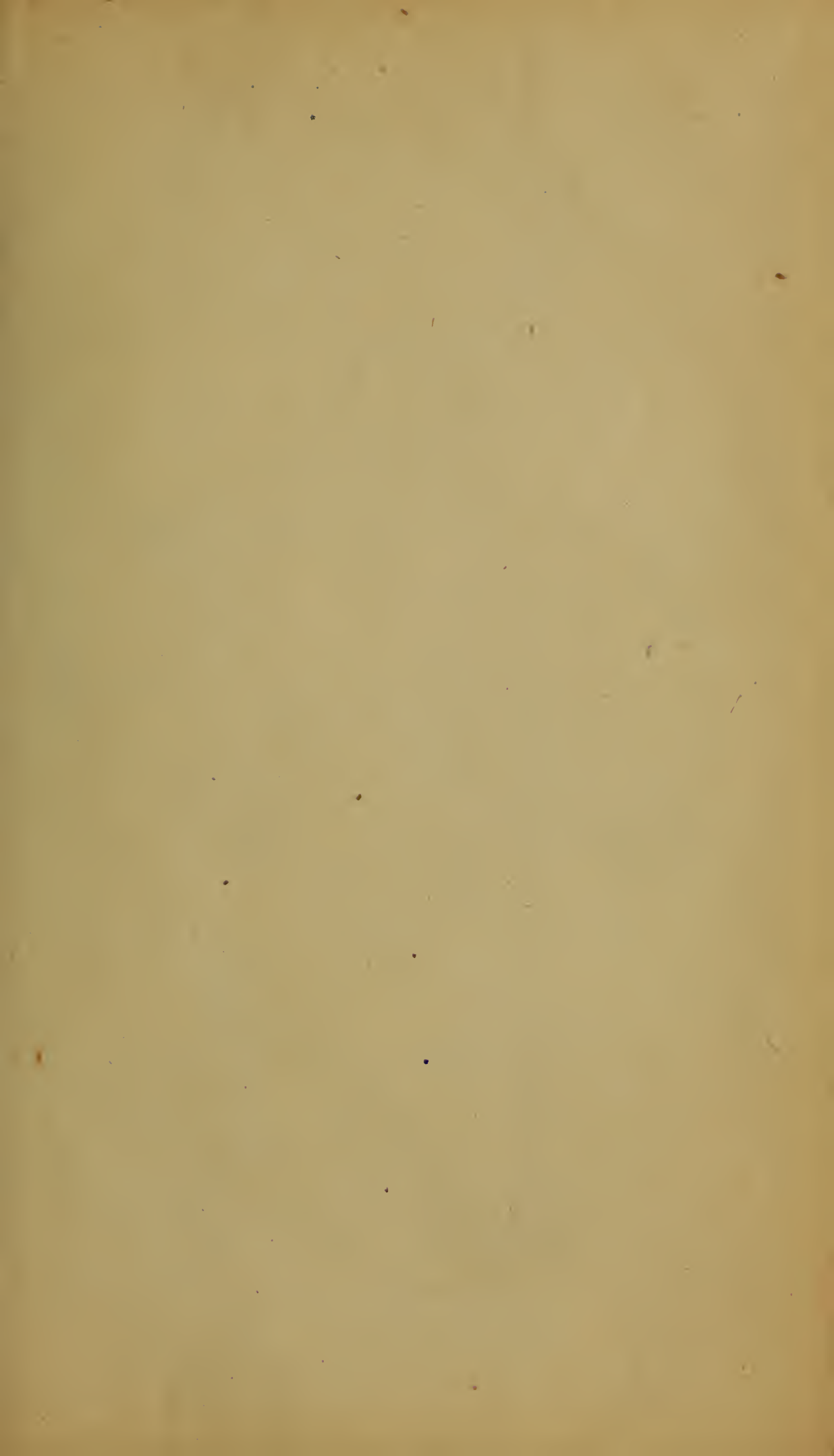
Of bitter words, reproach, suspicions vile,
Against thy oft suspected sins, and guile ;
Are met, and silenced, with the solemn facts,
That wrath divine doth hot against them wax ;
That all their views are false, unjust, severe,
When they declare that grief and suff'rings here,
Are punishments condign, and sore from God,
That prove the justice of His smiting rod.
Behold they're sentenced from the tempest-cloud,
To make atonement for their utt'rance proud ;
Of cruel, caustic, and remorseless speech,
With which they score, belabor, warn, and teach ;
And judge the innocent, sincere, upright,
Because afflicted in their *pious* sight.
Thy sore captivity by God is turned,
Thy bold calumniators now are spurned.
They who, through creed and bigotry, maintained,
That thou wast vile, and holy prayer restrained ;
That all thy woes were justly on thee sent,
And of thy sins advised thee to repent ;
And turn to God, by faith and holy prayer,
In order thus that He thy soul might spare ;
Are told by God, from out the whirlwind dread,
That wrath unbounded settles on their head ;
That they've not said, and done the thing that's right,
In God Almighty's pure and holy sight ;
That they, self-righteous, insolent, and vain,
Dishonored God, and falsehoods did maintain ;

Through false opinions of His dealings here,
Declared that sins from pain and woe appear.
Thy proud detractors now are humbled low,
The wrath of God their souls doth overthrow.
Their rank, authority, and learning great,
Preserve them not from their relentless fate.
They find themselves within the mighty hand,
Of One, whose power they cannot now withstand.
They knew no mercy towards their fellow man,
Because they knew not God's eternal plan.
Accepted, vindicated, and upright,
He now acquits thee, in His holy sight.
For those, whose words against thee never ceased,
He makes thee now *officiating priest*.
The very prayer they said thou didst decline,
Preserves their souls against His wrath divine.
The slaughtered victims bleed for them in vain,
The smoking altar powerless doth remain ;
Until thy prayer, potential, high doth rise,
And placate Him that dwells above the skies.
The suff'ring soul they crushed within the dust,
Is made by God their only final trust.
Thy middle life, harassed with dreadful cares,
Involved in darkness, and beset with snares ;
Bereft of fortune, children, house, and home,
And left a beggar through the world to roam ;
Afflicted loathsomely by sore disease,
Deprived of comforts, and of tranquil ease ;

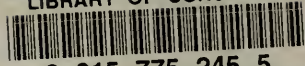
Forsook by kindred, and by bosom friends,
Denounced by foes, through selfish, sordid ends ;
Behold Jehovah doth again restore,
And give thee double what thou hadst before.
Thy swallow friends the wondrous tidings learn,
And, meek and gracious, all again return.
Their bitter speeches humbly they deplore,
With all their charges, and reproaches sore ;
Domestic comforts, wife and children dear,
Renew thy life, and fill thy heart with cheer.
Esteem and honor, now on ev'ry hand,
Proclaim thee great, and happy in the land.
Thy age, prolonged, serene, and free from care,
Is crowned with peace, tranquillity, and prayer.
Thy soul, refined, and free from base alloy,
In contemplation finds eternal joy.
How sweet to know thou hast so good a God,
While suff'ring here beneath His chast'ning rod !
Then trust His love, integrity maintain,
Submit in patience, never more complain ;
But let these words thy sorrows all dispel,
Behold Jehovah doeth all things well.

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